April 7, 1980

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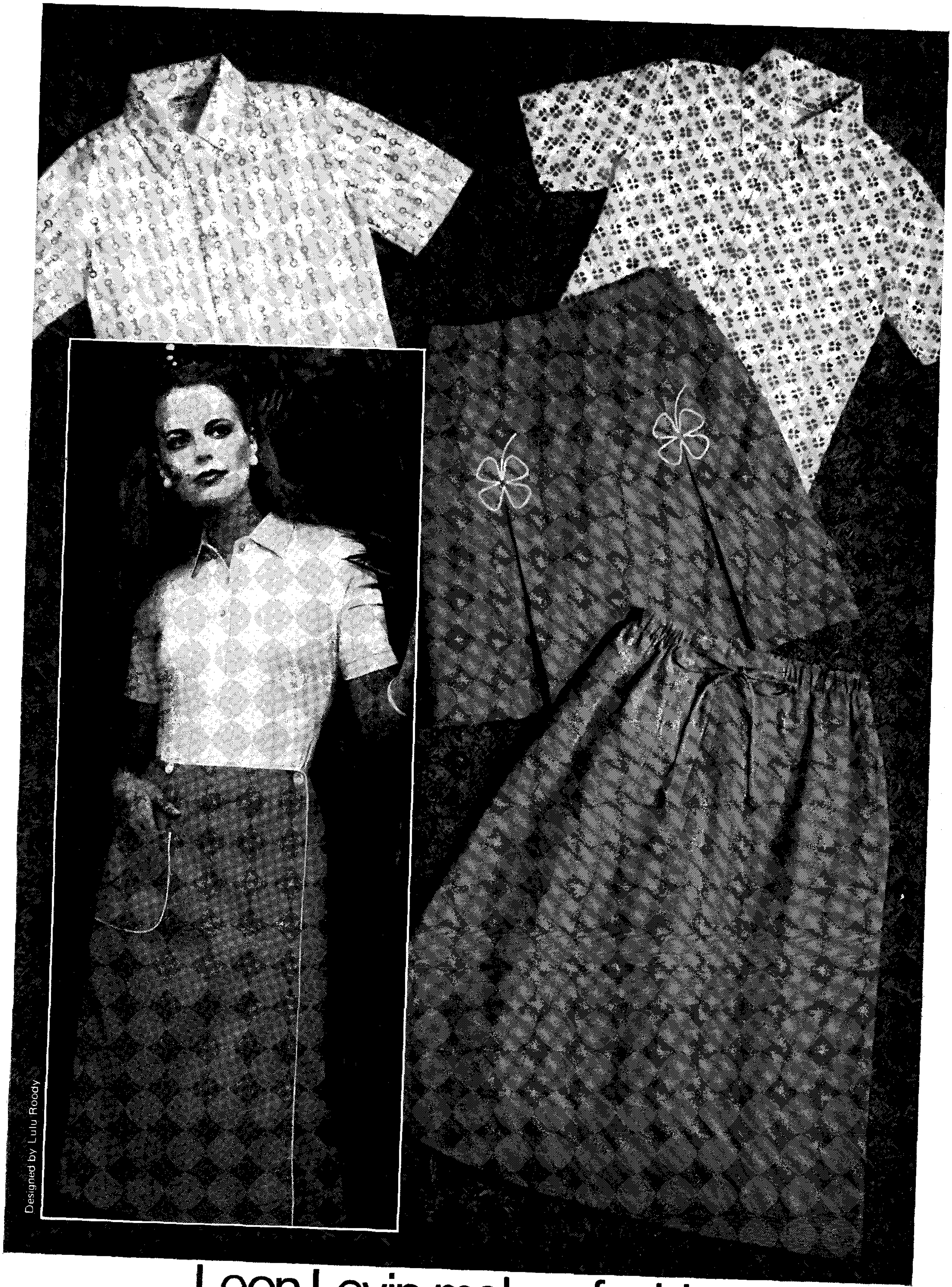
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

BAM Theatre Company—the winter's tale, with Brian Murray and Marti Maraden. One of Shakespeare's so-called romances, full of plausible humor and implausible tragedy. There is also a bear; make what you can of that. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/3/80.) Wednesday through Friday, April 2-4, at 8; Saturday, April 5, at 2 and 8; and final performance Sunday, April 6, at 2. . . . ¶ The American première of Gorky's turn-of-the-century comedy, **barbarians,** in a new translation by Kitty Hunter-Blair, Jeremy Brooks, and Michael Weller. Sheila Allen, Jon Polito, and John Seitz have the leads. Thursday through Saturday, April 10-12, at 8 (previews). (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Bent—A play much less grim than its subject matter—the fate of homosexuals in the concentration camp at Dachau—would lead one to fear. Splendidly acted by Richard Gere and David Dukes. (12/17/79) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Betrayal—Harold Pinter in what amounts, for him, to a happy-go-lucky mood: a man has an affair with his closest friend's wife, and the friend, learning of the affair, keeps silent, nursing his wrath. In the end (which in this play is the beginning) everyone feels betrayed, outwitted, and not uncomfortable. Well acted by Blythe Danner, Raul Julia, and Roy Scheider. Peter Hall is the director. (1/14/80) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Biography—The S. N. Behrman comedy is now nearly half a century old and shows its age; nevertheless, Piper Laurie is charming in the role originated by Ina Claire, and several other members of the cast provide ample humor. (3/31/80) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 6.)

The Blood Knot—Athol Fugard's touching study of two black brothers in a slum in South Africa. They have little in common except their mother, and for both of them fratricide is a constant subtext of their love. With Cotter Smith and Danny L. Glover. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 13.)

Children of a Lesser God—John Rubinstein and Phyllis Frelich head the cast of a play by Mark Medoff. Directed by Gordon Davidson. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Class Enemy—Six apparently ineducable young toughs in a high school somewhere in London. The author, Nigel Williams, makes their plight a touching one. Tony Tanner is the director. (12/3/79) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Clothes for a Summer Hotel—Tennessee Williams musing, not very dramatically and with no thought for accuracy, about the lives of Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald. Starring Geraldine Page and Kenneth Haigh. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Doña Rosita: While She Waits—The Lorca play, with music, in a new translation by John Olon. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 13.)

Evita—A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (10/8/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Haggadah—Elizabeth Swados's celebration of Passover. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Horowitz and Mrs. Washington—Sam Levene and Esther Rolle have the leads in a comedy Henry Denker adapted from his own novel. The director is Joshua Logan. Opens on Wednesday, April 2. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—A play by Neil Simon, with Ron Leibman, Joyce Van Patten, and Dinah Manoff. Herbert Ross directed. Previews through Wednesday, April 2. Opens officially on Thursday, April 3. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Irish Hebrew Lesson and **Guests of the Nation**—Two one-act plays set in Ireland at a time when that distressful country was engaged in seeking its independence through guerrilla warfare from the subjection of England. Both plays have been given excellent productions. (3/31/80) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday,

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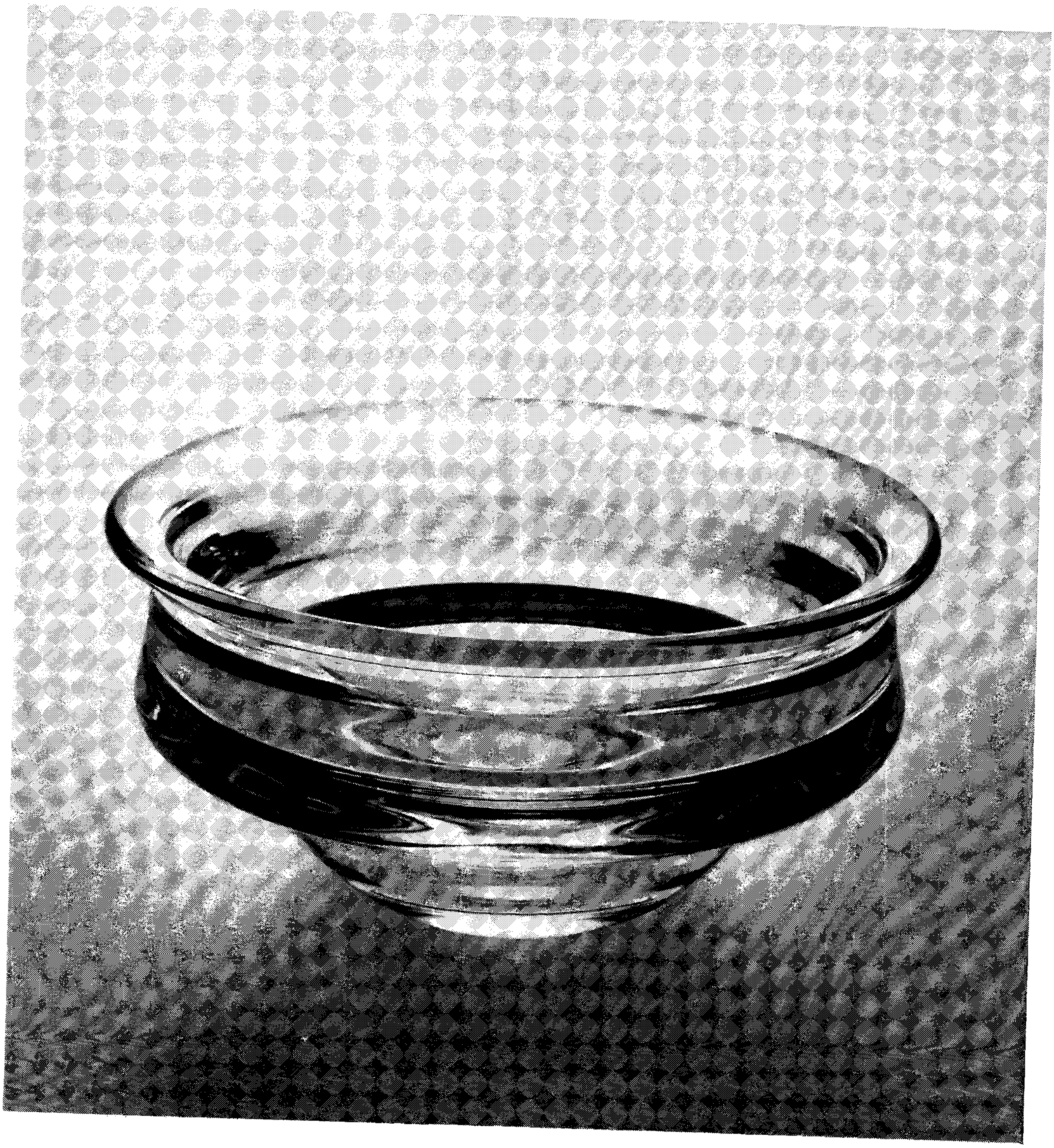

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STEUBEN GLASS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

April 6: **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, April 9-13: **THE GONDOLIERS.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

A Month in the Country—An admirable production of Turgenev's marvellous comedy, with Tammy Grimes, Farley Granger, Roy Cooper, and Kristin Griffith. (12/24/79) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, April 5.)

Morning's at Seven—A revival of the 1939 comedy by Paul Osborn, with Nancy Marchand, Maureen O'Sullivan, Elizabeth Wilson, Teresa Wright, and Gary Merrill. Directed by Vivian Matalon. Previews through Wednesday, April 9. Opens officially on Thursday, April 10. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Negro Ensemble Company—A return engagement of Samm-Art Williams' play **HOME.** (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave. at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 13.)

Oklahoma!—A very welcome new production of the thirty-six-year-old classic. Many a new day will dawn before it is done better. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

One Mo' Time—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Peter Pan—Why not? (9/17/79) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesday and Thursday, April 2-3, at 3; Friday and Saturday, April 4-5, at 2 and 8; Sunday through Tuesday, April 6-8, at 3; Wednesday, April 9, at 2; Friday, April 11, at 8; and Saturday, April 12, at 2 and 8.)

Reggae—A profuse sampling of the cheerily militant music of the Rastafarians, a cult that is said to flourish in Jamaica. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Romantic Comedy—A play about playwrights writing plays, by a playwright (Bernard Slade) who is evidently none too sure how the deed is done. With Anthony Perkins and Mia Farrow. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Rumstick Road—A collaborative work by Spalding Gray and Elizabeth LeCompte. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8, and Thursdays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sorrows of Stephen—A witty new comedy by Peter Parnell, about pairings among the young. The setting, by Stuart Wurtzel, is as witty as the play. (12/10/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Sugar Babies—This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sunrise—A "Western style" drama by Chinese playwright Cao Yu. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesday through Friday, April 2-4, at 7:30; Saturday, April 5, at 2:30 and 7:30; Sunday, April 6, at 7:30; and final performances Wednesday through Sunday, April 9-13, at 9:30.)

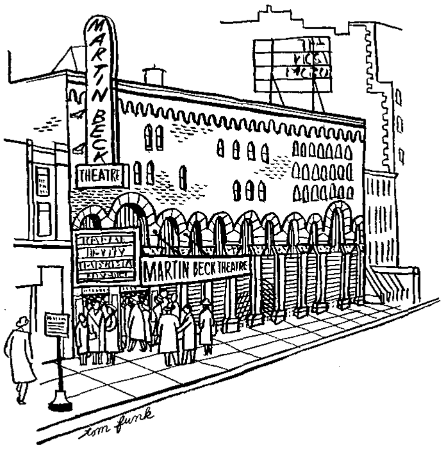

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Table Settings—A young playwright named James Lapine has written a compassionate, hilarious account of family life in New York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wilderness!" The cast is superb. (1/21/80) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Talley's Folly—The folly is a boathouse in rural Missouri, and the time is the early nineteen-forties. Judd Hirsch and Trish Hawkins play a couple who quarrel in the boathouse and end up loving each other—all in ninety-seven minutes. (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

West Side Story—Age cannot wither nor custom stale this twenty-three-year-old musical version of "Romeo and Juliet." Directed and choreographed by Jerome Robbins. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Whose Life Is It Anyway?—Brian Clark has most unwisely altered the gender of the suffering young person who asks the question that forms the title of the play. Mary Tyler Moore does her best in the role originated by Tom Conti, but the play itself no longer makes sense. (3/17/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **DANCIN':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self confidence. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8 Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.). . . **DEATHTRAP:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With John Cullum, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890 Bruce Davison is the Elephant Man, Dona Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8 Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,288 performances so far (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightfu comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomine with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6:30; special matinées Thursday and Friday, April 10-11, at 2. Closes Sunday, April 20.). . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . **ON GOLDEN POND:** Ernest Thompson's funny, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.). . . **STRIDER:** The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and, needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. The music is by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sun-

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In a restaurant near his University, an economics professor lunches with his colleagues. He is explaining the recent Jamaica Agreement to remove gold as the common denominator of world currencies. To him, gold—and he uses the popular wording—has been "demonetized."

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Since World War II there has been running debate on the monetary role of gold, with sophisticated arguments to support each side. Finally, in Jamaica in January, 1976, a committee of world finance ministers agreed that gold would no longer be what is termed "a unit of account." This means that nations will no longer calculate the values of their currencies in a relationship to gold—but to a group of selected currencies instead.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days at 3.)... **SWEENEY TODD:** Many remarkable songs by Stephen Sondheim ornament this grisly melodrama, which now stars Dorothy Loudon and George Hearn. Harold Prince directed, with a bucket of blood in each hand. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Stockard Channing and Tony Roberts. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—It's spring again, and birds on the wing again start to sing again, the birds in this case being Vienna Choir Boys. They join the thirty-six Rockettes in the Easter show. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily at 2:30 and 8. Closes Sunday, April 13.)

SHANGHAI ACROBATIC THEATRE—A troupe of sixty acrobats who are appearing here for the first time. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 13.)

THE CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's hundred-and-tenth year under the big tent. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Mondays and Fridays at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; Tuesdays through Thursdays, except Wednesday, April 9, at 10:30 and 2:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, June 1.)

BLUE HILL TROUPE—Benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Utopia, Limited." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday, April 2, at 8; Thursday and Friday, April 3-4, at 7:30; and Saturday, April 5, at 2 and 8. For information about tickets, call 288-3390.)

"AN O'CASEY CELEBRATION"—Three Irish actors and five American actors presenting songs and excerpts from Sean O'Casey's later plays, plus films and slides of the author, and an interview with Mrs. Eileen O'Casey. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Monday, April 7, at 6 and 8:30.)

BENEFIT SHOW—Maxene Andrews, E.Y. Harburg, Helen Gallagher, George Rose, and Ben Bagley are part of the lineup for an evening of songs and anecdotes centered on Mr. Bagley's achievements as an album producer during the last twenty years. The beneficiary is the musical-theatre group Bandwagon. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. Thursday, April 10, at 9. For reservations, call 594-2869.)

DANCE

TWYLA THARP AND DANCERS—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, April 2, at 2 and 8, and Thursday and Friday, April 3-4, at 8: "Ocean's Motion," "Brahms' Paganini," and "Baker's Dozen."... ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 2 and 8, and Monday and Tuesday, April 7-8, at 8: "When We Were Very Young."... ¶ Wednesday, April 9, at 2 and 8, and Thursday and Friday, April 10-11, at 8: "Eight Jelly Rolls," "The Fugue," and "Deuce Coupe."... ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 2 and 8: "Ocean's Motion," "Brahms' Paganini," and "Baker's Dozen." (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878.)

NATIONAL DANCE COMPANY OF SENEGAL—Forty-two dancers, drummers, and singers. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Thursday, April 3, at 7:30; Friday and Saturday, April 4-5, at 8; and Sunday, April 6, at 3.)

GREENHOUSE DANCE ENSEMBLE—"Party of Six" (New York première), "BridgeSilver," "Shades of You, Shades of Me," "Beneath It All," and "Six Titles." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Tuesday, April 8, at 8.)

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STEPS IN TIME—A tap-dance festival, with the Nicholas Brothers, Leon Collins, Sandman Sims, Chuck Green, Bunny Briggs, and the Copasetics. Musical accompaniment by the Rudy Stevenson Band, with Joe Carroll and Harold (Cornbread) Singer. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday through Saturday, April 10-12, at 8, and Sunday, April 13, at 2 and 7.)

JOSÉ MOLINA BAILES ESPAÑOLES—A company of dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, April 12, at 8.)

DINIZULU AND HIS AFRICAN DANCERS, DRUMMERS AND SINGERS—In a program of adaptations of traditional African dances. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Drive at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, April 10, and Saturday and Sunday, April 12-13, at 8.)

BALLET INTERVIEWS—Judith Jamison being interviewed by John Gruen. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Monday, April 7, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

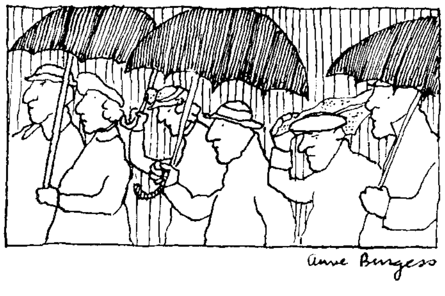
(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Irish-folk traditionalists, the **CHIEFTAINS**, a septet, will perform on the uilleann (or union) pipes, bodhran, tin whistle, dulcimer, Irish harp, concertina, flute, and fiddle on Thursday, April 3. Tenor saxophonist **GATO BARBIERI** will head his group on Friday through Sunday, April 4-6. Monday and Tuesday, April 7-8, have been reserved for guitarist **MIKE BLOOMFIELD**, who came to prominence in the mid-sixties, when he played lead blues guitar with Paul Butterfield. Some critics said that he picked up his licks from B. B. King; others say he copped his chops from Robbie Robertson. But for many listeners, he remains the consummate rock and blues soloist from that period. On Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, singer **CISSY HOUSTON** will celebrate sixties soul music. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—For many people Bradley's epitomizes a sophisticated New York bar. It has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some very good jazz musicians, usually pianists and bassists. **TOM GARVIN** and **GEORGE MRAZ** work through Saturday, April 5. Music from nine-thirty every night. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, a rhythmically inspired guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, is assisted by pianist **TONY MONTE** and bassist **RON NASPO** from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty through Saturday, April 5. Dining and dancing.



CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, home of vigorous interpretations of show, movie, and pre-punk popular music, **BOBBY SHORT** sings and plays piano to the accompaniment of bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **GENE GAMMAGE.** Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.... ¶ The Bemelmans Bar is **BARBARA CARROLL** country nightly, except Sundays. Miss Carroll is at the piano, playing and occasionally singing from nine-thirty to one.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Some of the dustiest neon beer signs ever seen hang overhead. The bands: Pam Windo & the Shades and Peter Bleguad Wednesday, April 2; Philip D'Arrow and Drongoes Thursday, April 3; Revelons and Cheap Perfume Friday and Saturday, April 4-5. Mondays are generally showcase nights. Shows nightly from nine-thirty.

CITY LIMITS, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western club for city-and-Eastern patrons. The chicken-fried steaks are authentic: they're made with buttermilk batter and covered with white sauce. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dining and dancing.

THE CONSERVATORY, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—**RONNY WHYTE** sings obscure songs and well-known songs by prominent composers of show music and, for the most part, non-rock-and-roll popular music. He accompanies himself on piano, and John Wilmeth accompanies him on bass. They're here Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**NELLIE LUTCHER** (see page 120, this issue) is here Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Sundays are given over to **DARDANELLE**, a delightful pianist who sings clearly, directly, effortlessly, and with diction-perfect phrasing. She works with a bassist at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet, which will be under the guidance of cornettist **WILD BILL DAVISON** Monday through Saturday, April 7-12, performs from nine-thirty nightly, except Sundays. On Sunday, April 6, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will head up a quintet that includes cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ** and tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY.** They'll all work from nine-fifteen. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, and first-rate jazz. **EDDIE HARRIS** plays tenor sax and keyboards, sings, and leads his quartet through Saturday, April 5; on Tuesday, April 8, the **WOODY SHAW** quintet will move in. The first set begins at nine-thirty. Dining.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A striking space—but what isn't in SoHo nowadays?—that was a truck warehouse only seven months ago. The pinkish-beige brick walls are original—they were sandblasted—and there are palm trees, tiers of tables, spotlights, wall lights, table lights, an archway, and a ceiling that is considerably higher than an elephant's eye (about two stories high). The music runs from established jazz players to up-and-coming singers. A trio—cornettist **DICK SUDHALTER**, bassist **GEORGE DUVIVIER**, and guitarist **REMO PALMIER**—backs up singer and pianist **DARYL SHERMAN** through Sunday, April 6. Pianist Kenny Brawner will lead a combo on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 8-9; and on Thursday, April 10, singer **HELEN HUMES** will move in for a four-night visit. Music every night but Monday after ten. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** on standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They are all present Wednesday through Saturdays from ten, and from nine on Sundays. On Sundays, from five to nine, stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** is present. Mondays from ten be-

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long to guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** and pianist **DON FRIEDMAN**, and Tuesdays to a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**. Nightly, except Sundays, pianist Loumell Morgan and a bassist hold sessions from seven to ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—There are, perhaps, eight hundred changing neighborhoods in the Naked City. This restaurant and bar is in one of them (one that is changing for the better), and stride-piano specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD** is inside, performing in the dining room from ten to two Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Unobstructed (weather permitting) views of the Manhattan-Brooklyn bridges, the Staten Island ferry circuit, and the Rockaways. Inside, **MARTY NAPOLEON** and his trio play *haut-étage* jazz for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a pianist and composer, alternates with them after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Probably the most comfortable place to hear—and dance to—late-breaking developments in rock and roll. Resident D.J.s select—with the loving care of curators arranging an exhibit—and play rock records from nine to eleven and between sets. The live sounds: Human Switchboard and Bongos Wednesday, April 2; 2 Yous Thursday, April 3; Nash the Slash Friday, April 4; Dirty Looks and Cells Saturday, April 5; Time Twins Sunday, April 6; and Neighbors Tuesday, April 8. Live music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Carpeting, pillow furniture, fireplaces, and couches—all the comforts of the Home Section—*and* live jazz. Tenor player **SAL NISTICO'S** quintet will perform on Friday and Saturday, April 4-5; on Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, percussionist **RAY MANTILLA** will bring in his quintet. Sundays are big-band nights. Music from nine Fridays and Saturdays; from eight on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A lively corner restaurant with a worthy roster of jazz musicians. **JOHN BUNCH** and **MICHAEL MOORE** are the current (through Saturday, April 5) piano-bass team, and they'll be replaced on Tuesday, April 8, by two more worthies—**ROLAND HANNA** and **SAM JONES**. Howard Resnick is the Sunday and Monday solo pianist. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Some of the patrons here are expatriates from the Lone Star State itself. Others just like Lone Star beer or the solid lineup of rock, blues, and country music. The standout night right now is Wednesday, April 2, when **JAMES BROWN**, who was dubbed "soul brother No. 1" by DJ's on black radio stations in the early sixties, will be here. Music from nine-fifteen to three, on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A room in a sprawling restaurant complex that celebrates things—especially jazzy pop music—as they used to be and are. The singing duo of **JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL** are performing here through Saturday, April 5; and then, on Monday, April 7, guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** will team up, as he often does, with grandstanding singer-bassist **SLAM STEWART**. Shows at nine and eleven Mondays through Thursdays, at ten and midnight on Fridays, and at eleven and twelve-thirty on Saturdays. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A noteworthy rock club where over the past couple of decades the extremist fringe has turned into the mainstream. The lineup: Wednesday, April 2, Cheetah Chrome, Luigi & the Wiseguys, and Skunks; Thursday, April 3, the Know and Swingin' Madisons; Friday, April 4, the Know and Ronnie & the Jitters; Saturday, April 5, Coma-teens and Love of Life Orchestra; Sunday, April 6, Stimulators; and Tuesday, April 8, Thin Ice, Minx, and Knots. Shows usually begin long after ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Jonathan Schwartz, disc jockey, novelist, singer, and Arthur's son, is singing from about nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, a traditional New Orleans-style septet plays, and Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper-West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Keyboardist Ray Chew and some capable R. & B. players work Thursday through Saturday, April 3-5. Music from ten to two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—Pianist **AL HAIG** works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays and Sundays from nine-fifteen until two. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE**, takes over. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Part of Bleecker Street may have been renovated, but the brick walls here still look the same. Singer and pianist **MOSE ALLISON** performs with his trio through Saturday, April 5; on Thursday and Friday, April 10-11, Roomful of Blues will be onstage. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, possesses a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. The **SY OLIVER** septet plays bounce music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—This famous seventies cabaret offers singer Barbara Cook on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty; the Manhattan Rhythm Kings, a jazzy nostalgia-pop trio, Sunday through Wednesday, April 6-9, at eight-thirty; and various other young performers during the rest of the week. Dining.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—A salute to producers Feuer and Martin: **VIVIAN BLAINE**, **SWEN SWENSON**, and three other singers and dancers perform numbers from "Guys and Dolls," "Can-Can," "Silk Stockings," and other shows in the King Cole Room. Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—An acoustically bright upstairs jazz room. Flutist **YUSEF LATEEF**, a veteran jazz player who has become in recent years an engaging R. & B. singer, too, leads his quartet Thursday through Sunday, April 3-6; on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 8-9, a jazz-rock assemblage that will include electric violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK**, guitarist **ERIC GALE**, and organist **CHARLES EARLAND** will be on hand; and on Thursday, April 10, trumpeter **TERUMASA HINO'S** septet will move in. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sheraton Centre, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—A room named the French Quarter, off the hotel lobby, presents organist **JIMMY SMITH** and his quartet. Music from nine nightly, except Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in very fine, sturdy jazz bands. Trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON** leads a quintet through Saturday, April 5; on Sunday and Monday, April 6-7, saxophonist John Stubblefield's combo will perform; and on Tuesday, April 8, saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER** will arrive with a quintet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., near Mercer St. (228-8032)—A very pleasant brick-walled large, long room that features singer **CHRIS CONNOR** Thursday through Saturday, April 3-5, and singer **THELMA CARPENTER** Thursday through Saturday, April 10-12. Shows at nine and midnight.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—The construction scaffolding outside this place makes it look anything but palatial, but the relaxed atmosphere inside attracts both musicians and listeners. The schedule: cornettist Butch Morris's quintet Wednesday April 2; drummer **ED BLACKWELL'S** quartet and the **CHARLES MOFFETT FAMILY** Friday through Sunday, April 4-6; saxophonist **C-SHARPE**, trumpeter **LONNIE HILLYER**, pianist **WALTER DAVIS, JR.**, and others Tuesday and Wednesday April 8-9; and drummer **KENO DUKE'S** combo Friday through Sunday, April 11-13. Music every night after ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—In Chicago, the blues district has traditionally been the South Side; in New York the blues district is Gramercy Park. Jimmy Johnson, a young blues player out of Chicago, works with his band Wednesday through Saturday, April 2-5, and Friday and Saturday, April 11-12. The Sons of Creation, a reggae outfit, will perform on Wednesday, April 9, and on Thursday, April 10, **MAGIC**, a head-turning free-funk band—the music could also be called disco-jazz, avant-soul, or dissonance-and-blues, but whatever it's called, it's moving—guided by drummer **PHILLIP WILSON**, will take over. Shows at ten and midnight, usually. Dining and dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. Wednesday, April 2, Frozen; Thursday, April 3, Neon Leon; Friday, April 4, Elliott Murphy; Saturday, April 5, Standing Waves and Method Actors; Monday, April 7, Silencers; and Tuesday, April 8, Monte Farber in Transition. Music after eleven, usually. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Downstairs, drummer **PANAMA FRANCIS** and his Savoy Sultans are now performing on Saturdays at midnight. Dancing. In the enclosed

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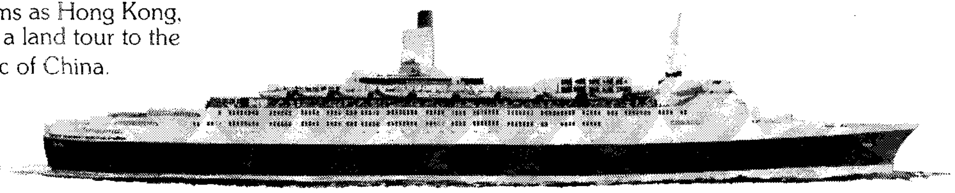

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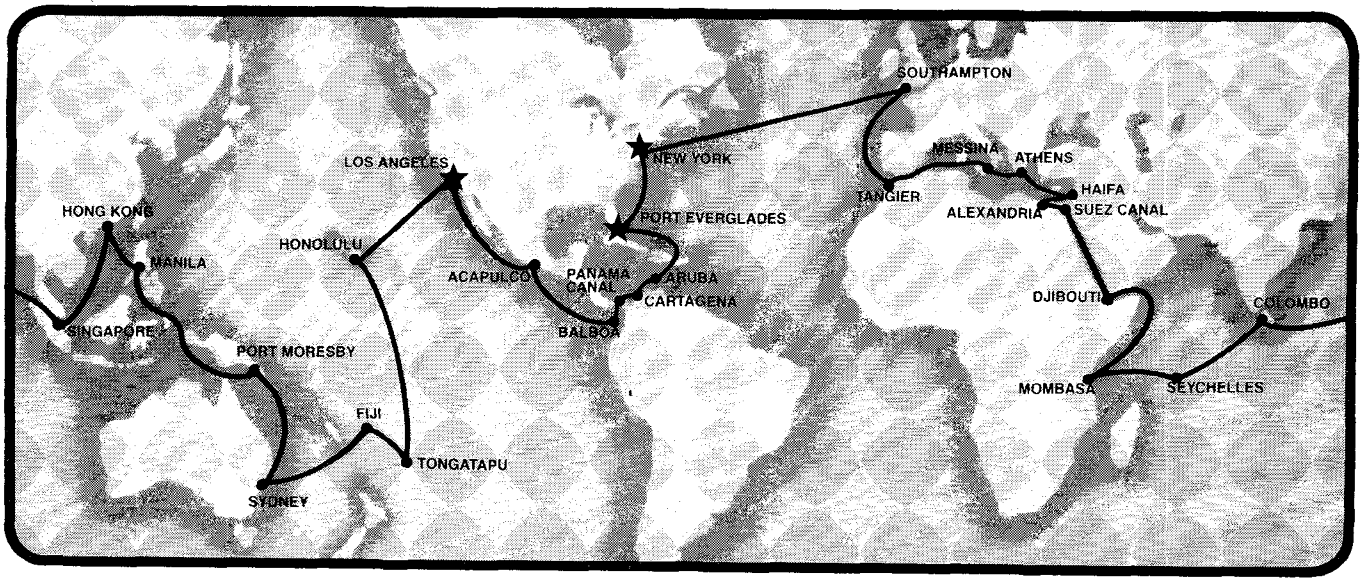

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sidewalk lounge, **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays jazz harp with her trio Tuesdays from nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The least pretentious and most prestigious jazz club in town. In the **HORACE SILVER** quintet, Silver's piano isn't merely a percussion instrument—it's virtually the entire rhythm section. Oh, there's a bassist and a drummer, but Silver carries and sets most of the rhythms. He bends over the keys and rocks back and forth furiously; his comping is intense. And if any of his talented young soloists should falter or pause, he jumps right in and helps them out, letting them bounce off his ideas. Silver has a new saxophonist, **RON BRIDGEWATER**, but the bluesy Silver-quintet sound is intact—it's some of the most rhythmic, most energetic, and prettiest jazz around. Through Sunday, April 6. Starting Tuesday, April 8, **ARTHUR BLYTHE**, a stunningly powerful, soaring alto player, will lead his quartet, In the Tradition—bassist **FRED HOPKINS**, drummer **STEVE MC CALL**, and pianist **JOHN HICKS**. On Monday, April 7, composer, arranger, and lively tenor soloist **FRANK FOSTER** will oversee his big band, the **LOUD MINORITY**. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—On the western edge of Chelsea and the northern edge of the slaughterhouse district, this little soul-food restaurant lures in loyal patrons and jazz pianists. Robert Condor is the Thursday-through-Sunday player, and Esther Blue is here Monday through Wednesday. Music begins at eight.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal place for appreciative students—and non-students—who come to hear aging swing musicians who can still swing. Jazz à Cordes, a hot-jazz quintet, is here through Thursday, April 3; tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY'S** quartet will work Friday and Saturday, April 4-5; and on Monday, April 7, clarinettist and saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE** will arrive with his Ellington-minded quartet. Music from about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

ELLY STONE—In a concert celebrating her Silver Jubilee. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, April 2, at 8.)

ABDULLAH—With Henry Threadgill and Nana Vasconselos. (Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. 924-5026. Friday, April 4, at 8 and 10.)

BARRY HARRIS 75 PIECE ENSEMBLE—With, among others, Clifford Jordan, Tommy Turrentine, Lonnie Hillyer, Harold Vick, and Art Davis. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, April 5, at 8 and midnight. For information about tickets, call 989-3220.)

SMOKEY ROBINSON—With Keith & Darryll and Quiet Storm. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, April 6, at 7 and 10:30.)

JUBILEE SINGERS OF FISK UNIVERSITY—In a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall, Sunday, April 6, at 8:30.)

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—Dixieland jazz performed by Wild Bill Davison, Jabbo Smith, Kenny Davern, Dick Wellstood, George Duvivier, Cliff Leeman, Natalie Lamb, and the New Orleans Blue Serenaders. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, April 10, at 8.)

CHICK COREA SEXTET—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, April 11, at 8 and 11:30.

WARREN ZEVON—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, April 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

PETER ROWAN & TEX LOGAN AND THE GREEN GRASS GRINGOS—With Bill Keith and Jim Rooney. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, April 12, at 8 and 11. For tickets, call 427-1488.)

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Wednesdays, April 2 and 9: Chuck Israels and the National Jazz Ensemble Little Big Band. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 4-5: Pepper Adams quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, April 11: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12: Kenny Barron, Walter Booker, and Jimmy Cobb. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhere around nine.)

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SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Friday, April 4, at 8: Stephen Roane Ensemble. . . . ¶ Friday, April 11, at 8:30: Nora Post and Mario Falcao. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 8:30: Cook Book. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

SQUAT THEATRE—Thursday and Friday, April 3-4, at 11 and 1: James White & the Flaming Demonics. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 11 and 1: Magic. (Squat Theatre, 256 W. 23rd St. 691-1238.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ILYA BOLOTOWSKY—Paintings and painted-wood columns. Through April 24. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ENRICO DONATI—Semi-abstract paintings of crude stone pillars and rough walls, depicted with a thick, cementlike medium consisting of sand, ground quartz, and oil pigment. Through Saturday, April 5. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

FRIEDEL DZUBAS—Recent abstract paintings. Through April 17. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

PETER FINGESTEN / JANE MORTON NORTON—"Fantastic Works on Paper," a show of twenty large pen-and-ink drawings and several small pencil drawings. Through Saturday, April 5. / Dimly seen landscapes done in light washes. Through Saturday, April 12. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

HELEN MAYER HARRISON AND NEWTON HARRISON—These California artists set forth their ideas about the abuse of lakes, rivers, oceans, etc., in maps, texts, photographs, and drawings. Through April 26. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St., which is open Mondays, and 351 West Broadway, which is not.)

LOUISE HOESCHEN—Deliberately childlike paintings, done in kindergarten colors, of figures accompanied by dogs, squirrels, chickens, camels. The artist works in Seattle. Through Saturday, April 12. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

PHILIP JAMISON / FIVE REALISTS—Deft watercolors depicting field flowers, coastal Maine houses, and the Pennsylvania countryside. Through April 19. / Still-lifes by Ellen Adler, downtown cityscapes by Seaver Leslie, figure paintings and landscapes by Paula North, cityscapes and Eastern Long Island scenes by Darragh Park, and Long Island Sound ma rinas by Jane Ritchie. Through Saturday April 12. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

LESTER JOHNSON—Four large paintings, alon with works on paper, crowded with figure Through Saturday, April 12. (Gimpel, 104 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ELLSWORTH KELLY / RICHARD SERRA—Two sculptur works—a nine-and-a-half-foot Corten-ste wall piece and a drastically flattened arch c heavy-gauge aluminum. / A huge black squar painted with an oil stick on linen. Throug Saturday, April 12. (Blum-Helman, 13 E 75th St.)

IDA KOHLMEYER—Abstract paintings based on grid, and collages. Through April 26. (Find lay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

ROBERT HENRY LOGAN (1874-1942)—A recentl discovered trove of traditionalist paintings o Brittany, Morocco, and the Massachusett coast by a well-to-do artist who laid aside hi brushes upon his marriage, in 1920, and de voted himself to his home and the making o furniture and decorative ironwork. Throug Saturday, April 5. (Davis & Long, 746 Mad son Ave., at 65th St.)

HERMAN MARIL—Landscapes and seascapes, an interiors, reduced to semi-abstraction Through April 17. (Forum, 1018 Madiso Ave., at 79th St.)

JOAN MITCHELL—A dozen paintings from th fifties by the noted Abstract Expressionis Through Saturday, April 5. (Fourcade, 3 E. 75th St.)

HOWARD NEWMAN—Polished-bronze sculpture and collage paintings. Through Saturday April 5. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75t St.)

JOSEPH PICCILLO—Detailed drawings of horse and human heads (sometimes paired) execut ed in charcoal on canvas and paper. Throug April 30. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

RICHARD PICCOLO—Paintings of figures alone an in groups. Also, views of Rome, where th artist lives. Through April 26. (Schoelkop 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

JOHN SLOAN (1871-1951)—Twenty-four pain ings, including landscapes and studio po traits, that have been part of a private collec tion. Through Saturday, April 5. (Salande O'Reilly, 41 E. 78th St.)

WAYNE THIEBAUD / DAVID BECK—Recent painting and drawings—San Francisco cityscapes an his familiar viands. / A life-size wooden pi Through April 30. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

HELEN TORR (1886-1967)—Paintings, charcoal and other drawings (still-lifes and abstrac tions) by an artist whose career was over shadowed by that of her husband, Arthu Dove. Through May 17. (Graham, 101 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

JOHN WESLEY—Recent paintings in which th artist uses repeat patterns of simplifie forms—fish, for instance. There is also sculptural work—a seagull of unusual aspec Through Thursday, April 10. (Elkon, 106 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

EDWARD YOUKILIS—Tumultuous abstract design done in acrylics on canvas or paper and par tially obscured by splatters of a contrastin color. Through Thursday, April 10. (Acqua vella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **A. M. ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St. Small, characteristic sketches by twenty-od European masters, among them Cézanne Matisse, Picasso, and Bonnard. Through Ma 3. . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 68 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings by thirteen Latin-American realists; several have exhibited here before, among them Claudio Bravo, Julio Larraz, and Emilio Sanchez. Through April 20. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.). . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Seven contemporary Belgian artists: paintings by Folon, Alechinsky, Dotremont, and Michaux, and sculptures by Bury, Ubac, and Reinhoud. Through April 26. . . . **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and additional works by Ernst, Picabia, Matta, and others. Through Thursday, April 10.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

PAT ADAMS—Large-scale abstract paintings, and works on paper. Through April 26. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JANICE BIALA—Fresh-looking paintings of studio

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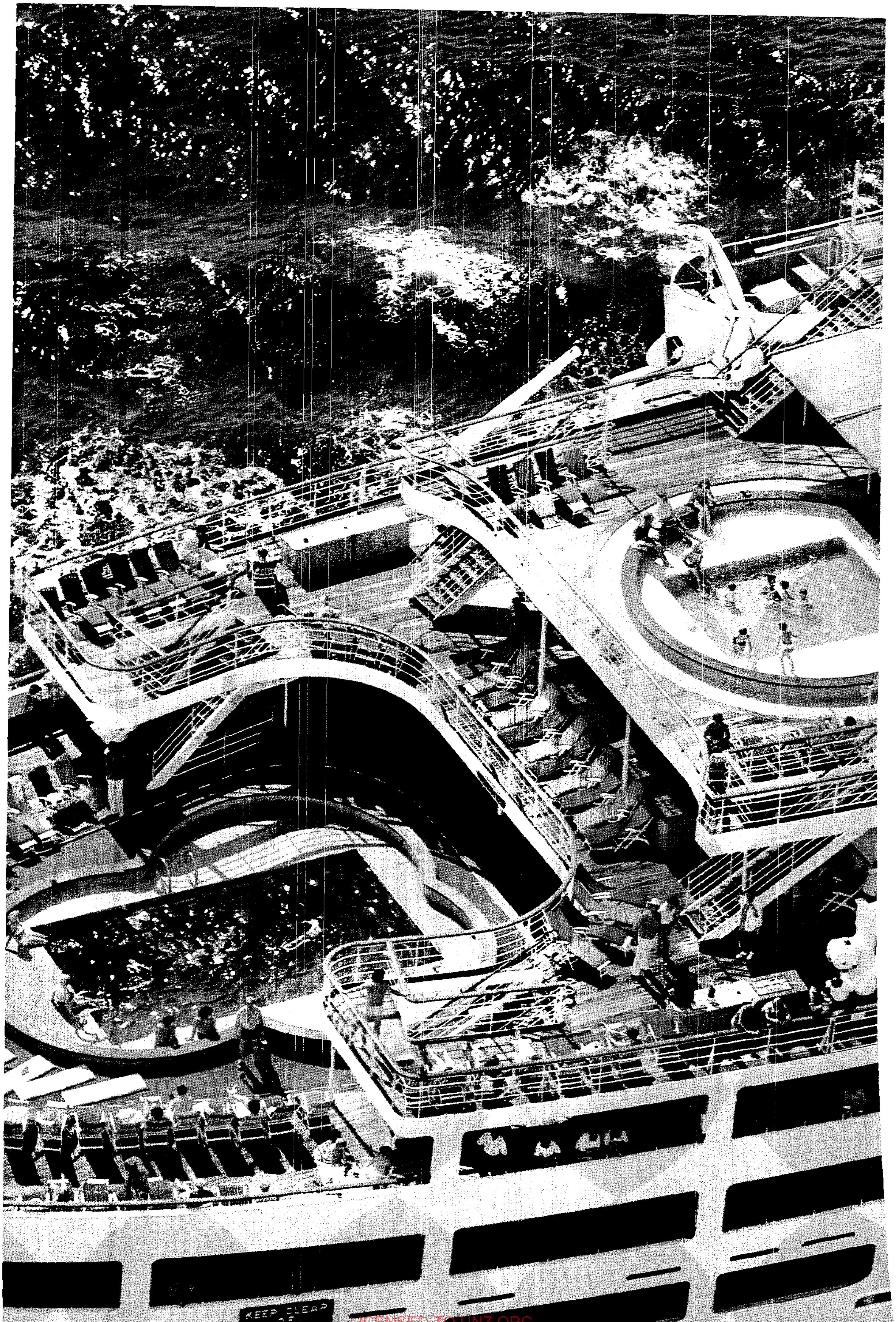
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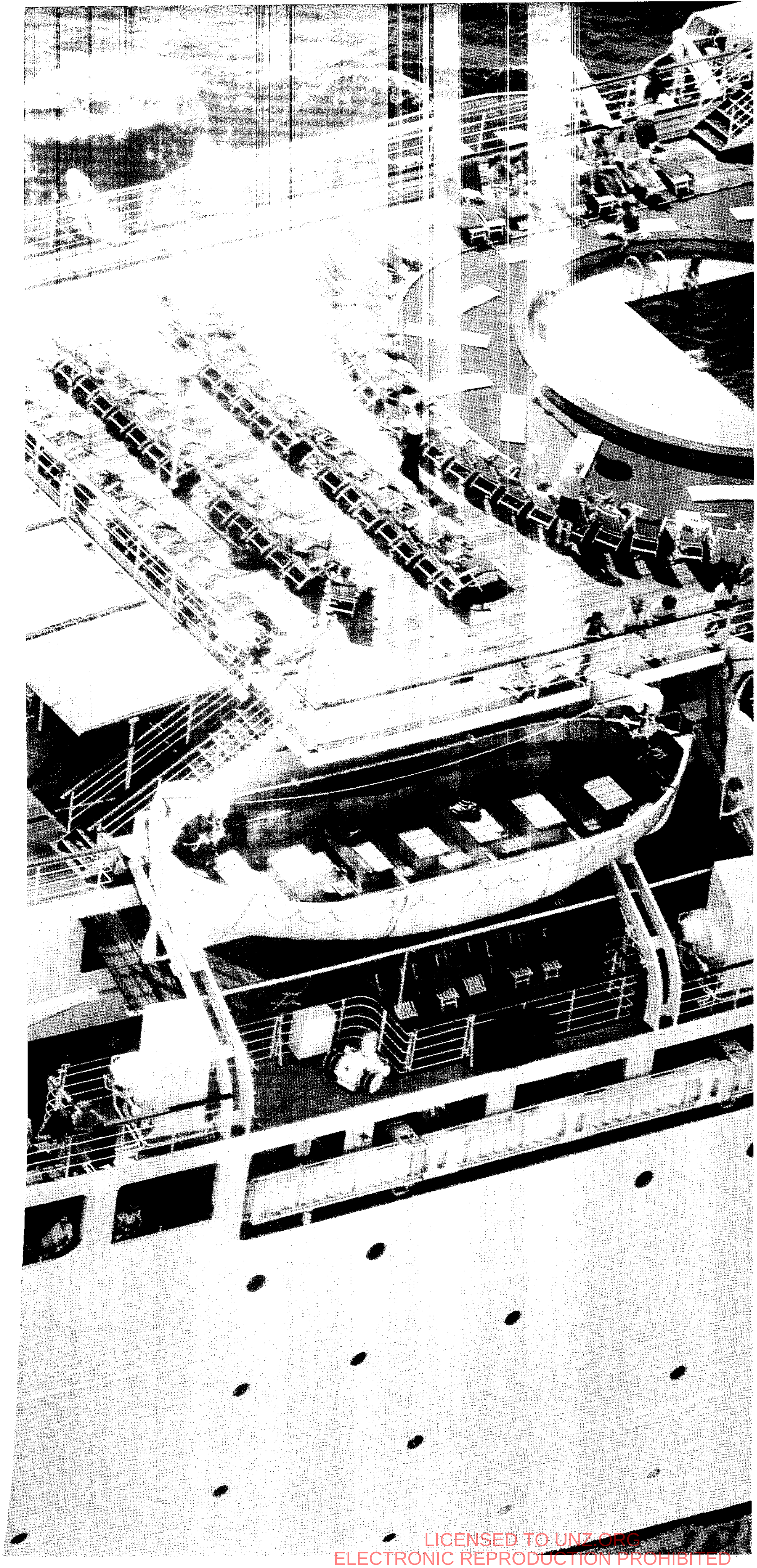

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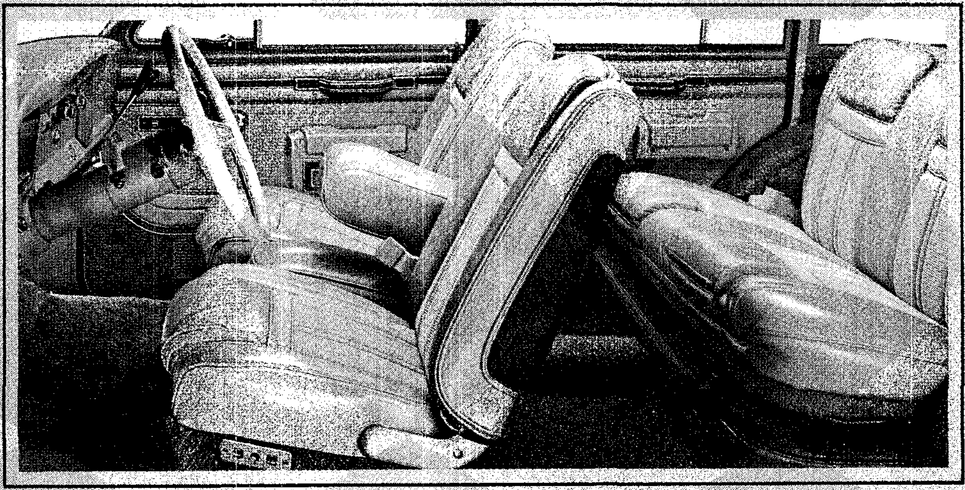

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

interiors, still-lifes, and landscapes by an artist who seldom exhibits; she is a sister of Jack Tworkov and the wife of Alain, the cartoonist—now retired to fine arts. Through Saturday, April 5. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Charlotte Brown—Patterns the artist has found on cast-off scraps of fabric, transferred to prepared clay tablets. Through Saturday, April 5. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jon Carsman—Small-town vistas marked by the interplay of bright sunshine and deep shadows. Through Saturday, April 5. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Dan Christensen—New color-field paintings. Through April 19. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

Roy De Forest—New paintings and wall sculptures made up of tangles of branches and carved-wood oddments, all painted in vivid colors. Through Friday, April 4. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

David Diao—Large-scale, bright-colored acrylic paintings done in circular designs, like the workings of a watch. Through Saturday, April 5. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Marcel Floris—Sculptural pieces, consisting of brass strips and elastic cord, by a Venezuelan artist who confines his forms to those produced by a compass, a T square, and a ruler. Through Saturday, April 12. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

Trudi Frank—Recent watercolors, mostly still-lifes of flowers and fruit arranged on rich fabrics. Through Saturday, April 5. (Ludlow-Hyland, 123 E. 57th St.)

Sondra Freckelton—Realist watercolors of interiors. Through Saturday, April 12. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Al Held—Paintings dated 1959 to 1961, when the artist was moving away from Abstract Expressionism to a more formal geometric style. Through April 26. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Bill Jensen—Small, compelling abstract paintings. Through Saturday, April 5. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Jane Kaufman / Gene Davis—Large, glittering curtains; one is made of crocheted-copper filaments strewn with glass jewelry. Through Saturday, April 12. / New paintings in which narrow vertical acrylic stripes in muted colors are laid down side by side on unprimed canvas. Through April 16. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945)—Drawings and prints. Through May 10. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Harry Koursaros—Pattern paintings in oil on canvas, and collages utilizing braids, plastics, and metallic paint. Through April 19. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Walt Kuhn (1877-1949)—A show of his still-lifes—the first exclusively devoted to them—and a pleasant reminder that he wasn't *always* painting clowns and acrobats. Through Saturday, April 5. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Chuck Magistro—Nonobjective paintings in mixed mediums. Through April 17. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Mary Miss—Three large architectural constructions, one of them a tall, narrow rectangular wooden tower covered with heavy industrial screening and enclosing a ladder. Through Saturday, April 12. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

John Moore—Large paintings of interiors with windows, through which one looks out on extensive views of Philadelphia. Through Wednesday, April 9. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert Murray / Janet Stayton—Large freestanding sculptures made of molded aluminum plate painted with a glistening enamel. / A new series of her sampler-like works. Through Friday, April 4. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Arthur Pierson / James Rosen—Abstract forms cut out of heavy galvanized tin and hung at right angles to the wall, so that the shadows are integral parts of the composition. / Dim, ephemeral paintings and drawings done in homage to Mu-Ch'i, a thirteenth-century Chinese artist. Through Saturday, April 5. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

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Bruce Porter—Large abstract paintings in which the artist keeps a great many bright colors and shifting forms in balance. Through Saturday, April 5. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Leo Rabkin—Watercolor-on-Oriental-paper works (very nearly constructions), which are pleated and shown both fully extended and completely closed. Through April 19. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Richard Smith—"Cartouche" is the name given to a series of ten colored-paper-and-cloth wall hangings. Through April 22. (Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Bill Sullivan—A group of paintings of Rio's Carnaval, and other works. Through April 26. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Harold Tovish—Fourteen cast-bronze heads (one a self-portrait, the others interpretations on that model) identical in dimension. Through April 18. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Ernest Trova—Two series of welded-sheet-metal sculptures: one consisting of miniature architectural environments and the other of abstract pieces based on nature and fantasy. Through April 26. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **heidenberg**, 50 W. 57th St.: Pattern paintings by George Chemeche; paintings made up of layer on layer of colorful acrylic marks on paper by Robert Natkin; and shaped canvases and one sculptural work in Ilya Bolotowsky's characteristic bold stripes. Through April 19. . . . **janis**, 6 W. 57th St.: Paintings by seven young American artists, among them Valerie Jaudon, Joan Thorne, and Thornton Willis. Starts Thursday, April 3. (Open Mondays.) . . . **pace**, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings and other works of the sixties from a private collection. Dine, Johns, and Warhol are among the artists. Through April 26.

GALLERIES—SoHo

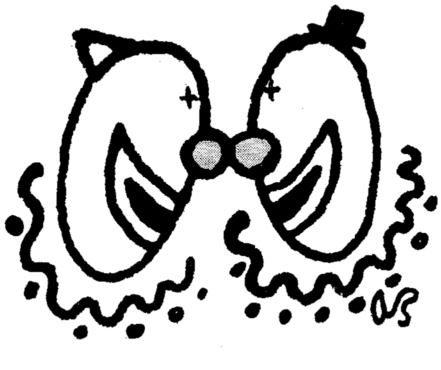
Carl Andre—Three phalanxes of foot-square redwood or Douglas-fir timbers, three feet tall, laid out in close-order-drill formations, plus an auxiliary brigade of ninety-one granite shafts half that size. Through April 19. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Natalie Bieser / Bill Richards—Abstract watercolors inspired by landscapes. / Graphite drawings of nature: fernswamps, underbrush, cattails. Through May 7. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Donna Dennis / Jerry Jones—Two big architectural sculptures, one the façade and porch of a sad old two-story frame house in Jersey. / Models for outdoor sculptures the artist proposes for three sites—Wave Hill, in the Bronx; the top of 420 West Broadway; and someplace in Arizona. Through Wednesday, April 9. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Claire Falkenstein—Sculptures, paintings, and graphics dating from 1945 to the present. Through April 24. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Sandy Gellis / Mimi Smith—Works from nature, literally: test tubes filled with water samples from the Hudson River, and plastic bags holding earth and sand from many parts of the world. / An audiotape, with drawings, commenting on pollution. Through Saturday, April 5. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)



Adolph Gottlieb (1903-74)—Nine large-scale Abstract Expressionist paintings from his later years. Through Saturday, April 5. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Aris Koutroulis / Kenneth Morgan—Raw horizontal canvas strips laid on an acrylic backing that has seeped in between them. / Bright-colored abstractions of circus scenes. The artist was once a circus acrobat. Through April 19. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Patsy Norvell—Two works: cylinders (eight, ten, and twelve feet long) filled with colored mineral water, and a greenhouse whose glass has been etched in the shape of flowers. Through April 19. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Harold Olejarz—Stacked-wood sculptures. Through April 20. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Open Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Lucio Pozzi—Recent works. Through April 23. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Marion Ranyak—Acrylic paintings in which leafy houseplants are silhouetted against a wooded landscape. Through April 16. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Stuart Shedletsky—Large abstract paintings in which blocks of high-pitched color are arranged in geometric patterns. Through Saturday, April 5. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Group Show—Paintings and sculptures by seven artists who use symbols in their works—Robert Beauchamp, Audrey Flack, Mary Frank, Buffie Johnson, Marisol, Salvatore Meo, and Daphne Mumford. Through April 17. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Sculpture—This rich show of works by American and European abstract artists includes one of Calder's very first freestanding mobiles ("The Spider"), a painted-wood piece by Louise Bourgeois, and a small work in fibre glass, steel, and wood by Mark di Suvero. Through April 19. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

David Hockney—Two shows. A hundred and fifty works divided equally between drawings and prints. Starts Thursday, April 3. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Drawings. Starts Thursday, April 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ree Morton (1936-77)—A retrospective of her exuberant and imaginative paintings and constructions. Through April 17. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Jack Roth—Very large color-field paintings, called the Ramapo Series, plus smaller abstracts based on the figure, by a mathematics professor at Ramapo State College, in New Jersey. Through Saturday, April 12. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Susan Smith / Jody Pinto—Wall paintings inspired by the traceries of stairs and chimneys left on surviving walls when a building is torn down, plus related drawings. / New drawings in which anatomical members—legs, arms—are mingled in with landscapes. Through April 23. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.)

Group Show—Paintings by Leo Manso, Robert Kaupelis, Anne Tabachnick, and Jacqueline Harvey, and sculptures by Louis Trakis. Through Saturday, April 12. (Abreu, 286 Eighth Ave., at 24th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Michael de Camp—Large color photographs. Through April 18. (The Space, 154 W. 57th St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

John Gossage—Photographs in series of various unrelated subjects. Through Saturday, April 5. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

K. Helmer-Petersen—Abstract color photographs by a Danish photographer. Through April

19. (American-Scandinavian Foundation, 127 E. 73rd St. Opens at noon.)

Hiromitsu Morimoto—Large hand-applied-emulsion prints. Through April 17. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Dorothy Norman—Small contact prints from the thirties through the fifties by this protegé of Stieglitz. Through Tuesday, April 8. (70th Art Gallery, 130 E. 70th St. Open Mondays.)

James Van DerZee—Photographs from the twenties and thirties on the theme of romantic love by this ninety-four-year-old documentarian of Harlem, who took up the camera at the age of fourteen. Through April 19. (New York Public Library's Countee Cullen Branch, 104 W. 136th St. Mondays, 1 to 6, Tuesdays and Fridays, 1 to 5; Wednesdays, 1 to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Mike Zide / Bob Willoughby—Landscapes of Martha's Vineyard. / Photographs of Hollywood celebrities (Katharine Hepburn, James Dean) and of people in Ireland. Through Saturday, April 12. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **asia house**, auditorium, 112 E. 64th St.: Photographs of modern theatre productions in China. Through Friday, April 11. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays and Wednesday, April 9.) . . . **hastings-rinhart**, 121 E. 24th St.: One print apiece by sixty-three fashion photographers, all but a few of them contemporary. Through Saturday, April 12. (Open Mondays.) . . . **light**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: View-camera prints by Larry Fink; SX-70 emulsion transferred to paper by Nancy Rexroth—the prints depict tangled vegetation; rural back-yard scenes in Athens, Ohio, by Mark Schwartz. Through April 26. . . . **witkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: Seven vintage prints of Paris by Atget, ten photographs of rural America by Wright Morris, and a new series on cats by George A. Tice are among the works on view. . . . ¶ In another gallery, documentary works from the thirties, done for various government agencies, by Peter Sekaer. Through April 19. (Closed Tuesdays.) . . . **wolf**, 30 W. 57th St.: A survey of Pictorialism that ranges from an eighteen-sixties daguerreotype by Southworth and Hawes, to a nineteen-thirties print by Clara Sipprell, to contemporary palladium prints by Jed Devine. Through May 3.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The André Meyer Galleries, a suite of fourteen new galleries established for the museum's paintings and sculptures of the nineteenth-century European masters (David, Rodin, Ingres, Goya, Renoir, Degas, Maillol, among them), have opened on the second floor of the new South Wing. . . . ¶ "The Horses of San Marco," an exhibition in which one of the bronze horses from the façade of the Basilica di San Marco presides over more than a hundred representations of horses—in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Queen Elizabeth II has lent five drawings by da Vinci. Through June 1. . . . ¶ A show of seventy-nine drawings by Barnett Newman which span his career. Through April 13. . . . ¶ "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

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Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The permanent collection is the main show just now. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The Spanish artist Eduardo Chillida is showing more than sixty abstract sculptures from the past thirty years, in metal, wood, and alabaster. Also, works on paper. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, and videotapes by nine contemporary Spanish artists showing here for the first time. The Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 68th St., has works on paper by the same artists. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through May 11.

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Marsden Hartley. Through May 25. . . . ¶ Isamu Noguchi: theatre sets (three of them for Martha Graham and one for the New York City Ballet), seven sculptures that span a twenty-five-year period, and seventeen environmental projects. Through Sunday, April 6. . . . ¶ An exhibition of paintings by American folk artists (Hannah Cohoon, Edward Hicks, Rufus Porter), most of whom worked in the nineteenth century. Through May 13. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the abstract paintings and drawings of Myron Stout. Through Sunday, April 6. . . . ¶ Thirteen sculptures and six drawings by the figure sculptor Gaston Lachaise. Through April 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Working women portrayed in paintings, drawings, prints, and photographs (from 1840 to 1945) by Peggy Bacon, Winslow Homer, Doris Ulmann, James M. Flagg, and others. Through April 16. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The eighteenth- and nineteenth-century New England and Southern period rooms have been reopened. . . . ¶ "The Goddess in Indian Art," an exhibition of forty-six sculptures and paintings spanning nineteen centuries and depicting the symbol of fertility in Indian art and mythology. Through June 29. . . . ¶ Etchings and drawings by Peter Milton. Through May 4. . . . ¶ A show of contemporary Chinese scroll paintings. Through May 4. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A show of works by twenty-nine painters and sculptors who are candidates for the Academy's art awards. Through Saturday, April 5. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of contemporary utilitarian crafts—furniture, quilts, clothing, and so forth—by seventy-two American artists. Through May 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A survey of American ceramics, mostly decorative, dating from 1878 to 1978, by George Ohr, Carl Walters, Mary Frank, Kenneth Price, and Louise Nevelson, among others. Through May 25. . . . ¶ A show about the design problems presented by ocean liners—from their boiler rooms to their ballrooms. The exhibit has eleven scale models of actual ships, cutaway drawings, furniture, table settings, photographs, and so forth. Through Sunday, April 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Ceremonial objects, textiles, photographs, and documents (some dating back to the seventeenth century) sent to New York for safekeeping in 1939 by the Jewish community of Danzig. (Open Thursday, April 3, and Wednesday and Thursday, April 9-10, from noon to 5; and Sunday, April 6, from 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Rubens and Rembrandt in Their Century," an exhibition of a hundred and thirty seventeenth-century Flemish and Dutch Old Master drawings. Starts Thursday, April 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—About forty portraits and other material attributed to a nineteenth-century folk artist, John S. Blunt (1798-1835), who may or may not be the Borden Limner. Through May 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

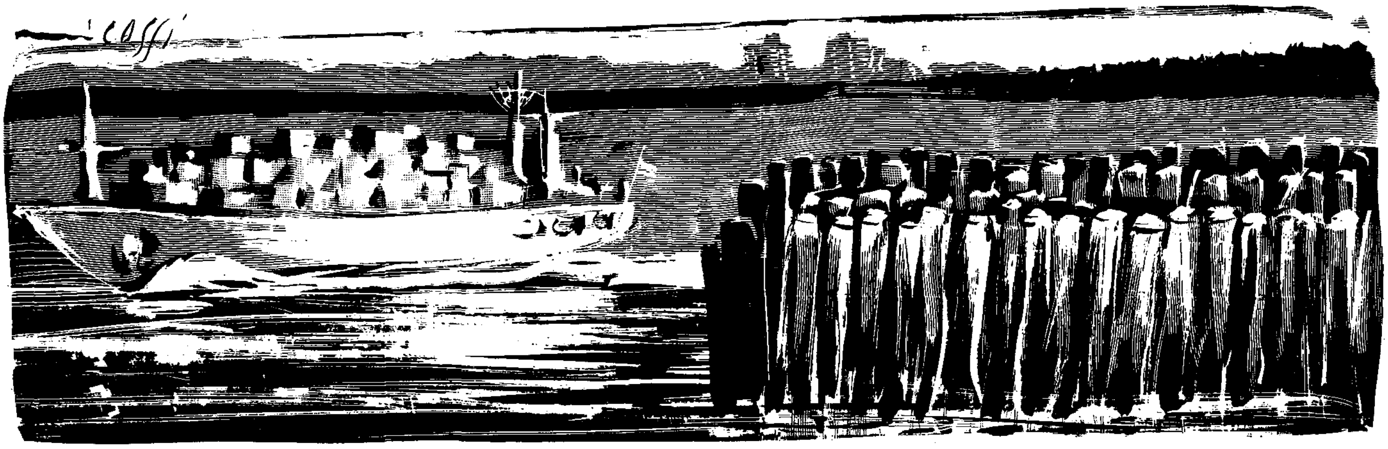
New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of more than a hundred examples of nineteenth-century silver pieces designed by and made at Tiffany & Co. Through May 1. . . . ¶ Audubon's original watercolors, which were engraved as "The Birds of America." (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6. The Idiot Orchestra (performance with sound), Thursday, April 3, at 8:30; The Social Climbers (music), Tuesday, April 8, at 8:30; an exhibit by two conceptual artists, through April 19; audiotapes by more than forty artists, through April 26.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Scott Johnson (music), Friday, April 4, at 8:30; Ronald Shannon Jackson & Scott



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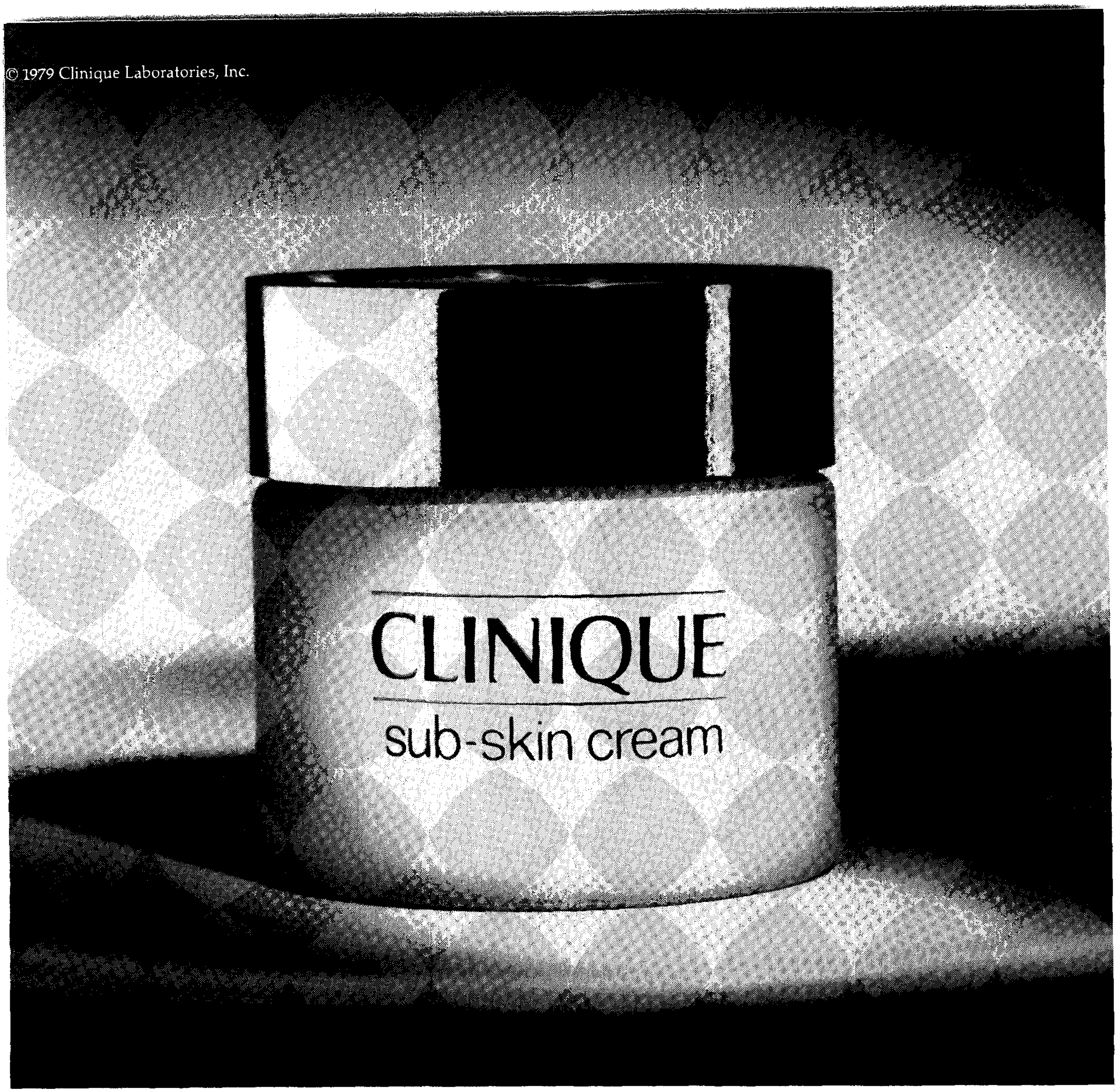

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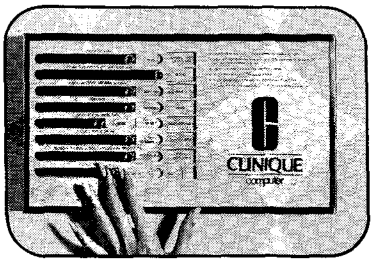

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Johnson (music), Saturday, April 5, at 8:30; Earl Howard & Joseph Paul Taylor (music), Tuesday and Wednesday, April 8-9, at 8:30; Courtney P. Graham-Gazaway, Tom Johnson & Bleim Kern (performance), Friday, April 11, at 8:30; Ed Friedman (performance), Saturday, April 12, at 8:30; audiotapes, including drama, poetry, and songs, by Laurie Anderson, the Mabou Mines, Ned Sublette, and others, through April 19; videotapes by Antonio Muntadas, Stephen Laub, Becky Johnston, and others, through April 26.

Project Studios One, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—The main exhibit, "Afro-American Abstractions," consists of paintings, sculptures, and other works by nineteen artists, among them Barbara Chase-Riboud, Richard Hunt, James Little, Alvin Loving, and Howardena Pindell. Through Sunday, April 6.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 879-5512; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, April 2: "Tosca," with Carol Neblett, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Matteo Manuguerra; conducted by Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 3: "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," with Christiane Eda-Pierre, Kathleen Battle, John Alexander, James Atherton, Ara Berberian, and Werner Klemperer (in a non-singing role); James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 4: "Billy Budd," with Richard Stilwell, Richard Cassilly, and James Morris; Raymond Leppard. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 5: "Parsifal," with Tatiana Troyanos, Jess Thomas, Norman Bailey, Jerome Hines, Vern Shinall, and William Wildermann; James Levine. (A nonsubscription performance.). . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 5: "Tosca," with Carol Neblett, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Matteo Manuguerra; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Monday evening, April 7: "Billy Budd," with Lenus Carlson, Richard Cassilly, and Morley Meredith; Raymond Leppard. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 8: "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," with Christiane Eda-Pierre, Kathleen Battle, John Alexander, James Atherton, Ara Berberian, and Werner Klemperer (in a non-singing role); James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 9: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Scotto, Placido Domingo, and Pablo Elvira; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 10: "Parsifal," with Tatiana Troyanos, Jess Thomas, Norman Bailey, Jerome Hines, Vern Shinall, and William Wildermann; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 11: "Billy Budd," with Lenus Carlson, Richard Cassilly, and James Morris; Raymond Leppard. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 12: "Die Entführung aus dem Serail," with Christiane Eda-Pierre, Kathleen Battle, John Alexander, James Atherton, Ara Berberian, and Werner Klemperer (in a non-singing role); James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 12: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Scotto, Placido Domingo, and Pablo Elvira; James Levine. (Evenings at 8; on Thursday, April 10, at 7. Matinées Saturday, April 5, at 1, and Saturday, April 12, at 2.)

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New York City Opera—Thursday evening, April 3: "Mefistofele," with Pamela Myers, Eunice Hill, Justino Díaz, and Jacque Trussel; conducted by John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 4: "Silverlake" (in English), with Elizabeth Hynes, Elaine Bonazzi, Joel Grey, William Neill, Jack Harrold, and dancer Gary Chryst; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 5: "Mefistofele," with Stephanie Sundine, Eunice Hill, Justino Díaz, and Riccardo Calleo; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 5: "The Barber of Seville" (in English), with Gianna Rolandi, Diane Curry, David Holloway, Jerry Hadley, and Richard McKee; William Fred Scott III. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 6: A new production of Prokofieff's "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English), with Carol Gutknecht, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Joseph Evans, and David Hall; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 6: "La Bohème," with Marianna Christos, Sherry Zannoth, Jacque Trussel, and Vernon Hartman; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 8, and Thursday evening, April 10: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English), with Carol Gutknecht, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Joseph Evans, and David Hall; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 11: "La Cenerentola" (in English), with Susanne Marsee, Gianna Rolandi, Rockwell Blake, and Alan Titus; Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 12: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English), with Carol Gutnecht, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Joseph Evans, and David Hall; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 12: "La Bohème," with Marianna Christos, Sherry Zannoth, Jacque Trussel, and Vernon Hartman; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, April 27.)

New York Lyric Opera Company—Michael Bartos directing a performance of Jean-Baptiste Lully's "Acis et Galatée," with Ann Monoyios and Josephine Mongiardo, sopranos; Paul Tomasko, tenor; and Raymond Murcell, baritone. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday through Saturday, April 10-12, at 8, and Sunday, April 13, at 3. For information about tickets, call 874-1993.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting performances of Handel's "Messiah" on Thursday, April 3, at 8, a nonsubscription concert; Friday, April 4, at 2; Saturday, April 5, at 8; and Tuesday, April 8, at 7:30 (all with Margaret Marshall, soprano; Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; Ryland Davies, tenor; Benjamin Luxon, baritone; and the New York Choral Artists); and a varied program on Thursday, April 10, at 8; Friday, April 11, at 2; Saturday, April 12, at 8; and Tuesday, April 15, at 7:30 (all with Jerome Lowenthal, piano).

Atlanta Symphony Orchestra and Chorus—At Carnegie Hall, Robert Shaw directing—Thursday, April 3, at 8: A performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Elizabeth Mannion, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; and John Cheek, bass. . . . ¶ Friday, April 4, at 8: A performance of Berlioz' Requiem, with Mr. McCoy. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 8: Performances of Brahms' Requiem and the New York première of Phillip Rhodes' "Lament of Michal," with Miss Bryn-Julson, and Tom Krause, baritone.

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Wagner's "Rienzi" in concert form, with Julia Hamari, mezzo-soprano; Osceola Davis, soprano; William Johns, tenor; and the Choral Guild of Atlanta. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 10, at 7:30.)

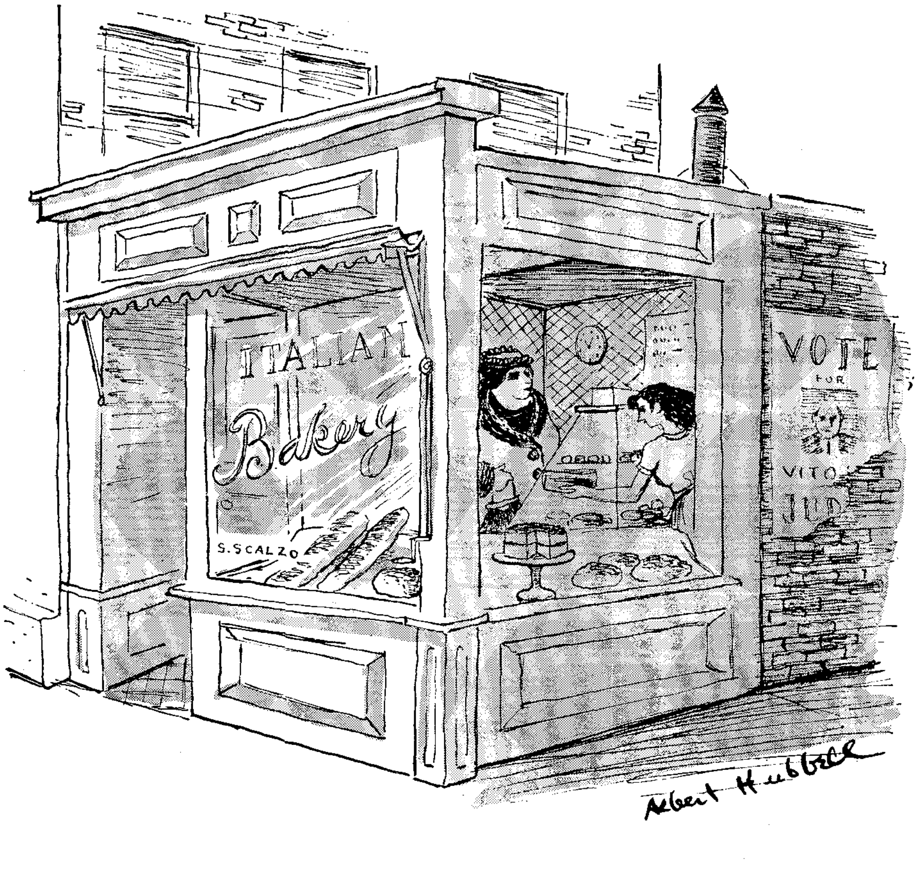
American Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona directing a performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Irene Gubrud, soprano; Sandra Walker, mezzo-soprano; Robert White and Gene Bullard, tenors; David Arnold, baritone; Richard Cross, bass; the New York Choral Society; and the Brooklyn Boys Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 6, at 2.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the last in a "Meet the Moderns" series of concerts, this one a program of American music, 1960 to the present, with Joan La Barbara, soprano; Donald Palma, string bass; and the Columbia String Quartet. Mr. Foss will participate in a forum at the end of the evening. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, April 10, at 8.)

Chamber Orchestra of New York—Albert Catell conducting, with Kari Lövaas, soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, April 12, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing a performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Charles Bressler and Leo Goeke, tenors; William Fleck and Bruce Fifer, basses; Ellen Shade, soprano; and Linn Maxwell, mezzo-soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 2, at 7:30.)

Columbia University Glee Club—Warren Brown



directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 4, at 8.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing, with Victoria Grof, mezzo-soprano; Richard Versalle, tenor; and Michael Burt, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 11, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a program of motets by Bach, Poulenc, Copland, Ronald Roxbury, and others. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, April 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

RECITALS

Joanne Castellani and Michael Andriaccio—Classical guitar duo. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 2, at 8.)

Richard Stoltzman—Clarinet, with the Guarneri Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, April 3, at 8.)

Detlef Kraus—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Brahms cycle of solo piano works. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, April 3, at 8.)

New York New Music Ensemble—A program of works by Stefan Wolpe, Alex Tooker, and others, performed by three members of the Ensemble—Robert Black and Alan Feinberg, piano, and Laura Flax, clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 4, at 8.)

Peter Serkin—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 5, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Garrick Ohlsson—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, April 5, at 8.)

New York Renaissance Band—The last in a series of programs, this one entitled "Courtly Pleasures," with Jane Bryden, soprano, and Frank Hoffmeister, tenor. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 5, at 8.)

Horacio Gutiérrez—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 7, at 8.)

Leonard Hindell—Bassoon, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, April 7, at 8.)

New York Philomusica—Chamber music, with Jeanette Lombard, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 7, at 8.)

Music New to New York—With Gordon Gottlieb, percussion; David Starobin, classical guitarist; Patrick Mason, baritone; and others. Lukas Foss will provide commentary during the evening. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Monday, April 7, at 8. For tickets, call 777-3240.)

Sioned Williams—Harp. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, April 8, at 8.)

Shirley Verrett—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 8, at 8.)

Apple Hill Chamber Players—With Lucy Shelton, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, April 8, at 8.)

Twilight Interlude Organ Concerts—The third in a series of five one-hour concerts of music by Bach and his contemporaries, this one played by James Moeser. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 9, at 5:30.)

Meyer Kupferman—Clarinettist/composer, in a program of eight new works by him and seven friends, with Kazuko Hayami, piano; David Moore, cello; and Jeff Kraus, percussion. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 9, at 8.)

John Marco—Clarinet, with the Emerson String Quartet and James Gemmell, piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, April 9, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The last two in a series of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 9-10, at 8.)

Amadeus String Quartet—An all-Schubert program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, April 9, at 8.) . . . ¶ A Haydn-Mendelssohn-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, April 10, at 8.)

Ruth Laredo—Piano. (College Parlour, Barnard Hall, Broadway at 117th St. Thursday, April 10, at 5:30. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Malka Schwarz—Mezzo-soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, April 10, at 8.)

Peter Rosenfeld and Robert Levin—Cello and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 11, at 8.)

Chamber Music—With Jaime Laredo, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; Sharon Robinson, cello; Julius Levine, bass; and Joseph Kalichstein, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 13, at 2.)

New York University Contemporary Players—A program of contemporary music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 12, at 2:30.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Shlomo Mintz, violin; Paul Schenly, piano; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; and others. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, April 12, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Gilbert Kalish—Piano, with the Juilliard String Quartet, in a Mozart-Brahms program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, April 12, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Marian Thompson—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 12, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Monster Concert—Eugene List and twenty-nine other pianists performing a program on ten pianos. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, April 12, at 8.)

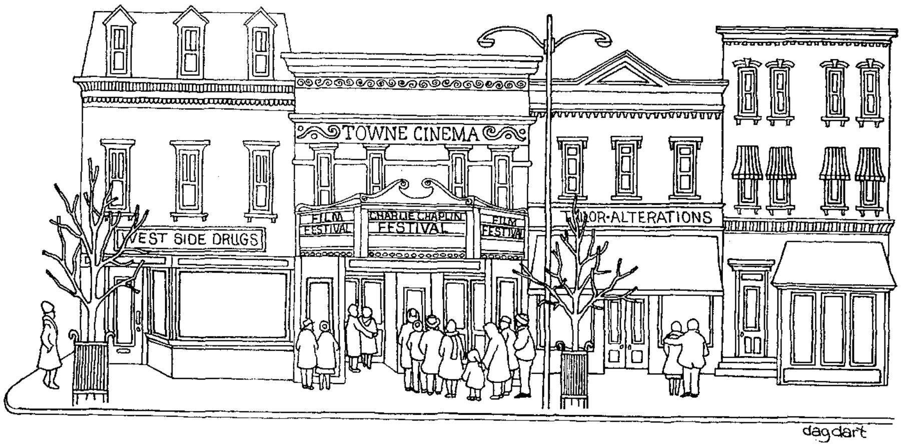
Alban Berg Retrospective—A program of his works, performed by Continuum, with Bethany Beardslee, soprano; Raymond Murcell, baritone; Evelyne Crochet, piano; Geoffrey Michaels, violin; Joel Sachs, acting as pianist and conductor; and the Brooklyn College Chamber Chorus. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 12, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Streets, is 564-4400.)

Baseball—Mets vs. Chicago—the first National League games here. (Shea Stadium. Thursday through Saturday, April 10-12, at 2:05.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Atlanta Flames. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, April 2, at 8:35.) . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Saturday, April 5, at



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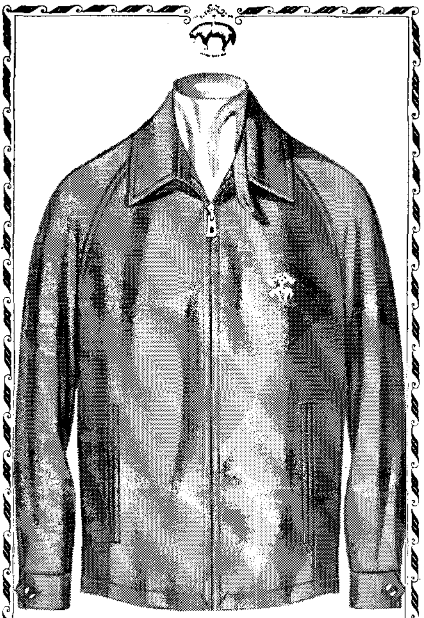

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8:05.) . . . ¶ Stanley Cup playoffs start Tuesday, April 8.

RACING—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, May 19. The Bed o' Roses Handicap, Friday, April 4; the Gotham, Saturday, April 5; and the Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 12.

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, May 22. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK**: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 6.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—Ai, John Gardner, Joyce Carol Oates, and Diane Wakoski reading from their own poetry and fiction. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, April 4, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Judy Grahn and Adrienne Rich reading from their own poetry. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Monday, April 7, at 8.) . . . ¶ Ron Padgett and Kenneth Koch reading from their own poetry. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Tuesday, April 8, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Paul Zweig reading from his own poetry. (Church of St. Paul and St. Andrew, 263 W. 86th St., at West End Ave. Friday, April 11, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

DISCUSSIONS—Jorge Luis Borges speaking about his writings (a selection of which will be read by Willis Barnstone) and answering questions from the audience. (Faculty Room, Low Memorial Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, April 4, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

FLOWER SHOW—The Spring Flower Show in the Conservatory of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 4; through Sunday, April 13. No admission fee Mondays through Fridays.

AUCTIONS—At **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, 10 to 4; Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, April 4, from 10 to 5.) Wednesday, April 9, at 10:15 and 2:30: Books and autograph letters, including the Blaeu Atlas Maior (1662), a first edition of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," and some early Hemingway letters (1919-24). Exhibition starts Saturday, April 5. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 9, at 2: American autographs, among them two Washington letters. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 5. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 10, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Bonnard, Rodin, and Signac. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 5. . . . **CHRISTIE'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, April 4, from 10 to 5.) Thursday, April 10, at 10: French and other Continental furniture, objects of art, rugs, and tapestries. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 3.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

BASEBALL—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Chicago, April 13 (day). Montreal, April 15-16 (d). Philadelphia, April 29-May 1 (night). San Diego, May 2 (n), May 3 (d), and May 4 (day doubleheader). Cincinnati, May 5-7 (n). . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium (first American League games here): Vs. Milwaukee, April 18-20 (day). Baltimore, April 21-23 (night). Chicago, April 25-26 (n) and April 27 (d). Minnesota, May 9-10 (n) and May 11 (d).

CREW—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Princeton. April 19.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Princeton. April 26.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Ithaca. April 26.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Pennsylvania and Yale. (Philadelphia. April 26.) . . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Cambridge. May 3.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell and Princeton. (Ithaca. May 3.)

RACING—At Churchill Downs, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, May 3.

RUNNING—Boston Marathon. (Starts at Hopkinton, Mass. April 21.)

SOCCER—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands—Cosmos games on April 13 and 20 and May 4.

TENNIS—Tournament of Champions. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. May 5-11.)

TRACK—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. April 24-26.)

TROTTING—At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: April 17-Nov. 22.

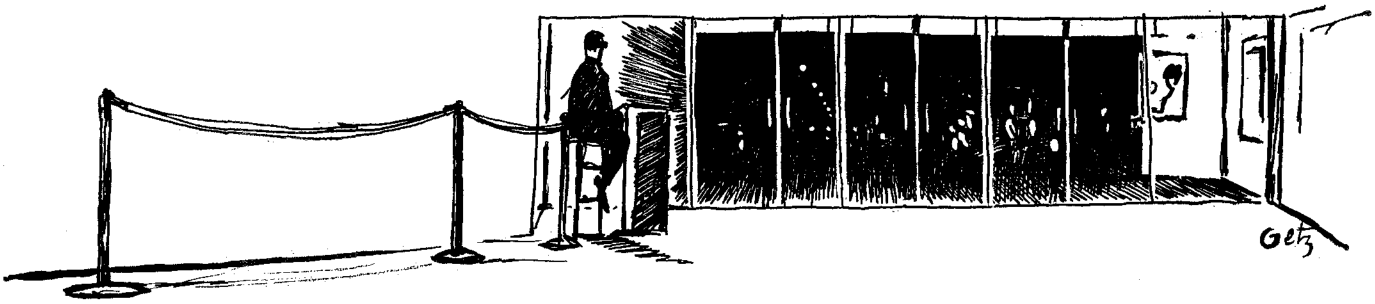
MUSIC—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (580-9830): The season continues through April 19. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 3. . . . ¶ Jessye Norman, soprano, April 13. . . . ¶ Peter Serkin, piano, April 20. . . . ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, April 27. . . . ¶ Osaka Philharmonic, April 30. . . . ¶ Vladimir Horowitz, piano, May 4 and 11. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7459): Texas Little Symphony, April 13. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, April 15 and May 6. . . . ¶ Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano, April 16. . . . ¶ Jorge Bolet, piano, April 18. . . . ¶ Itzhak Perlman, violin, April 20. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, April 25. . . . ¶ Toronto Symphony, April 26. . . . ¶ Collegiate Chorale, April 27. . . . ¶ Chicago Symphony, April 28-30 and May 2-3. . . . ¶ Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, May 8. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, April 13-15, April 25 and 27, and May 4-6. . . . ¶ Emanuel Ax, piano, April 13. . . . ¶ Charles Milgrim, piano, April 20. . . . ¶ Zamir Chorale, April 20. . . . ¶ Jupiter Symphony, April 21. . . . ¶ Vocal Chamber Music Series of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, April 24. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, April 28. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna, April 30. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, May 1 and 3. . . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL**, 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Chamber Music at the Y, April 16. . . . ¶ Amadeus String Quartet, April 17. . . . ¶ Theatre Chamber Players of Kennedy Center, April 22. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, April 23 and May 1, 6, and 10. . . . ¶ Pinchas Zukerman, violin, and Marc Neikrug, piano, April 29. . . . ¶ Richard Stoltzman, clarinet, April 30. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, May 3-4. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Orpheus, April 17. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, April 24.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Goodbye Fidel," a play by Howard Sackler, with Jane Alexander at the head of the cast. . . . ¶ Laurence Luckinbill and Barbara Feldon will appear in "Past Tense," a two-character play by Jack Zeman. . . . ¶ A musical, "Happy New Year," adapted by Burt Shevelove from Philip Barry's 1928 play "Holiday," will have songs by Cole Porter (some from his Broadway musicals, others from his unpublished work). The cast includes William Atherton, Kimberly Farr, Leslie Denniston, and John McMartin. . . . ¶ "Nuts," a play by Tom Topor, set in Bellevue Hospital. . . . ¶ A thriller, "Hide and Seek," by Lezley Havard, will star Elizabeth Ashley. . . . ¶ "Barnum," a musical about the famed Phineas T., by Mark Bramble (book), Cy Coleman (music), and Michael Stewart (lyrics). Jim Dale has the title role. . . . ¶ A London import, "A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine," with a book and lyrics by Dick Vosburgh, and music by Frank Lazarus. Tommy Tune is the director and choreographer. . . . ¶ Samm-Art Williams' play "Home" will move to Broadway, with Charles Brown, L. Scott Caldwell, and Michele Shay re-creating their roles. . . . ¶ Rob Reiner, Peter Boyle, Sherman Helmsley, Bill Macy, David Huddleston, and Doug McClure will portray comedians at a show-business roast, in a comedy by Jerry Belson and Garry Marshall called, appropriately, "The Roast." There are fifteen in the cast altogether.

DANCE—Paul Taylor Dance Company, at the City Center, April 15-May 4. . . . ¶ Martha Graham Dance Company, at the Metropolitan Opera House, April 22-May 3. . . . ¶ New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, April 29-June 29. . . . ¶ American Ballet Theatre, at the Metropolitan Opera House, May 4-July 12. . . . ¶ Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre, at the City Center, May 7-25.

OTHER DATES—Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1979 and estimates for 1980 are due Tuesday, April 15. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time starts April 27.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE MOVIE HOUSES

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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 23. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; Tuesday through Friday, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through April 6: "Mozart—A Childhood Chronicle."
April 7: Theatre closed.
From April 8: "The Fearless Vampire Killers."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through April 8: "Cruising."
From April 9: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God" and "The American Friend."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through April 3: "Breaking Away" and "Oh, God!"
April 4-10: "Chapter Two" and "Just You and Me, Kid."
From April 11: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through April 3: "Jesus."
From April 4: "Breaking Away."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Little Darlings."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through April 10: "When Time Ran Out."
From April 11: "Simon."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Serial."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Hide in Plain Sight."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Gilda Live."

Penthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Changeling."

Manhattan I, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Best Boy."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Cruising."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Wise Blood."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Nijinsky."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Norma Rae."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Through April 10: "Simon."
From April 11: "The Tin Drum."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through April 10: "A Small Circle of Friends."
From April 11: "Simon."

Gemini I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through April 3: "Little Miss Marker."
From April 4: "Sitting Ducks."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Coal Miner's Daughter."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"All That Jazz."

Loews New York I, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Being There."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Serial."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Kramer vs. Kramer."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through April 3: "Breaking Away."
April 4-10: "Chapter Two."
From April 11: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Coal Miner's Daughter."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Jesus."

Loews Orpheum I, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"When Time Ran Out."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through April 10: "Little Darlings."
From April 11: "Night Games."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Hide in Plain Sight."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Gilda Live."
Theatre 2: Through April 3: "Little Miss Marker." From April 4: "Lady and the Tramp" and "The Island at the Top of the World."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Being There."

Greenwich Playhouse I, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Coal Miner's Daughter."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"All That Jazz."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through April 10: "The Changeling." From April 11: "Simon."
Theatre 2: Through April 3: "Little Miss Marker." From April 4: "Penitentiary."
Theatre 3: Through April 10: "American Gigolo." From April 11: "Simon."
Theatre 4: "Hide in Plain Sight."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Black Stallion."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Apocalypse Now."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Being There."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"A Simple Story."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Claire de Femme."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"My Brilliant Career."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Eboli."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Wicker Man."

Cinema Studio I, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Left-Handed Woman."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through April 8: "The Trials of Alger Hiss."
From April 9: "Chapter Two."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through April 3: "When Time Ran Out." April 4-10: "The Fog." From April 11: "Simon."
Theatre 2: Through April 3: "Star Trek—The Motion Picture." From April 4: "Lady and the Tramp" and "The Island at the Top of the World."
Theatre 3: "The Changeling."
Theatre 4: "All That Jazz."

New Yorker I, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Being There."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"The War at Home."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through April 3: "The Fifth Floor" and "The Visitor."
April 4-10: "The Fog" and "Winter Kills."
From April 11: "Chapter Two" and "Just You and Me, Kid."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through April 10: "Gilda Live." (†) From April 11: "Simon." (†)
Theatre 2: Through April 10: "Little Miss Marker." (†) From April 11: "Gilda Live." (†)
Theatre 3: Through April 10: "The Rose." From April 11: "The Fog." (†)
Theatre 4: "The Fifth Floor." (†)
Theatre 5: "When Time Ran Out." (†)

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"All That Jazz." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through April 3: "Jesus." (†) April 4-10: "Chapter Two." (†) From April 11: "Little Darlings." (†)
Theatre 3: "Being There." (†)
Theatre 4: "Breaking Away." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Little Darlings." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Serial." (†)

Loews State I, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through April 10: "The Fog." (†)
From April 11: "Night Games." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Kramer vs. Kramer." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through April 3: "Cruising." (†)
From April 4: "Penitentiary." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Coal Miner's Daughter." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama I, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through April 3: "Hide in Plain Sight." (†)
From April 4: To be announced.

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"The Changeling." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through April 3: "Hero at Large."
From April 4: "Lady and the Tramp" (†) and "The Island at the Top of the World." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
April 2: "Curse of the Demon" (1958), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Dana Andrews, Peggy Cummins, and Niall MacGinnis; and "Vampyr" (1932), in German, directed by Carl Dreyer, with Julian West, Henriette Gérard, Rena Mandel, and Sybille Schmitz.
April 3: "3 Women" (1977), directed by Robert Altman, with Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule; and "Images" (1972), directed by Robert Altman, with Susannah York, René Auberjonois, Marcel Bozzuffi, and Hugh Millais.
April 4: "Cabaret" (1972), directed by Bob Fosse, with Liza Minnelli, Michael York,

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and Joel Grey; and "The Blue Angel" (1929), in German, directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers.

April 5-6: "Every Man for Himself and God Against All" (1975; "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser"), in German, directed by Werner Herzog, with Bruno S.; and "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970), in German, directed by Werner Herzog. On April 6, "Journeys from Berlin/1971" (1980), directed by Yvonne Rainer, will also be shown.

April 7: "La Chienne" (1931), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Michel Simon, Janie Marèze, and Georges Flamant; "L'Atalante" (†); and "Journeys from Berlin/1971."

April 8: "The Ballad of Orin" (1979), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda; and "Night Drum" (1958), in Japanese, directed by Tadashi Imai.

April 9: "Häxan" (1922; "Witchcraft Through the Ages"), a Swedish documentary film; and "Rosemary's Baby" (1968), directed by Roman Polanski, with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon.

April 10: "Los Olvidados" (†) and "Simon of the Desert." (†)

April 11: "Lenny" (†); and "The Lenny Bruce Performance Film" (1974), recorded at Basin Street West, San Francisco, in August, 1965.

April 12: "Day for Night" (1973), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese; and "Contempt." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

April 2: "The Hawks and the Sparrows" (1967), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Ninetto Davoli and Totò; and "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1966), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with a cast of nonprofessionals.

April 3: "Slave of Love" (1976), in Russian, directed by Nikita Mikhalkov; and "Senso" (1955), in Italian, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Farley Granger and Alida Valli.

April 4: "Kings of the Road" (1976), in German, directed by Wim Wenders, with Rudiger Vogeler and Hanns Zischler.

April 5: "The Passenger" (1975), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider; and "The Stranger" (1967), in French, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Marcello Mastroianni, Anna Karina, Bruno Cremer, and Bernard Blier.

April 6: "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi; and "Augustine of Hippo" (1972), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini.

April 7-12: Sixteen new French films, with English subtitles. Each will be shown two or three times during the period. Call theatre for titles, dates, and times.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through April 3: "Bad Company" (1972), directed by Robert Benton, with Jeff Bridges, Barry Brown, and David Huddleston; and "The Late Show" (1977), directed by Robert Benton, with Art Carney, Lily Tomlin, Bill Macy, and Eugene Roche.

April 4-5: "Pink Flamingos" (1974), directed by John Waters, with Divine; and "Desperate Living" (1977), directed by John Waters, with Edith Massey, Mink Stole, and Mary Vivian Pearce.

April 6-7: "Fantastic Planet" (1973), in French, directed by René Laloux, an animated science-fiction film; and "Zardoz." (†)

April 8: "Time After Time" (†) and "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution." (†)

April 9-10: "The Virgin and the Gypsy" (1970), directed by Christopher Miles, with Joanna Shimkus, Franco Nero, and Maurice Denham; and "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea" (1976), directed by Lewis John Carlino, with Sarah Miles and Kris Kristofferson.

April 11-12: "Cabaret" (1972), directed by Bob Fosse, with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "Outrageous!" (1977), directed by Richard Benner, with Craig Russell and Hollis McLaren.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)

"Dial M for Murder" (1954), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, and Anthony Dawson. In 3-D.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through April 8: "Doctor Zhivago" (1965), directed by David Lean, with Omar Sharif, Julie Christie, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, and Rod Steiger.

April 9-12: "The Fountainhead" (1949), directed by King Vidor, with Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey; and "Lost Horizon." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

April 2: "King of Kings" (1927), a silent film, directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with H. B. Warner; and "Ten Commandments" (1923), a silent film, directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with Theodore Roberts.

April 3: "Hamlet" (1948), directed by Laurence Olivier, with Olivier, Jean Simmons, Basil Sydney, Eileen Herlie, and Stanley Holloway.

April 4-5: "My Fair Lady" (1964), directed by George Cukor, with Audrey Hepburn and Rex Harrison.

April 6: "Slaughterhouse-Five" (†) and "Happy Birthday, Wanda June." (†)

April 7: "Macbeth" (†) and "Specter of the Rose." (†)

April 8: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "The Men." (†)

April 9: "Rock 'n' Roll High School" (1979), with the Ramones; and "American Hot Wax." (†)

April 10: "Let Joy Reign Supreme" (†); and "The Best Way" (1978), in French, directed by Claude Miller, with Patrick Dewaere, Patrick Bouchitey, and Christine Pascal.

April 11-12: "Rosemary's Baby" (1968), directed by Roman Polanski, with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon; and "Cul-de-Sac." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 2: "Dangerous" (1936), directed by Alfred E. Green, with Bette Davis, Franchot Tone, John Eldredge, Alison Skipworth, Margaret Lindsay, and Dick Foran; and "Fashions of 1934" (1934), directed by William Dieterle, with William Powell, Bette Davis, Frank McHugh, and Verree Teasdale.

April 3: "The Public Enemy" (1931), directed by William Wellman, with James Cagney, Jean Harlow, Joan Blondell, and Mae Clarke; and "Little Caesar" (1930), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Edward G. Robinson, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Glenda Farrell.

April 4: "Diabolique" (1955), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "Panique" (1946), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Michel Simon, Viviane Romance, and Paul Bernard.

April 5-6: "The Gang's All Here" (1943), directed by Busby Berkeley, with Alice Faye, Carmen Miranda, James Ellison, and Charlotte Greenwood; and "Weekend in Havana" (1941), directed by Walter Lang, with Alice Faye, John Payne, and Carmen Miranda.

April 7: "A Night at the Opera" (1935) and "A Day at the Races" (1937), both with the Marx Brothers.

April 8: "Anne of the Thousand Days" (†) and "Mary, Queen of Scots." (†)

April 9: "Imitation of Life" (1959), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Lana Turner, John Gavin, Sandra Dee, Juanita Moore, and Susan Kohner; and "Portrait in Black" (1960), directed by Michael Gordon, with Lana Turner, Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, John Saxon, and Sandra Dee.

April 10: "Watch on the Rhine" (1943), directed by Herman Shumlin, with Bette Davis, Paul Lukas, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Lucile Watson, and Beulah Bondi; and "The Searching Wind" (1946), directed by William Dieterle, with Sylvia Sidney, Robert Young, Ann Richards, and Dudley Digges.

April 11: "City Lights" (1931) and "Modern Times" (1936), both films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.

From April 12: "There's No Business Like Show Business" (†); and "Bus Stop" (1956), directed by Joshua Logan, with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—April 3 at 2:30: "Anna Karenina" (1935), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone. . . . ¶April 3 at 7: "Since You Went Away" (1944), directed by John Cromwell, with Claudette Colbert, Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, and Shirley Temple. . . . ¶April 4 at 2:30: "The Paradine Case" (1948), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, Ann Todd, and Alida Valli. . . . ¶April 4 at 6: "Metropolis" (1926), a German silent film, directed by Fritz Lang, with Brigitte Helm, Alfred Abel, Gustav Fröhlich, and Rudolf Klein-Rogge; English titles. . . . ¶April 5 at noon: "The Prisoner of Zenda" (1937), directed by John Cromwell, with Ronald Colman, Madeleine Carroll, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. . . . ¶April 5 at 2:30: "The Spiral Staircase" (1946), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Dorothy McGuire, George Brent, and Ethel Barrymore. . . . ¶April 5 at 5: "Duel in the Sun" (1946), directed by King Vidor, with Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck, Joseph Cotten, and Lillian Gish. . . . ¶April 6 at noon: "The Prisoner of Zenda." . . . ¶April 6 at 2:30: "The Garden of Allah" (1936), directed by Richard Boleslavski, with Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer, and Basil Rathbone. . . . ¶April 6 at 5: "Bus Stop" (1956), directed by Joshua Logan, with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart. . . . ¶April 7 at noon: "Ski the Outer Limits" (1968), directed by Barry Corbet, and "Secretariat: Big Red's Last Race" (1975), directed by John Watson. . . . ¶April 7 at 2:30: "The Garden of Allah." . . . ¶April 7 at 6: "Grand Opera: An Historical Romance" (1979), directed by James Benning, with Michael Snow, Hollis Frampton, George Landow, and Yvonne Rainer. . . . ¶April 8 at noon: "Ski the Outer Limits" and "Secretariat: Big Red's Last Race." . . . ¶April 8 at 2:30: "Bought" (1931), directed by Archie Mayo, with Constance Bennett and Ben Lyon. . . . ¶April 8 at 6: "Jama Masjid Street Journal" (1979), directed by Mirra Nair; "Rana" (1979); and "Naim and Jabar" (1974), directed by David Hancock and Herbert DiGioia. . . . ¶April 10 at 2:30: "Made for Each Other" (1939), directed by John Cromwell, with Carole Lombard and James Stewart. . . . ¶April 10 at 6: "The Paradine Case." . . . ¶April 10 at 8:30: "Indiscretion of an American Wife" (1954), directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Jennifer Jones and Montgomery Clift. . . . ¶April 11 at 2:30: "Duel in the Sun." . . . ¶April 12 at noon: "A Tale of Two Cities" (1935), directed by Jack Conway, with Ronald Colman, Elizabeth Allan, and Edna May Oliver. . . . ¶April 12 at 2:30: "A Farewell to Arms" (1957), directed by Charles Vidor, with Jennifer Jones, Rock Hudson, and Vittorio De Sica. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Film Society of Lincoln Center (at MoMA)—The first programs in a twelve-day festival of new films by new directors. April 11 at 6: "Return of the Secaucus Seven" (United States; John Sayles). . . . ¶April 11 at 8:30: "Drugstore Romance" (France; Paul Vecchiali). . . . ¶April 11 at 11: "Without Limits" (Mexico; Arturo Ripstein). . . . ¶April 12 at 6: "Top Dog" (Poland; Feliks Falk). . . . ¶April 12 at 8:30: "Radio On" (Great Britain/West Germany; Christopher Petit). . . . ¶April 12 at 11: "Tapdancin'" (United States; Christian Blackwood) and "Memories of Duke" (United States; Gary Keys). (Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 877-1800, Ext. 489.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through April 6: Three videotapes by Barbara Buckner—"Selected Works" (1977), "Pictures of the Lost" (1978), and "Hearts" (1979). Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. . . . ¶Starting April 8: Two films by Alfred Guzzetti—"Scenes from Childhood" (1979), showings at noon and 4:30 (and at 6 on Tuesday evening), and "Family Portrait Sittings" (1975), showings at 2. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Two documentary films—"The Free Voice of Labor: The Jewish Anarchists" (1980), directed by Steven Fischler and Joel Sucher; and "Avital" (1980), directed by Tal Larish. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Aguirre, the Wrath of God (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. Poisoned arrows from Indians are made invisible by the beautiful heavy trees overhanging the Amazon; a raft is caught in a whirlpool; the conquistadors, in cumbrous armor ill-fitted to their trek, start to think of themselves as living a life of fancy. Their leader is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with delusions of demagogy. In German. (Art; starting April 9.)

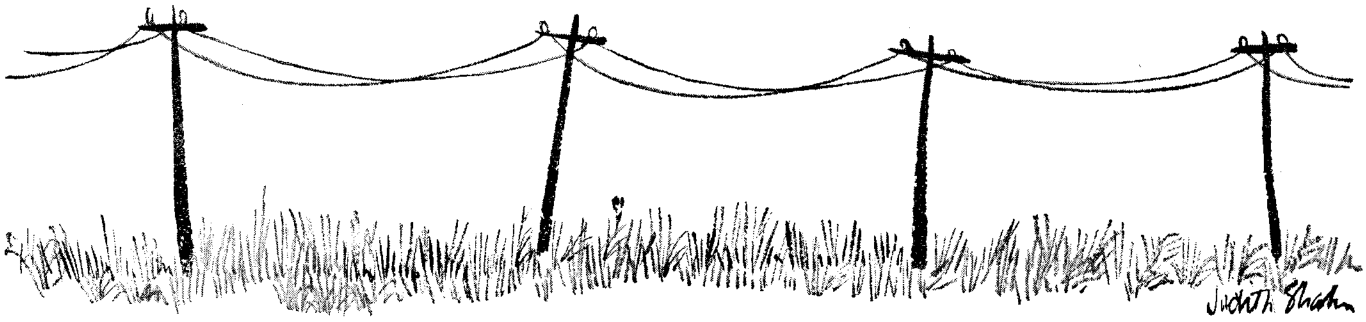
All That Jazz—Almost nothing has been left out of this headlong, overblown musical about a great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile). The story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and coauthor of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of lively dancers. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/7/80.) (Beekman, Greenwich Playhouse 2, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1.)

The American Friend (1977)—The young German director Wim Wenders is attracted to the idea of telling a story, but he can't quite keep his mind on it; he overdoses on mood—poetic urban masochism—in this adaptation of Patricia Highsmith's crime novel "Ripley's Game." Wenders' unsettling compositions are neurotically beautiful visions of a disordered world, but the film doesn't have the nasty, pleasurable cleverness of a good thriller; dramatically, it's stagnant—inverted Wagnerianism. Bruno Ganz is impressive as the watchful, anxious-eyed hero; with more than a half-dozen directors (including Dennis Hopper, Nicholas Ray, Gérard Blain, and Samuel Fuller) playing crooks. (Art; starting April 9.)

American Gigolo—Richard Gere as a suave, beautifully dressed, and deeply uninteresting male prostitute, who earns a nice dollar from his ability to bring sexual pleasure to some rich, spoiled older women who frequent the pools and patios of Malibu, Bel Air, and Palm Springs. Writer-director Paul Schrader probably had something serious in mind here, but he seems to lose interest in his glum hero along the way. With Lauren Hutton, Nina Van Pallandt, Hector Elizondo, and K. Callan. (2/4/80) (Quad Cinema; through April 10.)

American Hot Wax (1978)—Cheerfully, trashily enjoyable, even though the hero, the disc jockey Alan Freed (well played by Tim McIntire), is made so righteous that he's like Buford Pusser fighting the enemies of rock 'n' roll. The moviemakers (the director Floyd Mutrux, the producer Art Linson, the screenwriter John Kaye) should have had more trust in the fifties rock milieu and in their own talents. Freed's secretary, Sheryl (Fran Drescher), is so entertainingly shrill that she might have had Jean Harlow for a voice teacher; his shovel-faced chauffeur, Mookie (Jay Leno), teases her and keeps her shrieking in outrage. This is a super B movie. With Laraine Newman, Chuck Berry, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Moosie Drier as the twelve-year-old president of the Buddy Holly Fan Club (five thousand members). The lively cinematography is by William A. Fraker. (Thalia; April 9.)

Anne of the Thousand Days (1970)—This version of the events that led Henry VIII to make himself head of the Church of England is intelligent from line to line, but the emotions that are supplied seem hypothetical, and the conception lacks authority. Richard Burton's Henry is conceived as a weak, tentative, somewhat apologetic monarch, and though Burton delivers his speeches with considerable sureness and style, his performance is colorless; it's almost as if he *remembered* how to act but couldn't work up much enthusiasm or involvement. Geneviève Bujold's Anne Boleyn is a clever, wily, sexually experienced young girl who keeps the King waiting for her sexual favors for six years—until he can marry her and make their children heirs to the throne. Bujold works at the role with all her will and intelligence, and her readings are often extraordinary, but she's too tight and too self-contained; one admires her as an actress but one does not really warm to her performance. The adapters sharpened Maxwell Anderson's play, and the dialogue is often much crisper than one anticipates, but the script has a structural weakness: it does not convince us that after all those years of waiting for Anne Henry would turn against her when she gives birth to a daughter. And at the end we're left with Maxwell Anderson's glowing, fatuous hindsight: a final shot of Anne's posthumous triumph—the baby Elizabeth wandering about, deserted, as her foolish father, who doesn't know what *we* know, goes off to beget



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a male heir. The director is Charles (Static Camera) Jarrott; with Irene Papas, Michael Hordern, John Colicos, and Anthony Quayle. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 8.)

Apocalypse Now—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches." The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Directed by Francis Coppola; narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (Ziegfeld.)

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's sensuous, poetic love story about a young barge captain on the Seine who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. Jean Dasté and Dita Parlo are the lovers, Michel Simon is a tattooed barge hand. A wonderfully spontaneous, unarranged-looking film, photographed by Boris Kaufman, and with a lovely score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 7.)

Being There—Outstanding performances by Peter Sellers (as a moronic, TV-addicted gardener who accidently rises to high places because of the inattention and wishful inanity of the people around him), Melvyn Douglas (as a lonely, sentimental, death-haunted multimillionaire), and Shirley MacLaine (as the old man's wife) are the best things in this adaptation of Jerzy Kosinski's brusquely satiric novel, which has gained depth and direction. The picture is often funny, but Mr. Kosinski's heartless joke runs thin over the course of two hours, leaving one emotionally flattened in the end. (1/7/80) (Loews New York 1, Waverly, Festival, New Yorker 1, and Embassy.)

Best Boy—A thrilling documentary in which we watch Philly Wohl, a severely retarded fifty-two-year-old Brooklyn man, undertake the painful first steps in education and self-reliance that will at last permit him to live apart from his loving, aged parents. The picture, which is often very funny, was made by Philly's cousin, Ira Wohl. (3/10/80) (Manhattan 1.)

The Black Stallion—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Guild.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			2	3	4	5
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Breaking Away—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don't know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the landscapes of Indiana, and bicycle racing. (8/6/79) (Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; through April 3. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting April 4.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

The Changeling—With George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, Melvyn Douglas, and Jean Marsh; directed by Peter Medak. (Plaza, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through April 10.)

Chapter Two—Familiar backdrops (Central Park, the Carnegie Recital Hall, the Public Library, and so on) fail to convince us that we are in New York instead of in the theatre, which is where this Neil Simon comedy-drama, about a widowed novelist (James Caan, badly miscast) who undertakes a too-sudden second marriage to a spunky, large-eyed actress (Marsha Mason), ran in its original form. The formal structure of the tale and the alternating brittle jokes and moody musings about the vagaries of marital happiness make for a much less rewarding entertainment than Mr. Simon's "The Goodbye Girl," which was a movie all the way. With Valerie Harper and Joe Bologna. (12/24/79) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Embassy; April 4-10. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting April 9. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting April 11.)

Clair de Femme—With Yves Montand and Romy Schneider, directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Little Carnegie.)

Coal Miner's Daughter—You don't have to love country music in order to have a mighty good time at this warming, All-American biography of the "Grand Ole Opry" diva Loretta Lynn, who was married at fourteen before going on to attain Nashville immortality with "I'm a Honky Tonk Girl," "You're Lookin' at Country," and other down-home classics. Sissy Spacek is a pure pleasure to watch and listen to (she does all her own singing) as Loretta, and Tommy Lee Jones (as her husband, Mooney Lynn) and Levon Helm (as her tough, worn-down father) back her up with splendidly laconic, strong-jawed performances. The picture, which was directed by Michael Apted, drags a bit in its later stages, but its modest, keepin'-on manner and terrific Appalachian scenery disarm the cynicism that we bring to most show-biz bios. With Beverly D'Angelo and Phyllis Boyens. (3/17/80) (Gemini 2, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich Playhouse 1, and Rivoli.)

Contempt (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, beautifully filmed, sometimes maddening movie about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey," and a woman (Brigitte Bardot) who is contemptuous of her husband (Michel Piccoli). With Jack Palance. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 12.)

Cruising—Al Pacino as an undercover cop in search of a psychopathic killer who preys on patrons of the heavy-leather homosexual bars of the West Village. Director William Friedkin's night views of the meat rack are repellent but powerful, yet the picture's persistent confusions of theme and plot only encourage our ignorance and our prurient fear of these matters. With Paul Sorvino, Richard Cox, Don Scardino, and Karen Allen. (2/18/80) (Manhattan 2. . . . ¶ Art; through April 8. . . . ¶ National; through April 3.)

Cul-de-Sac (1966)—A slapstick comedy of horrors about an ugly, bald, whimpering, middle-aged homosexual (Donald Pleasence) whose beautiful young French wife (Françoise Dorléac) dresses him up in her nighties. This strange form of connubial bliss is interrupted by an American gangster (old gravel-voiced Lionel Stander himself). Roman Polanski directed this freak show. (Thalia; April 11-12.)

Eboli—Based on Carlo Levi's book, with Gian Maria Volonte. Directed by Francesco Rosi. In Italian. (Cinema 3.)

The Fearless Vampire Killers (1967)—Directed, written by, acted in, and then disowned by Roman Polanski, who made it in Britain under the title "Dance of the Vampires." When the picture was first shown in the United States, eighteen minutes were cut. The full version is being shown here—cut dance sequences have been restored, as well as the use of Polanski's own voice, which was dubbed in the original release. The film flails, but the talent is visible somewhere. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting April 8.)

The Fifth Floor—With Bo Hopkins and Dianne Hull, directed by Howard Avedis. (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Olympia; through April 3.)

The Fog—A coastal California village experiences an unpleasant night when it is visited

R. MacMillan

by a spectral crew of drowned lepers, who rise from the deep in search of revenge. The picture, which was shot by John Carpenter in the vivid, windswept environs of Point Reyes, works up some nice creepy moments and a couple of real screeches, but the script tries to cover too much ground and too many frightened citizens. With Adrienne Barbeau, Hal Holbrook, John Houseman, Janet Leigh, and Jamie Lee Curtis. (2/25/80) (Loews State 1; through April 10. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad, and Olympia; April 4-10. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting April 11.)

GILDA LIVE—Filmed at Gilda Radner's stage performance on Broadway last August. (Sutton, R.K.O. 86th St., and Criterion Center.)

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, WANDA JUNE (1971)—Rod Steiger as a sexist big-game hunter, in Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s, attempt at a Shavian play of ideas about the end of the bullish dominating male. Badly misdirected by Mark Robson, who tried for a stylized tone that doesn't work. (Thalia; April 6.)

HIDE IN PLAIN SIGHT—A blurred, flaccid drama about a factory worker (James Caan) who is suddenly and cruelly deprived of his two young children by a particularly heavy-handed stroke of governmental stupidity, and about his lengthy, frustrating efforts to find them and bring them home. The picture, which is based on an actual series of events that began in the late nineteen-sixties (the worker's ex-wife had married a small-time criminal-turned-informer, whom the state had hidden away for his own protection), was directed by Mr. Caan and filmed in realistically dingy locales in Buffalo, but it has none of the edge and flow that are essential to a story that stretches over many months. James Caan the actor is convincingly inarticulate and embittered, but we grow impatient waiting for James Caan the director to give him some outlet for his long rage. With Jill Eikenberry, Robert Viharo, Barbra Rae, and Kenneth McMillan—who adds some pepper to this gruel with his portrayal of a case-hardened federal cop. (Eastside Cinema, 86th St. East, and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through April 3.)

HE ISLAND AT THE TOP OF THE WORLD—From the Disney studios, with David Hartman and Donald Sinden. Directed by Robert Stevenson. (R.K.O. 86th St., Loews 83rd Quad, and Victoria; starting April 4.)

ESUS—With Brian Deacon, directed by Peter Sykes and John Kirsh. (U.A. East. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Embassy; through April 3.)

UST YOU AND ME, KID—With George Burns and Brooke Shields, directed by Leonard Stern. (St. Marks Cinema; April 4-10. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting April 11.)

RAMER VS. KRAMER—An emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, written and directed by Robert Benton. It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case and has four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton, whose intelligence and restraint have turned this modest material into an almost perfect miniature. (12/24/79) (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

ADY AND THE TRAMP (1955)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (R.K.O. 86th St., Loews 83rd Quad, and Victoria; starting April 4.)

HE LEFT-HANDED WOMAN—With Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz, directed by Peter Handke. In German. (Cinema Studio 1.)

ENNY (1974)—The earnest Bob Fosse film, starring Dustin Hoffman, is for those who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Working from a weak script by Julian Barry, Fosse accepts the view that Bruce's motivating force was to cleanse society of hypocrisy, and, having swallowed that, he can only defuse Bruce's humor. So when you hear Hoffman doing Bruce's shticks you don't even feel like laughing. Despite the fluent editing and the close-in documentary techniques and the sophisticated graphics, the picture is a later version of the one-to-one correlation of an artist's life and his art which we used to get in movies about painters and songwriters. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but his Lenny is a nice boy, whereas Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice; the movie turns a teasing, seductive hipster into a putz. As Honey,

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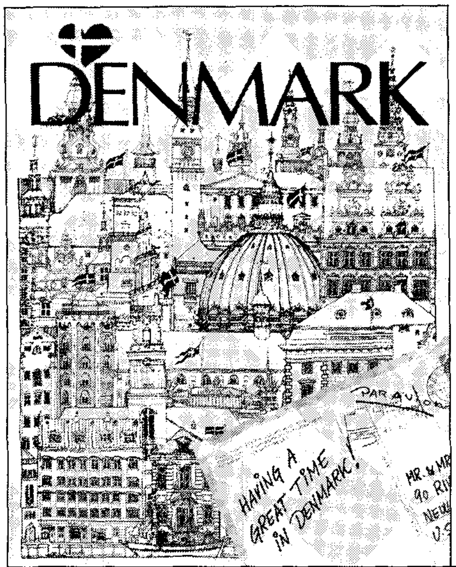
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Valerie Perrine does a dazzling strip and gives an affecting, if limited, performance. With Gary Morton, Jan Miner, and Stanley Beck. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 11.)

Let Joy Reign Supreme (1975)—Bertrand Tavernier's sage reconstruction of the year 1719 in France, when the Duc d'Orléans (Philippe Noiret) was running the land as regent for the sickly little boy who was to survive—to everyone's surprise, and in the face of many hopes—to become Louis XV. Tavernier shows us the luxe, the muddle, the cruelty of the time, with many scenes full of wit, and one sequence that points straight ahead to the Revolution. Highly knowledgeable and intelligent, with a low voice about dreams of power that rings in one's ears long afterward. In French. (Thalia; April 10.)

Little Darlings—A repellent comedy about two teen-agers seeking to lose their virginities as a result of a bet. With Tatum O'Neal and Kristy McNichol. (3/31/80) (Bay Cinema, and Forum. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum 2; through April 10. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting April 11.)

Little Miss Marker—The Damon Runyon story done with Shirley Temple in 1934. Now with Walter Matthau, Julie Andrews, and Sara Stimson; directed by Walter Bernstein. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gemini 1, R.K.O. 86th St., and Quad Cinema; through April 3. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through April 10.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—The original version, directed by Frank Capra—part popular adventure and part prissy, high-flown cracker-barrel sentimentality. The opening trip through the icy waste is exciting, and Ronald Colman speaks in his delightfully cadenced manner, but Shangri-La, the genteel Himalayan utopia of peace, health, and eternal life, is enough to make one head for the nearest gin mill. With Sam Jaffe as the High Lama, Edward Everett Horton, Thomas Mitchell, Isabel Jewell, H. B. Warner, John Howard, Margo, and Jane Wyatt. (Regency; April 9-12.)

Macbeth (1948)—Orson Welles' outrageous but lively version, shot on a shoestring in twenty-three days. With Jeanette Nolan, Dan O'Herlihy, and Roddy McDowall. (Thalia; April 7.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 2.)

Mary, Queen of Scots (1972)—Periods of history "fraught with intrigue"—as they used to say—don't film well. Mary's "tragic destiny" has always been a movie flop. There's no motivating idea visible in this version, produced by Hal Wallis, and the leaden script, by John Hale, lacks romantic spirit and dramatic sense. Vanessa Redgrave brings a tremulous, romantic-goddess quality to Mary; Glenda Jackson, likable but as contemporary in this version as Bette Davis, gives Elizabeth a sort of camp humor. Her red wigs seem almost prankishly terrible, as if designed to subvert the imposing production. The director, Charles Jarrott, struggles to give it all a little lift, but without a script Hercules couldn't raise this story off the ground. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 8.)

The Men (1950)—Marlon Brando made his first screen appearance as the paraplegic Second World War hero, rebelling furiously and helplessly against his condition; paradoxically, Brando gives an overpoweringly physical performance. He's amazingly sensitive and intense—no one before him who smoldered on screen ever gave off so much heat. Fred Zinnemann directed, with sureness and tact, using the paraplegic patients in a California veterans' hospital as part of the cast. With Jack Webb, Teresa Wright, and Everett Sloane. Produced by Stanley Kramer; conventional melodramatic banalities mar the Carl Foreman script, but it's an economical, vivid narrative. (Thalia; April 8.)

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Mozart–A Childhood Chronicle—A film, nearly four hours in length, of the early life of Mozart (age seven, twelve, and twenty) taken from letters written by him and his family. Directed by Klaus Kirschner. In German. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through April 6.)

My Brilliant Career—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated down-under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (Paris.)

Night Games—With Cindy Pickett, Joanna Cassidy, and Barry Primus; directed by Roger Vadim. (Loews Orpheum 2, and Loews State 1; starting April 11.)

Nijinsky—A lavish, chocolatey, unconvincing portrait of the great dancer at the height of his career and the beginning of his madness (1912-13), when he made a celebrated début in "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," did the choreography for Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps," and broke with his mentor and lover Diaghilev as the result of his own unexpected marriage. The director, Herbert Ross, a former choreographer, has unaccountably damaged his cause by interrupting most of the movie's ballet sequences with camera tricks and by his selection of a youthful dancer, George de la Peña, to portray the undanceable and apparently unactable title role. The picture is enjoyable for its colors and music and grand Edwardian interiors, and for a dominant performance by Alan Bates as the sensual, bullying Diaghilev, but it disappoints us by converting art and genius into the stuff of a homosexual costume drama. With Leslie Browne (as Romola de Pulszky), Alan Badel, Carla Fracci, Ronald Pickup, and Anton Dolin. (3/24/80) (Coronet.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—say, the thirties—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. The factory noise in the film is nearly intolerable. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance (3/19/79) (D. W. Griffith.)

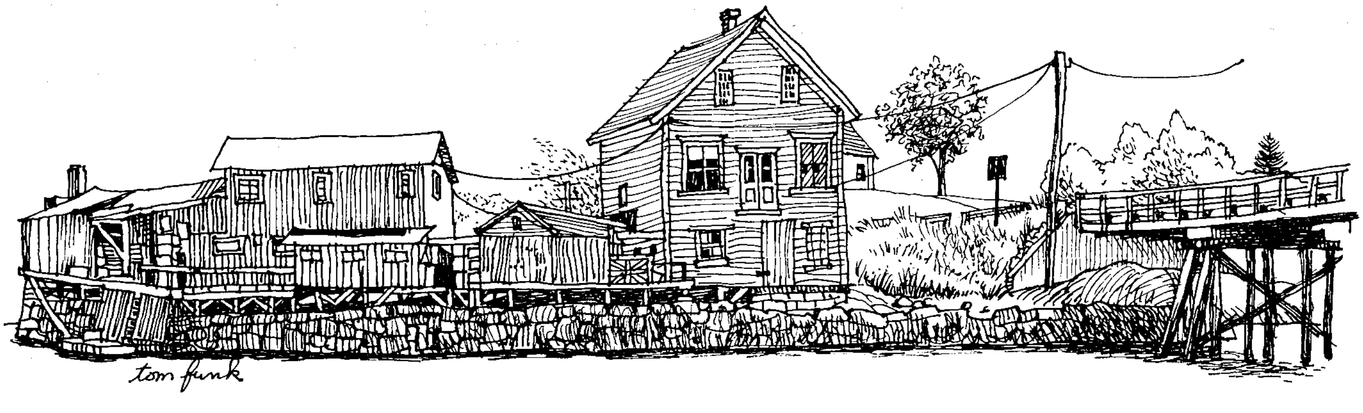
Oh, God! (1977)—Basically a single-joke movie. George Burns is God in a baseball cap He appears to John Denver, a mild supermarket manager with a Dutch-boy hairdo that makes him look as if he has no ears, and tells him to spread His Word. The movie isn't exactly painful to watch—Burns has his superb quirky timing, and he gets everything imaginable out of his lines—but listening to God's bland messages (which sound like es philosophy) is like sinking in a mountain of white flour. With Teri Garr, who has a funny moment or two when she squinches her eyes in suffering (she's like a pretty, blond Olive Oyl), and Donald Pleasence, Ralph Bellamy William Daniels, Barnard Hughes, Barry Sullivan, Jeff Corey, George Furth, Paul Sorvino (in a caricature of a religious faker) and Dinah Shore and Carl Reiner as themselves. From Larry Gelbart's adaptation of Avery Corman's novel. Directed by Reiner (St. Marks Cinema; through April 3.)

Los Olvidados (1950; "The Young and the Damned")—Set in Mexico, Luis Buñuel's ruthless—almost surgical—examination of *how the poor prey on one another is the mos* horrifying of all films about juvenile crime The one masterwork on this subject, it stands apart from the genre by its pitilessness, its controlled passion. Buñuel doesn't treat his characters as ideas but as morally responsible human beings; there is little of the familiar American-movie cant that makes everyone responsible for juvenile crimes except the juveniles. There's no pathos in this film it's a squalid tragedy that causes the viewer to feel a moral terror. Buñuel, whose early work fascinated Freud, creates scenes that shock one psychologically. Among them here is the celebrated dream sequence—perhaps the greatest of all movie dream sequences; it is disturbing long after the lacerations of the more realistic material have healed. Buñuel had intended much more in this surreal vien but he did not have a completely free hand For example, in the scene in which one of the boys goes to beat up and kill another boy the camera reveals in the distance a huge eleven-story building under construction Buñuel had wanted to put an orchestra of a hundred musicians in the building. The cast includes Estela Inda and Roberto Cobo; cinematography by Gabriel Figueroa. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 10.)

Penitentiary—With Leon Isaac Kennedy, directed by Jamaa Fanaka. (Quad Cinema, and National; starting April 4.)

Serial—With Martin Mull and Tuesday Weld, *directed by Bill Persky. (34th St. East,* Loews New York 2, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution (1976)—A civilized light entertainment, with Nicol Williamson's Sherlock Holmes and Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud pooling their deductive skills to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave). The film is somewhere between the genial "little" English comedies of the fifties, with their nifty plots and overqualified performers, and the splashy, stylized James Bond pictures. Chief among the overqualified performers, who seem to be having an actor's holiday, is Laurence Olivier, in high form as the criminal mastermind Prof. Moriarty; the others in-



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clude Robert Duvall as Dr. Watson, Joel Grey, Anna Quayle, Samantha Eggar, Georgia Brown, Jeremy Kemp, and Charles Gray. Nicholas Meyer adapted his 1974 best-seller; Herbert Ross directed. (Cinema Village; April 8.)

Simon—Marshall Brickman wrote and directed this refreshing far-out comedy, in which some mad-genius scientists at the Institute for Advanced Concepts almost convince a minor psychology prof that he is an extraterrestrial visitor from the neighborhood of Orion, and Alan Arkin, as their victim, almost recapitulates five hundred million years of evolution in five minutes. Other fine comic performances by Judy Graubart, Madeline Kahn, Austin Pendleton, Fred Gwynne, Max Wright, and Wallace Shawn. (3/10/80) (Cinema I; through April 10. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, Cinema II, Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion Center; starting April 11.)

Simon of the Desert (1965)—Luis Buñuel made this short satirical feature (forty-five minutes) in Mexico, just before he did "Belle de Jour." It's a jovial comedy about the temptations of St. Simeon Stylites, the fifth-century desert anchorite who spent thirty-seven years preaching to pilgrims from his perch on top of a column; in both a literal and figurative sense, it's a shaggy-saint story. Simon (Claudio Brook) performs his miracles, and the crowds evaluate them like a bunch of New York cabdrivers discussing a parade: whatever it was, it wasn't much. He restores hands to a thief whose hands have been chopped off; the crowds rate the miracle "not bad," and the thief's first act with his new hands is to slap his own child. The Devil, in the female form of Silvia Pinal (much more amusing as the Devil than she is in her guises in other Buñuel films), tempts Simon and at one point frames him in front of the local priests, who are more than willing to believe the worst of him. He falls, of course, because of the animal instincts he has tried to deny. Buñuel couldn't raise the money to finish the film, and he resorted to a bummer of a jokey ending in which the foolish saint is transported to the modern world and left, a lost soul, in a Greenwich Village discothèque full of dancing teen-agers. Up to then, this little film ranks with Buñuel's finest; his technique here is so simple and direct that the movie is an aesthetic assault on bourgeois taste. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 10.)

A Simple Story—A low-hued portrait of a divorced, intelligent, imperfectly happy thirty-nine-year-old French woman (Romy Schneider), who works as an industrial designer and has wonderful friends. Director Claude Sautet's brief, glancing scenes place us in the midst of the concerns and pauses of life, and convey a vivid sense of the onrush of time. A movie for grownups. With Claude Brasseur, Bruno Cremer, and Arlette Bonnard. In French. (2/18/80) (57th St. Playhouse.)

Sitting Ducks—With Michael Emil, Patrice Townsend, and Zack Norman; directed by Henry Jaglom. (Gemini 1; starting April 4.)

Slaughterhouse-Five (1972)—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left), and photographed by Miroslav Ondřiček, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Thalia; April 6.)

A Small Circle of Friends—Misery loves company, and this may have been especially true at Harvard in the late sixties, with Vietnam and the draft to worry about. The three chief sufferers are Brad Davis, Karen Allen, and Jameson Parker, and the director was Rob Cohen. (3/31/80) (Cinema II; through April 10.)

Specter of the Rose (1946)—Ben Hecht wrote, directed, and produced this gorgeously florid melodrama about a great mad dancer (Ivan Kirov) who is suspected of having murdered his dancing-partner wife. He marries his new partner (Viola Essen), and it isn't long before George Antheil's music is suggesting horrors to come. Lionel Stander plays a moody poet with a broken heart, and he rasps out the gaudiest mots ever heard in an American movie, while Judith Anderson, as a ballet teacher, and Michael Chekhov, as a shoestring impresario, engage in dialogues about the deep-down-under meaning of art and life. Kirov, a California high jumper, was a shudderingly bad dancer to have been cast in this Nijinsky ripoff, but Viola Essen is lovely. (Thalia; April 7.)

Star Trek—The Motion Picture—The Starship Enterprise survives (but just barely) its risky voyage from TV series and cult object to movie spectacular, thanks in part to the older but still reassuring presence of Captain (now Admiral) Kirk, and of Spock, Bones McCoy, Sulu, and the rest of the crew, who are played by the original actors. This space epic is not close to the level of "2001" or "Star Wars," but it has an innocence and modesty that almost make up for its clichés. With William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, Stephen Collins, and Persis Khambatta. Directed by Robert Wise. (12/17/79) (Loews 83rd Quad; through April 3.)

There's No Business Like Show Business (1954)—The competent hoofing by Donald O'Connor and Dan Dailey isn't enough to compensate for a seedy plot about a family of vaudevillians or for performers like Johnnie Ray, who sings like a rutting cat and then—as if to win our indulgence—announces he is going to be a priest. Marilyn Monroe, Ethel Merman, and Mitzi Gaynor perform without much distinction; there's no life to this thing. The score is by Irving Berlin; Walter Lang directed, for Fox. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 12.)

Time After Time—H. G. Wells inadvertently unlooses Jack the Ripper on San Francisco in the twentieth century and then tries to catch up with him to transport him back to the century where he belongs. Wells falls in love with a somewhat liberated young lady of our time. A sweet, inventive romantic comedy, starring Malcolm McDowell, David Warner, and Mary Steenburgen. Directed by Nicholas Meyer, who wrote "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution." (10/29/79) (Cinema Village; April 8.)

The Tin Drum—Based on the Günter Grass novel, directed by Volker Schlöndorff. In German. (Cinema I; starting April 11.)

The Trials of Alger Hiss—A documentary, directed by John Lowenthal. (Embassy 72nd St.; through April 8.)

The Visitor—With Mel Ferrer and Glenn Ford, directed by Michael J. Paradise. (Olympia; through April 3.)

The War at Home—A documentary about the anti-war movement between 1963 and 1973 in the city of Madison, Wisconsin. (New Yorker 2.)

When Time Ran Out—With Paul Newman, Jacqueline Bisset, and William Holden; directed by James Goldstone. (Loews Orpheum 1, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through April 3. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through April 10.)

The Wicker Man—With Christopher Lee and Britt Ekland, directed by Robin Hardy. (Paramount.)

Winter Kills—A rampageous thriller written and directed by William Richert, from a novel by Richard Condon. John Huston is superb as a villainous old self-made millionaire, and Jeff Bridges is his all too dutiful son. Also on hand are Eli Wallach, Tony Perkins, Toshiro Mifune, Ralph Meeker, and Belinda Bauer. (6/4/79) (Olympia; April 4-10.)

Wise Blood—John Huston's faithful adherence to the text and flavor of Flannery O'Connor's first novel (it was published in 1952) has resulted in a scattered, disconcerting film that has not quite made up its mind whether it wants to be a movie or a literary reading. In the end, the picture works, against all odds, because of its wild, strange humor and its sympathy for the rigors of home-fried Christian passion. With Brad Dourif, Daniel Schor, Ned Beatty, Amy Wright, Harry Dean Stanton, and Mary Nell Santacroce. (2/25/80) (Baronet.)

Zardoz (1974)—Sean Connery in a loincloth as the only virile man in an élitist commune of the future, dominated by hyperintellectual immortal women. John Boorman, who wrote, produced, and directed this lushly photographed piece of twaddle, appears to be worried about mankind's losing its fighting strength. With Charlotte Rampling, whose gimlet eyes and sensual hauteur inspire Connery to found a new race. (Cinema Village; April 6-7.)

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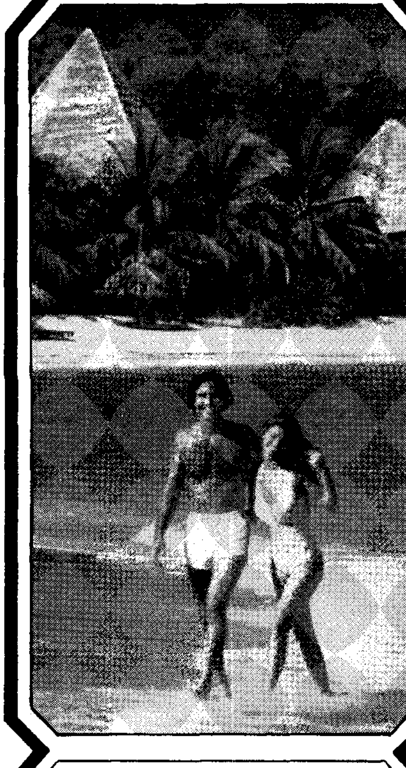

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN a discussion of the creation in "The City of God," St. Augustine of Hippo writes, "Whatever the physical or seminal causes that play their part in the production of living things, by the activities of angels or of men, or by the intercourse of male and female in animals or human beings, whatever effect the longings or emotions in the mother's consciousness may have on the child in her womb, in its susceptible state, leaving some traces in its features or complexion, it remains true that only God most high can create the actual natures which are thus affected in different ways, each in its own kind." In recent years, God's monopoly (or nature's monopoly, if you wish) has been broken, and man, making use of refined methods of crossbreeding and of the newly discovered technique of gene splicing, in which a gene belonging to one organism is fitted into the genetic substance of another, has acquired for his own use the power to create the "actual natures" of living things. Some scientists as well as laymen have feared that artificially produced organisms, not envisioned by God or evolution, could prove harmful, or even fatal, to the existing biosphere, and in 1976 the National Institutes of Health announced regulations to govern continued research. To be sure, scientists are far from being able to engineer living things out of dead matter—out of the "dust," as God reportedly did—and, up to now, can do little more than tamper with existing forms of life. Nevertheless, many businessmen foresee a booming market in manufactured organisms. Scientists at the General Electric Company, for example, have crossbred bacteria to produce a microscopic creature—nicknamed Superbug—that apparently has a large appetite for petroleum and may one day be used to gobble up oil spills, and the company has applied for a patent on its new-made beast. Whether or not the courts eventually decide that companies—or individuals—can claim exclusive rights to living organisms, General Electric's action points up one of the differences between the original creation and the one that is about to swim, crawl, and fly out of the laboratories of men. God appeared to have no particular purpose in bringing forth His creation. The Bible provides no record that He rushed off to the patent office on the seventh day, or sought to exploit the creation in any other manner. Instead, He restricted himself to observing that it was all "very good," and took a rest. The new creation, on the other hand, promises to be a utilitarian affair—one that is wholly subservient to the needs of men, and in which every creature comes with its price tag attached.

The ancient Greeks, who believed that man reached for godlike powers only at his extreme peril, would no doubt have warned us that by trying to turn the power of birth and life to our dubious human ends we were courting a fall. The Biblical story of the tower of Babel points a similar moral: God confounded its builders because He foresaw that "this is only the beginning of what they will do; and nothing that they propose to do will now be impossible for them." However that may be, man's intervention in evolution's workshop certainly has its ironic aspect, for even as we set about the manufacture of new organisms we go ahead with no less vigorous and ingenious preparations for our own extinction, in a nuclear holocaust. In this, we are like a builder who keeps adding floors to a building whose foundation is cracking, or a general who campaigns in ever more far-flung territories while behind him his native city falls to the enemy. With the marvels of our skill and imagination multiplying around us, we ourselves are left undefended and afraid.

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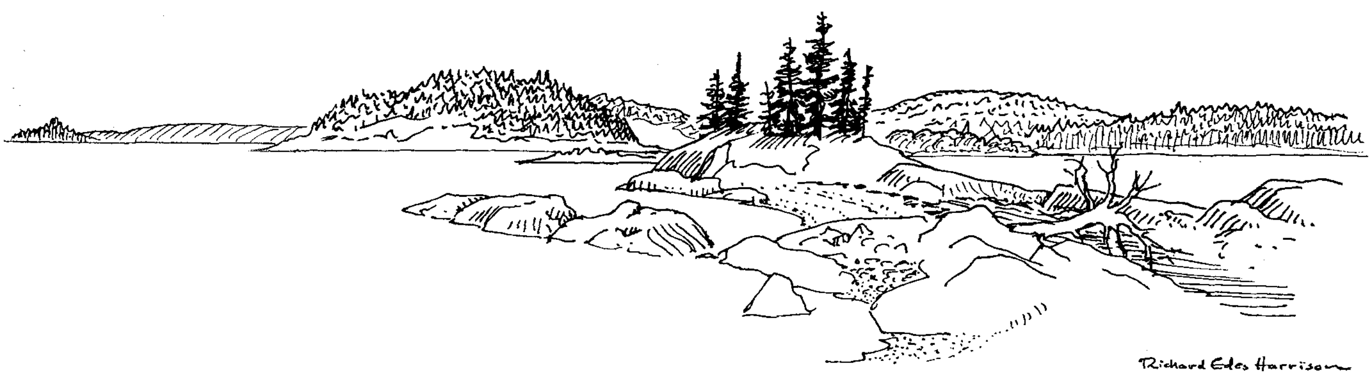
Coach

A FRIEND in London sends us the following report:

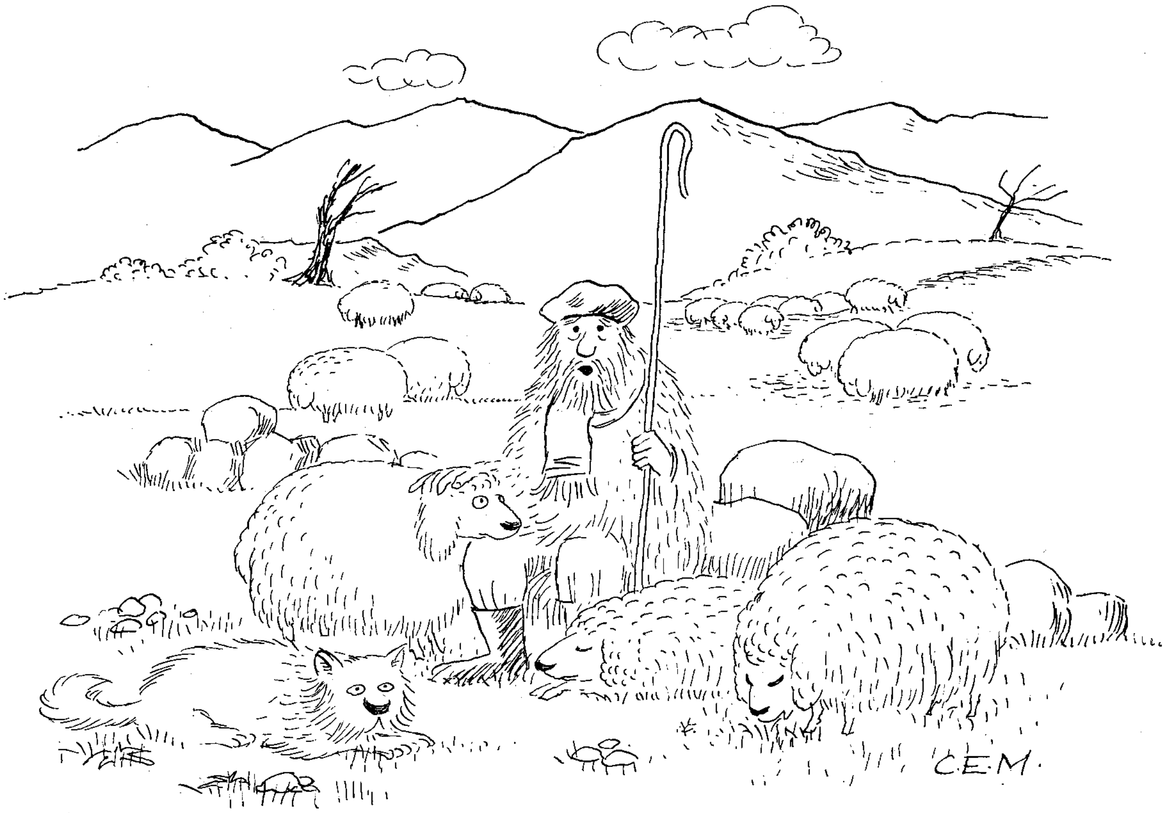
Daniel Topolski is the coach of the Oxford University rowing crew, which on April 5th meets Cambridge in the Boat Race—an event that has been held just about every year since 1829,



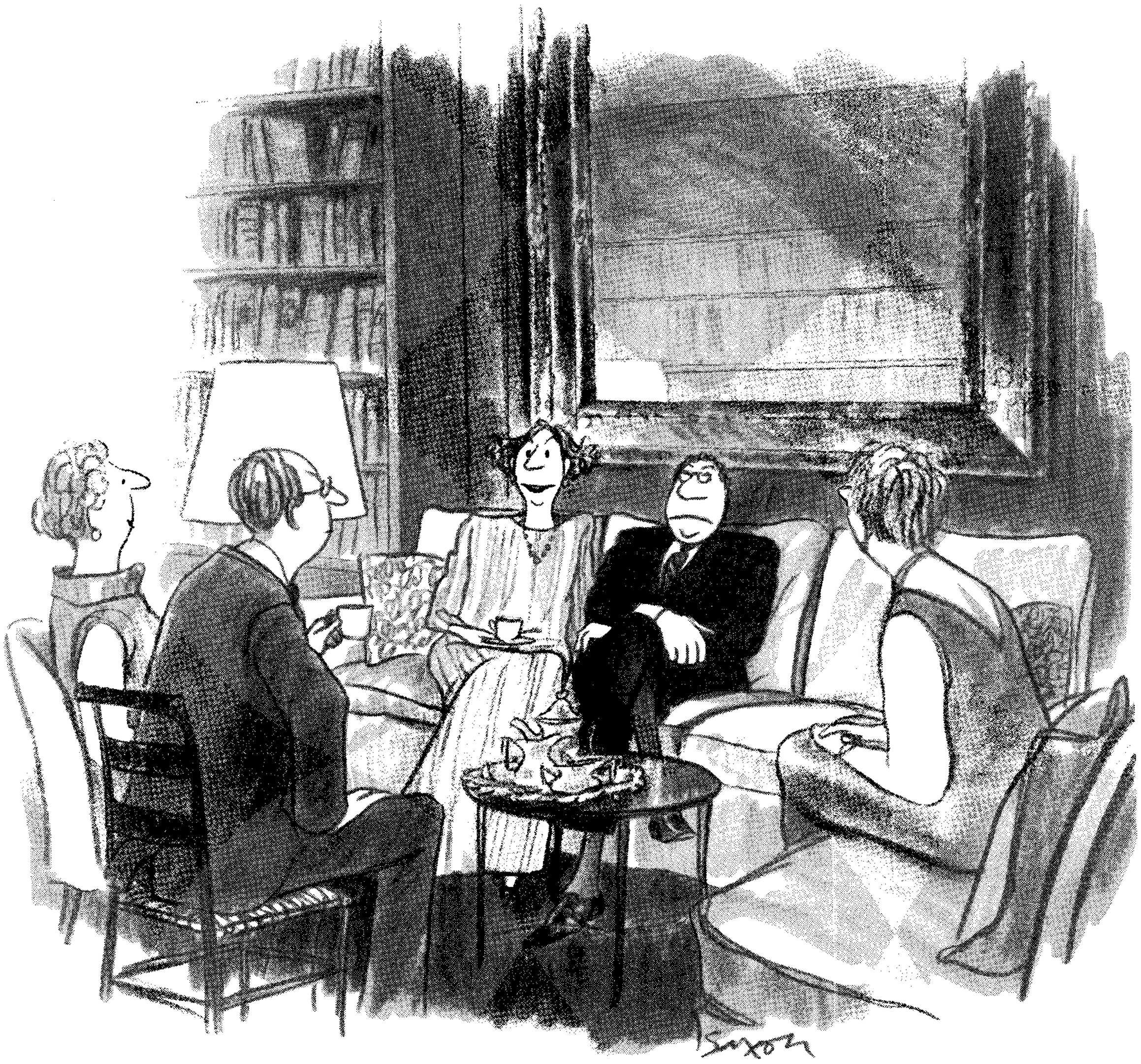
first at Henley, then from Westminster to Putney, and then, starting in 1845, on the four miles and a bit of the Thames that winds westward in serpentine fashion through West London from Putney to Mortlake. Oxford has won the last four races in succession, after a long period of Cambridge dominance, and on both sides much of the credit is given to one man—Topolski. Boris Rankov, a classics scholar from Bradford, Yorkshire, who is the president of the Oxford boat club and rows No. 5 in the Oxford eight, says, "Dan is worth a couple of lengths' advantage to us before the start of the race." John Woodhouse, the Cambridge president, put an edge on the compliment when he told the London *Times* a month ago, "Oxford's problem could be that they rely too much on Topolski and may be unable to think for themselves."

Topolski, who is thirty-four, lives in a splendid, barely heated house in one of the great Nash terraces surrounding Regent's Park. H. G. Wells, who used to live next door, found the house for Daniel's father, the Polish painter Feliks Topolski, during the Second World War. Feliks Topolski now lives in a tower overlooking the Thames, and Daniel, surrounded by his father's pictures, enjoys the view of the park and of its lake, where his father taught him to row at the age of nine. "When my father arrived in England, he fell in love with traditional British things," says Daniel Topolski, a slim man with black curly hair, a tanned face, and a somewhat broken-looking nose. "He insisted I go to public school and take part in sports, like rowing. But after I had rowed for Oxford in 1967 he said 'Enough's enough'—in other words, I shouldn't go on taking rowing that seriously." Topolski has tried not to. He has worked for the BBC on several current-affairs television programs, has written a book about Africa, and is now a free-lance writer, photographer, and broadcaster. He is also a compulsive traveller, who spends a good deal of each year with nomadic tribesmen like the Kurds or the Masai, or stumbling round central Africa—where, on the upper Zambesi, he was delighted a couple of years ago to find a not quite moribund boat club with a boat in which he could go for a row. Topolski has got over a long period of embarrassment about being known as an oarsman. "I used to think that people felt you must be thick between the ears, or a heavy beer drinker." He now acknowledges rowing as a happy obsession. "I found pleasure in being small at school—the wrong size and shape for rowing—and yet able to beat bigger boys behind an oar. I was the lightest oarsman in the Oxford boat in 1967, when we won, and 1968, when we lost—since when I've been trying to make amends. The fact is that credit for Oxford's improvement is due partly to the tremendously talented and intelligent crews I've had to work with in the last few years, and mostly to Bob Janousek, who is, among other things, the Cambridge coach, and who in 1968 brought from Czechoslovakia ideas that have revolutionized British rowing, taking us from about twenty-second to third in world rankings. My coaching technique and physiological training methods stem from him."

Topolski still rows competitively; he won a gold medal with the British lightweight eight at the world championships in 1977. He is also the coach of the British women's rowing team. He says, "Rowing is both a discipline and relaxation. It gives you pride in the way you look and move, and half an hour's fast sculling on the Thames at low tide, with the mud and the seagulls, removes untold tension." He has put Oxford crews through a tough physical-fitness course and has made the selection process harder, dropping some Old Blues (members of the previous year's boat), and even, on one occasion, the president. During the tuning-up period, he has made the Oxford crews compete against other fast eights, who require a struggle to be beaten, for such a victory makes for the right sort of confidence. "The psychological area is from twenty-five to thirty per cent of whether we win or lose," Topolski says. "It is generally underestimated in this country. For this last fortnight before the race, I've rented a house in Putney for the crew—far better than a hotel. I've got someone cooking for them and looking after them between our twice-a-day rowing sessions. We keep a close eye on Cambridge, and when we see them making a certain improvement we pounce on it and try and do it better. And from now on it's an hour-by-hour, individual approach—some people need winding up, some cooling down, and others being kept at the right level. Imagine trying to get



"How would you guys feel if I gave all this up and went on Social Security?"



"Thurston is not jumping on anybody's bandwagon."

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eight athletes to run in the same rhythm around a mile track in three minutes fifty seconds without breaking step, all absolutely together."

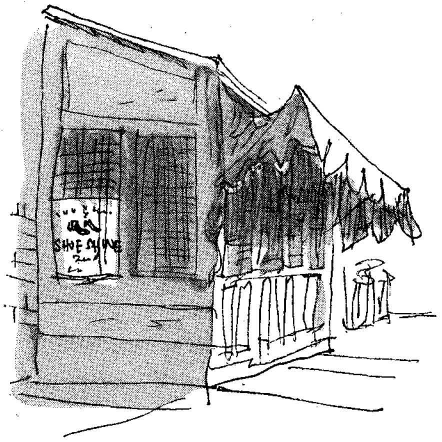
The boats used by the two university crews are virtually identical glass-fibre-and-carbon-fibre eights, weighing about a hundred kilos, and are made by a company of which Bob Janousek is now a director. The rules allow any sort of rowing craft as long as it holds eight oarsmen and a cox, but Topolski prefers to have the boats reasonably equal, so that it is the crew and their racing skills that win the day. Tactics count for a lot in this race. The Thames Tideway course has two large bends and several smaller bends, at each of which the boat on the inside is naturally favored. But it is possible for the boat that has lost the toss and has had to take the disadvantageous position for the first big bend, at Hammersmith, to break clear in the first mile, gain the half-length lead necessary for moving over in front of the other boat to the inside berth there, and so be ahead. Topolski calls the Tideway course "a strange bit of water;" the race is rowed on the flood tide, about an hour and a half before high water, and if a strong westerly wind is blowing, there can be a fierce chop. Topolski has rowed on this stretch of the Thames constantly since the age of thirteen (an advantage he has over Janousek), and he has communicated much of his river lore to his crew. Just before the race, he takes a launch up around the first bend and looks at water conditions—a precaution that Cambridge failed to take two years ago, with the consequence that its eight, unlike Oxford's, did not fit splashboards to their boat and shipped so much water that, ignominiously, they sank.

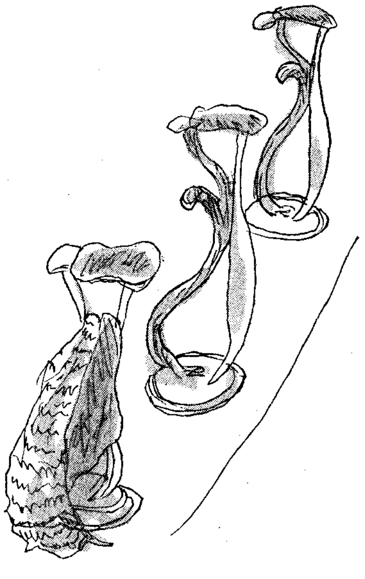
The last week or so before the race is generally marked by psychological warfare. This year, Cambridge has been complaining about Oxford's starting technique, suggesting that the Oxford boat is not being properly held at the stake boat and so is already moving at the start. Topolski replies, "It's sour grapes. Cambridge are notoriously slow off the start. They've been taking too long a first stroke, and it takes them longer to get going—you can see from their body positions, leaning much farther over their knees than we do. We take a short, brisk first stroke. We go on the 'Go.' And we get going faster. But I think they are trying to brush up their ideas on this score." Cambridge has also seen the work of Oxford's dirty-tricks department in a recent advertisement in a Sunday newspaper supplement showing a Citröen estate car, or station wagon, pulling a trailer and boat. The car was filled with a rowing crew wearing light-blue blazers, the Cambridge colors, and the caption said, "The last thing a rowing eight wants is an estate car that sinks." Boris Rankov and his men were the models for the ad, and Topolski says, innocently, "The photographer just gave them those light-blue jackets—and we had nothing to do with the caption, which the ad agency dreamt up. Of course, we're sorry it renewed Cambridge's sinking feeling."

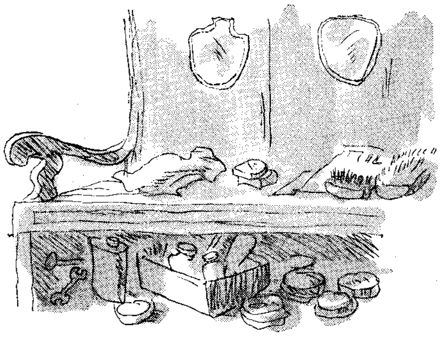
For spectators, the boat race is an acquired thrill, but on the day much of the nation picks one side or other to support and watches dutifully on television (the BBC, covering the race from cameras in launches and helicopters, has to make sure that it does not conflict with the other spring sporting classic, the Grand National Steeplechase), and thousands of Londoners line the riverbanks to cheer as the eights flash by, hoping that someone has brought along a transistor radio to let them know who, at the end of some seventeen minutes of flat-out rowing, has won. This year, Topolski has had to work with a crew that is lighter than usual and has a lot of new blood in it, and he says that a continuous strong headwind is not going to be in Oxford's interest. The sportswriters seem to regard Oxford as marginally the favorite, but Topolski prefers to regard his crew as pretty much level with Cambridge—at least until the "Go." He says, "For the last two years, we've been two lengths up by the time we reached Harrod's Depository—a big warehouse that stands on the riverside roughly six minutes into the race. But I'll be happy if we're half a length up this time."

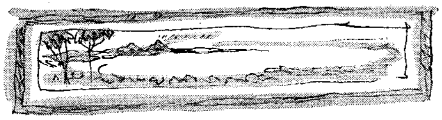
Mr. Galisi's Stand

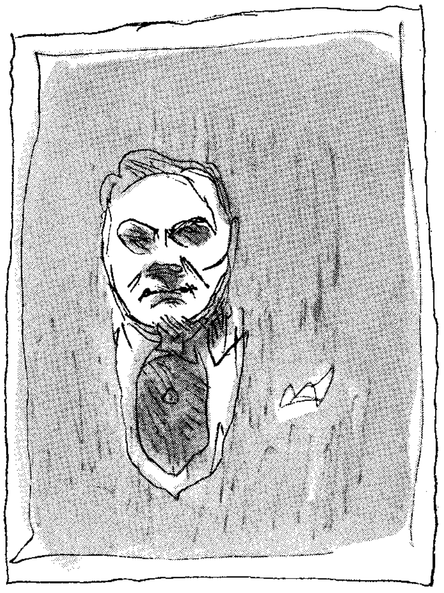
ON the north side of Eighty-second Street, just east of Columbus Avenue, there's an old gray wooden structure sitting on the sidewalk, up against a building. It has a blue awning in front, wire mesh over the windows, and rusty padlocks on the door. A blue sign at one end says "LADIES & GENT'S SHOE SHINE AND REPAIRING." We peered in through a dusty windowpane one morning last week. The place seemed both abandoned and preserved. Rising from a broad marble step were curving brass footrests with worn brown leather tops, where customers—ascending to sit on a green-covered bench and hoisting their pant cuffs—had once positioned their wing tips for improvement. On the back of the bench was a row of small mirrors, and tucked away beneath the bench, on the marble step, were bottles, rags, cans of polish, a wrench, and brushes of many varieties. Framed pictures and photographs hung on the rear wall: Enrico Caruso; Michelangelo's "Pietà;" Richard Tucker; a reclining Aida, or possibly a dancer; Beverly Sills; the Bay of Naples, with Vesuvius smoking. On one windowsill lay a small furled American flag, with a tassel hanging down. The room was glowing with subdued, harmonious colors: brass, brown leather, black-bristled brushes, rags that had absorbed the hues of shoe polish, dark wood, pale marble like old melted snow. Things were where they had been left; they had an air of finality and repose. As we were looking in, a passerby stopped. "Poor Mr. Galisi died last spring," he said. "This place was here when there was a Ninth Avenue 'L' stop on the corner." The man stared inside. "Mr. Galisi used to have Primo Carnera's shoes," he said. He stepped back and held his hands two feet apart, in the manner of somebody describing a fish. "They were that big."

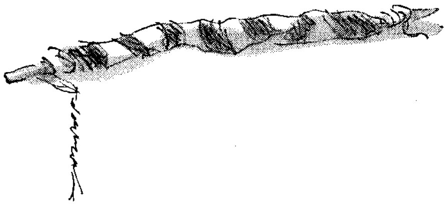






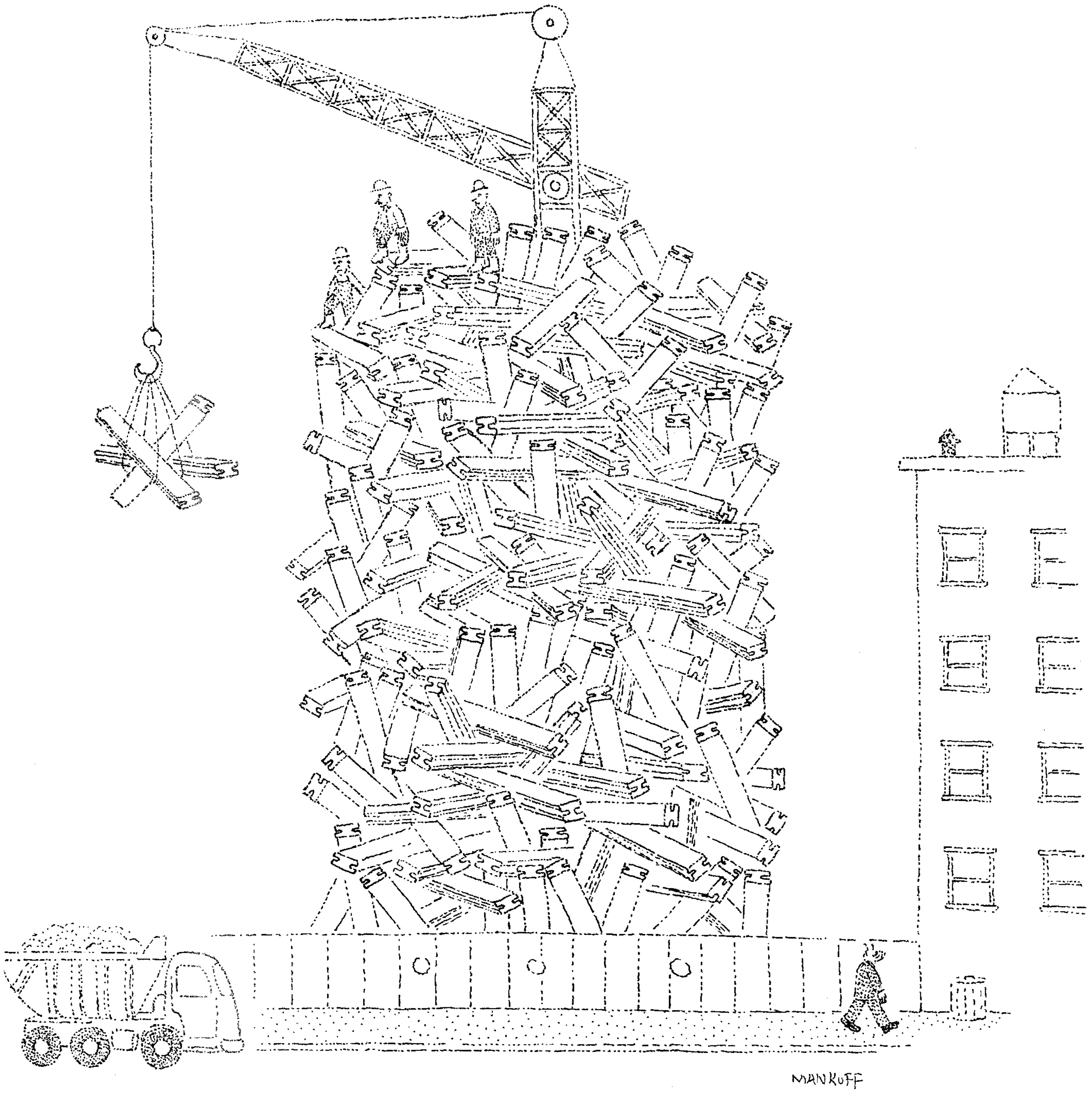






Tryout

WE will sit in the lonesome lobby of the Taft Hotel. A church youth-fellowship group from the South will stand in a clump near the elevators while its short, fat adult advisers decide what to do. One clock will be on the north wall of the lobby, and another clock on the south. Two porters will stand somewhere in between. There will be a lot of nothing in the lobby. Then four-member and five-member family groups will come into the lobby. They will see the sign on the hotel events board saying "GOODSON-TODMAN PRODUCTIONS FAMILY FEUD AUDITIONS . . . GOLD ROOM." It will take the families a little while to find the Gold Room, and most of them will take the elevator, even though the Gold Room is on the mezzanine and there are stairs. The families will fill out forms. They will have their pictures taken by a woman with a heavy blond braid and wearing a jacket. Each family member will be given a name tag with his or her first name on it: "VINCE," "JORDAN," "TONI," "GAITHER," "COL. GEORGE." The families will very much want to be chosen to appear on "Family Feud," which is one of the most popular television shows in the country among women aged eighteen to forty-nine, the television show in which one of two families tries to come up with more right answers than the other family for a possible twenty-five thousand dollars in prize money, the television show that appears at least five times a week in most parts of the country and may soon appear as often as ten times a week. The families will be very excited. They will pretend to play the game for interviewers from the production company, who, for their part, will act as m.c.s in the pretended



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games. The family members will introduce themselves. They will say, “I make terrariums as a hobby” (Interviewer: “That’s fun”), or they will say, “I just started a job in a military-electronics firm, and I also do needlepoint” (“Great!”), or they will say, “I work for a commodities-brokerage firm in White Plains, and I like to play Scrabble, and I’m looking for a good husband” (“Good luck!”), or they will say, “I’m the Assistant to the Director of Security of Nassau County, I’m a volunteer fireman and volunteer paramedic” (“Love your mustache!”), or they will say, “I’m a Lamaze instructor, teaching women how to have babies, and I’m here to play the game and I’m very excited” (“Well, that’s great”), or they will say, “I’ve been married eleven years and I have two beautiful daughters and I work part time as a proofreader” (“Gotcha!”), or they will say, “ ” (“Speak up for me a little, Rose, you’re a *little* quiet”) and “ ” (“Knitting and sewing, huh? Well, that’s fine”), or they will say, “I want to grow up and play for the New York Knickerbockers” (“Hey! O.K.!”), or they will say, “I’m now a senior citizen” (“No way!”), or they will say, “I am a social worker currently, and I’m the mother of a twenty-month-old little boy named Eric” (“So when are you gonna have another kid?”), or they will say, “I’m a stenographer’s secretary for the state of Virginia— Oh, can I say that?” (“Sure can!”), or they will say, “I have a son who is thirty-one, and he went to school with my little sister. They started first grade together” (“All *right!*”), or they will say, “I’m an electrical foreman in Local Union No. 3” (“Ahhhh! No. 3!”), or they will say, “I like to jog and disco” (“Who doesn’t?”), or they will say, “We come from Amityville, and the house in ‘The Amityville Horror’ was only a couple of blocks away from us” (“Wow! Spooky!”), or they will say, “I’m married twelve years and I have four kids and I have a very important job, which is raising them” (“All *right!*”), or they will say, “This is my wife, Norma, my son, Tod, my daughter, Susie, and my mother-in-law, and my entire family are est graduates” (“Est graduates?”).

AS IS

"FOR you to be such a close friend of Professor Chalcott is a craziness," says Professor Anna Krzyƶowska, a Polish émigrée physicist in a laboratory at an Eastern American university, to an English-born student named Fiona Cairns. It is 1969. "He's forty-five years older than you are. He'll die before you. Then where are you? Fiona, I ask you, where are you?"

"In the cupboard. Closet. Looking for a pipette."

"Did you hear what I said?"

"Yes. I'm in the closet. I think we may have lost that pipette. To be frank, I think you may have bust it."

"You're not answering my question."

"I told you, I'm in the pipette closet. The closet for pipettes."

"I think you would not recognize a pipette from a pipe," says Professor Krzyƶowska, blowing into a complex of linked tubes and producing a sediment that gives her satisfaction. "What I said—and the correct response is not in my closet—was that it is a craziness for you to be such a friend of Professor Chalcott when he's forty-five years older than you are. And then I said he'll die before you. And then I said where will you be?"

"Without him."

FIONA is nineteen years old. She is studying comparative literature, but to earn money for textbooks she helps in the physics laboratory. Cross about the pipette, Professor Krzyƶowska says, "You're certainly not born to be a physicist."

"No. I know."

"And what is more, you are a foreigner," says Professor Krzyƶowska unreasonably. "You even stumble over cupboards and closets. That is, over usage of cupboards and closets."

"I know."

"You failed to respond to my statement. I am so very tired of being treated as the Polish Corridor."

"I'm trying to forget which statement you mean."

"That for you to be such a close friend of Professor Chalcott must stop. You must protect yourself."

"Aren't those *injunctions*?" says Fiona, head in closet, crying.

PROFESSOR KRZYƶOWSKA, who pretends to a godmotherly role toward the pretty Fiona, feels herself to be ugly. It is beyond her confidence to see herself with the good wishes of others: to see the full mouth, the middle-aged nobility plucked out of danger. She has been forced to learn distrust, wishes to forget the learning, but finds it impossible to erase. The chalk marks of Poland's history are not to be washed off the blackboard of her mind. Sometimes when she tries to dream the phrase in English, "blackboard" becomes "backboard," and the next day her shoulders are braced and her neck is stiff as she lectures. Her courage is invisible to most and taken for severity. In the large and jealous frame that shelters her, she strenuously chides herself. She hides cost. Later that day, alone, she breaks an essential piece of her research construction. She, too, weeps. Then she works, speaking to herself in Polish. The true small self that aspires and chugs along in travail.

PROFESSOR CHALCOTT is of another stuff. He teaches musicology. His house is large and it sags with books. He was born there, married there, saw his wife die there, continues alone to entertain friends there with undiminished heed. "I'm eager to know what you have been reading," he will say. Innovation of any sort, in any field, excites him. "You've taught me something I didn't know," he will say, leaning his chin on his silver-headed cane, his dog at his feet. The dog is brown, and the Professor, typically, having spent some time pondering the question of a name for him, called him Brown. Fiona and he love and comprehend each other. He preserves that careful literalness, that adherence to presented facts, which is so often the staple of conversation in people brought up in houses such as his.

The day after Professor Krzyƶowska's effort to detach Fiona from him, he comes into the university library. Fiona has just finished three hours of work as a junior librarian to earn another two dollars an hour. All the returned books are back on the shelves. As a last act of tidiness, she has been trying to clear a fellow-student in a yoga trance off a reading table.

"What are you doing?" Professor Chalcott asks her.

"I can't wake this girl."

Professor Chalcott peers at the cross-legged yoga practitioner, says nothing, and goes into the librarian's office. He drops down like a sack of flour into a green plastic armchair.

"Are you bored?" he yells. "I've been bored for the last ten minutes.'

She lugs herself to the door and considers. "Yes, I am. But what would the option be?"

"Would you like to come to a magic shop? I'm bored with deciphering Beethoven's shorthand. I like you better than his quartet, now that it's ten past four."

THEY set off. Professor Chalcott wraps himself in a muffler and takes a bookbag and a briefcase. He says, "Can you decide on any way of avoiding the man at the reception desk? It's unpleasant of me but I don't care for him. A weakling and a dullard, I think. He has the sort of face that seems to want to swallow its chin."

So they climb a stairway, Fiona pausing in the pretense of doing up a sandal, to give Professor Chalcott a chance to catch his breath, and they leave by a door from another floor.

At the magic shop, Professor Chalcott is known not as a learned musicologist but as an expert in magic. He is warmly greeted. Shown things.

Professor Chalcott: "No, no, no, you know perfectly well I've seen the disappearing egg over and over again. Perhaps something with cards." He practices a trick needing both legerdemain and fast patter, and then says, "Arthritis puts the kibosh on that idea. Some silk scarves to vanish up the sleeve, in pretty colors? Colors that would suit my friend? Yellow, deep pink?" Again he practices with what the admiring manager produces. "Yes, that's within the range of possibilities. My physical possibilities, apart from possibilities of enchantment."

Fiona says to him outside the magic shop, "Professor Krzyƶowska says we shouldn't spend so much time with each other."

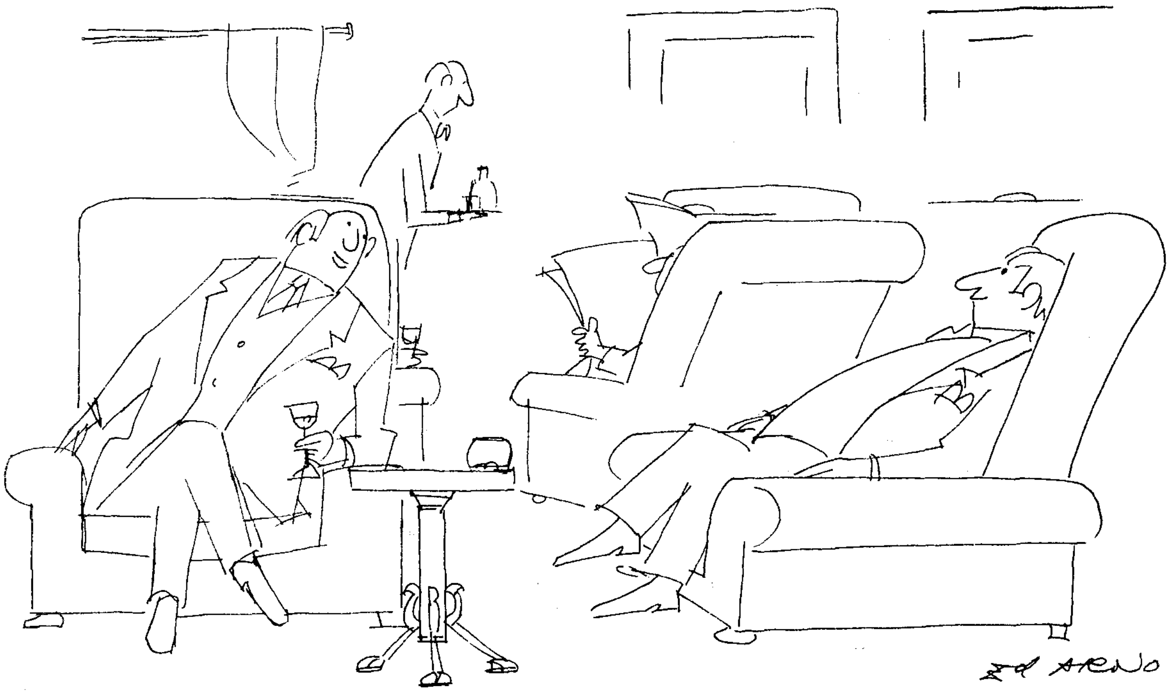
"Because I'm going to die first, I suppose."

"I don't give a damn."

"Don't you believe her, anyway. I'm here. Beckett once said, 'The young pop off. The old hang on.' "

A SPARROW that appears to be blind in one eye then crashes into Professor Chalcott's briefcase. He picks the creature up and strokes it and then puts it into the briefcase, making a nest of his handkerchief for the bird and leaving the case open. "Do you know," he says to Fiona, "there are one thousand three hundred and fifty-nine feathers on a sparrow's neck? I fear this one may have lost a few."

"What a lot you know. Beethoven's shorthand, magic, sparrows."



"All I can say is I consider myself a nice guy, and I didn't finish last."

"And you your languages, and being able to do a backbend. Combined"—gaily—"we could take everyone on. I forget if it was Archimedes who said, 'Give me a lever long enough and I could lift the earth.' We'll look it up."

"I like it when you say that," says Fiona.

"What are you reading today?"

" 'Antony and Cleopatra.' "

"It describes a world so immense that time yawns in it. We could discuss that, too."

THEY walk back to the campus. Professor Chalcott suddenly stops, and Fiona worries. "I find it difficult to talk when I'm on my pins," he says, seeing her concern. "A joke. Your Arab oil-producing new populace of London. An Arab rings up—an Arab with a good many women in his rented Georgian house—and says, 'This is your husband. To whom am I speaking?' "

Fiona says, "Jokes lighten the weight, don't they? The millstone on the chest in the middle of the night."

"You feel that weight?"

"Sometimes. Last night I was dreaming in dialogue, as usual, and woke myself up by speaking aloud but couldn't make myself hear myself because my throat was so dry."

"What did you get? A glass of water, or a pen?"

"A pen."

"That would have been my choice. Did the dialogue make sense in the morning?"

"Yes."

"What a folly, to ask such a question of you."

NEARLY at the college, Professor Chalcott takes her arm and says, "Shall we go and see 'Long Day's Journey Into Night' this evening? It's a German company."

"Yes, please. Though you know I don't speak German."

He does not pull rank about the tickets. Their seats are very high up. Fiona keeps pausing on some pretext or other to give him a rest on the stairs. His hearing is bad. She has to attend carefully, though German is arcane to her, because he wants to know the details of the staging. She begins to feel like a guide dog for the blind: he can barely see. When the mother in the play comes downstairs to her suspicious family—she pacified by her secret fix of some drug—Chalcott knows by heart that the character must be carrying her wedding dress over her arms. "What does it look like?" he says.

"Cream tulle," says Fiona.

"No, I mean the way she's carrying it."

"Like a pile of freshly ironed fine laundry."

"A reviving idea, when the dress is old."

AGAIN, the next afternoon, he sits himself down heavily into the green plastic armchair in the library. He says, "Shall we go to see Dietrich tonight?"

"Live?"

"A swift scoot to New York?"

Fiona has already seen Dietrich in London, aeons ago, but a repetition would be worth it with him. "My right trusty and well-beloved friend" comes into her mind: the adjectives of English citations. And again she feels like a guide dog. She can repeat the English and the French to him; the German is once more a problem. The verbal information he wants in all languages has to be exact. Miss Dietrich is wearing her beautiful sequined body stocking. Professor Chalcott, that most distinguished and noticeable man, suddenly says, straining his eyes, finding that useless, and employing a loud voice, "Can you see her nipples?"

THERE lies between Professor Chalcott and Fiona a gentle, unexacting variation of humor and event. He appears brusque, but few people have ever sought to punish him. After the Dietrich evening, he takes Fiona back to her dormitory and they find Professor Krzyżowska on the doorstep waiting for them. Fiona, knowing that violence makes Chalcott sick at heart, grasps his arm and steers him to his house. A tugboat guiding a great liner perhaps soon to be broken up, except that liners can be replaced by christening some new hulk "The Professor Chalcott II," and there is no analogy for such a man as this. Fiona comes back to the dormitory. Professor Krzyżowska is still lurking. She says, "I must repeat myself. He's going to die first. You must protect yourself."

"We're on a doorstep," says Fiona. "Do you want to come up?"

"It's for your own good."

Fiona has a room to herself. She sits on the bed, Professor Krzyżowska in the only chair, a desk chair that reminds her of the backboard/blackboard confusion.

"You must see younger men," the Professor says.

"What are you trying to do? Are you in love with him?"

"I'm thinking of you. You should be going out with other students. A safeguard. I saw you taking him home. It's I who should have taken him home."

"You *are* jealous."

"You'll suffer."

"Self-protection hasn't much to do with friendship."

"I'm on my own," says the Professor, without meaning to.

"I know. I'm sorry."

"I'm going to *stop* this nonsense," the Professor shouts.

It can then go either way. Peril is in the room, the likelihood of real damage; or the Professor can be touched on the arm. Fiona chooses to brush her teeth.

"Why are you brushing your teeth?" The danger starts to disappear.

A pause. Fiona says, "Sorry, my mouth was full."

"I know some apt young men on this very campus."

"Why apt?"

"As I said. They're your age."

Fiona sits on the bed and then stands, feeling it wrong to slouch when the Professor's frame of mind beseeches respect.

"You see," says Fiona, trying yet once more, "I don't want to be with people of my own age all the time. Not just for the sake of it. I mean, I was *trying* to get someone my own age out of a trance in the library a while ago. I've never had to wake Professor Chalcott up. We have fun. I've never enjoyed myself so much with anyone. Are you saying that I'm in your way? Troubling you?"

"I wish you spoke Polish. All your Russian is no good to me. I abhor."

"Your English is perfect."

"No."

"You mean not fluent enough to say what's at the back of your mind?"

The Professor gets up and walks about the room to command it. Fiona says, "I don't understand the age-ghetto principle we have in America. I don't *want* to go around *with* some husky athlete just because he's nineteen."

"You'll see I'm right later."

"If one only knows one's contemporaries, how is the past to be handed on?"

"I'm talking about the inevitable loss. Guard against the future."

"But we're happy *now*."

"You can't afford this. It's against nature." The Professor goes over to the bed and yells, "Someone's been sleeping here!"

"Me."

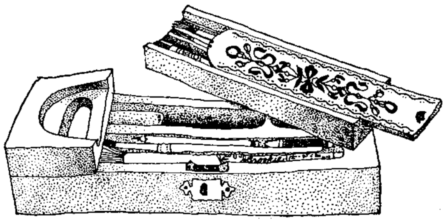
Impasse. Fiona takes the Professor's chair, but sits on the arm of it. "You see, he is my *great* friend. How many great friends does anyone have in a lifetime, including husband and brothers and sisters and children and parents? Twelve? Fifteen? With luck. I'm not talking about acquaintances or well-wishers."

"I'm just telling you that you are laying yourself open." The Professor picks up a pencil and vents helpless anger by breaking the point off. "I suppose I should apologize for this," she says. "I'll get you another."

"The contagion of the world's slow stain," says Fiona.

"Who said that?"

"You did, once. You said it was Shelley," says Fiona. "A friend to you, and not even Polish. Certainly not your age. I wonder if I could get you something? The Coke machine's just down the corridor."



"A glass of ice water."

"It would have to be a paper cup."

The Professor throws the slept-on pillow out of the window.

THE next afternoon, Chalcott meets Fiona on campus and says, "Lot of swansdown outside your bedroom window."

"Professor Krzyżowska threw a pillow out of it."

Professor Chalcott drops his cane, bends down to get it, can't reach. "Would you mind picking up my cane?" Project achieved. "One of the things I like about you is that you wear dresses with waists," he says. "Also you remind me of Cleopatra. Interesting that you should have been reading that play. Shakespeare's, of course, not Shaw's. Shaw isn't very good at women. You're *very* good at it. At being one."

Fiona stays quiet. He goes on, taking her arm as they walk. "You always

SKY

Livid to lurid switched the sky.
From west, from sunset, now the great dome
Arched eastward to find the horizon as base
There, far, blank, pale. The grass, the trees,
Abandoned their kindly green to stretch
Into distance, arsenical now in that
Acid and arsenical light
Streaked yellow like urine.

Farmhouses afar—
They seemed to float, tiny and lost,
Swaying unmoored, forgotten in
That virulence past viridity
That washed, flooded, the world, and seemed
To lift all things, all houses, trees, hills,
From God-ordained foundations. And

Your head in dizziness swam, while from
Southeast a blackness was towering
Toward you—sow-bellied, brute-nosed, coiling,
Twisting itself in pain, in rage,
And self-rage not yet discharged—and in
Its distant, sweeping downwardness
Uncentered pink flashes flickered pale but
In lethal promise. The sun's red eye
Now from its western death glares. We,

We all, have much endured, buckling
Belts, hearts. Have borne the outrageous
And uncomprehended inclemencies—
Borne even against God's will, or fate's.
Some have survived. We fear—yes. But
What most we fear advances on

Tiptoe, breath aromatic. It smiles.
Its true name is what we never know.

—ROBERT PENN WARREN

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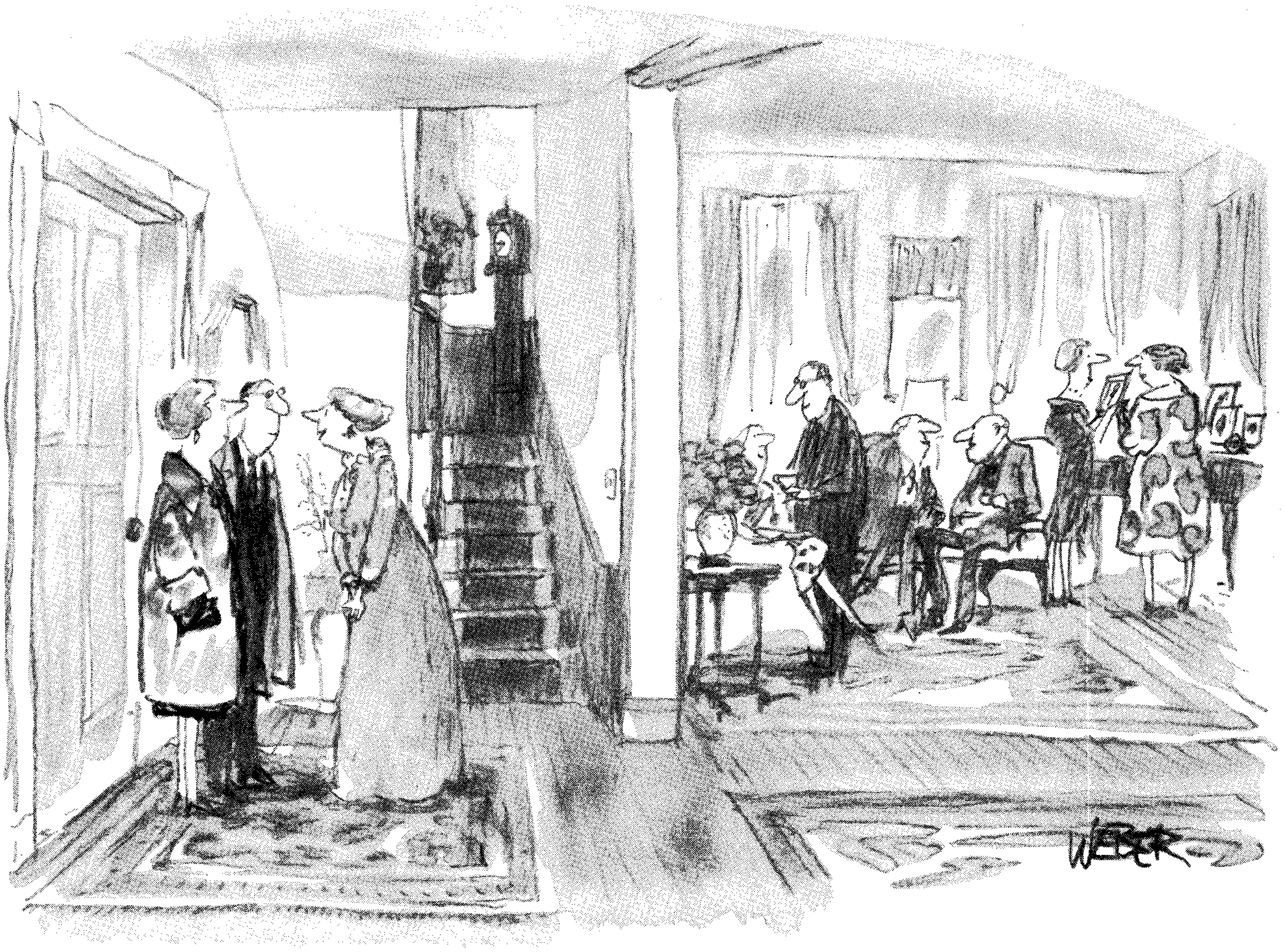

"Would you like a map of the terrain?"

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suggest something around yourself. The past. Beethoven carries Mozart around with him. Anyway, what was that woman doing, killing a swan outside your window?"

"I wasn't speaking loud enough. She wasn't killing a swan, she was thrashing around with my pillow. I think she thought you'd been lying on it. You can't blame her."

"I can and do."

THEY walk to his house. Chalcott says, "I'm eager to play you something I believe I may have deciphered from Beethoven's shorthand. I want to talk to you about whether you think I've got it right. Then I want to play you Cole Porter."

"Important about the shorthand."

"I nearly called you up in the middle of the night, but I didn't think you'd welcome being woken. So after playing the piano, and having some sardines, I simply wrote out the idea on staff paper and imagined your being there."

"I was awake anyway. I nearly rang you to tell you something from an encyclopedia I was proofreading."

"Why proofreading?"

"It's one of the jobs on the bulletin board. I can think about better things in the back of my mind, so it's bearable. I get the encyclopedia free, too, but it's not up to much. I was going to read you an entry about the character they had as Friar Tuck in 'Romeo and Juliet.' Friar Laurence turned into a Toby jug."

"I should say a researcher just chose the most familiar Friar."

THEY go later into a store where Professor Chalcott has tracked down a Virginia ham. Professor Krzyżowska is there and looks at them askance. She takes Fiona aside. "Virginia ham is too salt for him," she says. "You'll kill him, you and the Virginia ham."

"He wants me to taste it. He says it's the taste of his country as he remembers it at my age," says Fiona. "He was brought up in Virginia."

"A mistake, the salt, for his digestion."

"I don't think so," says Fiona.

Professor Chalcott appears from behind a smoked turkey and says, "Mistake?"

Professor Krzyżowska says, "The salt. At your age. Fiona shouldn't allow it."

"Bunk," says Professor Chalcott. "Fiona doesn't make mistakes." He leaves again to settle the bill. He thinks as he goes that some things one does seem correct but out of pitch, and that other things one does can seem errors but in pitch. Alone with the Polish Professor, Fiona says, "The point is, Virginia ham gives him pleasure."

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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THE CREATIVE LIFE

[*From The Arts in Illinois, the journal of the Illinois Arts Council*]

ARTS & CRAFTS EMERGENCY EMBLEM DESIGN COMPETITION. $250 awarded for the best design of an auto bumper sticker to identify arts people in emergency highway situations. All entries become the property of the sponsor. Deadline March 20, 1980. Entry fee 25¢. For further information, write the National Calendar of Indoor/Outdoor Arts Fairs, 5423 New Haven Ave., Ft. Wayne, IN 46803.

DEPARTURES

THE priest is arriving on the train. He is not really a priest, because he is only twenty-five and still a seminarian, but he wears a Roman collar, and everyone thinks he is a priest, and he thinks of himself as a priest. It is six years since he has visited his parents in their home. They have visited him at the seminary, of course, but this is his first visit to them, and he is very anxious about it.

There is a crazy couple across the aisle, and as the train pulls into the station their anger and excitement come near to hysteria; they have just had—as they keep saying—a scrape with death. "We could have been killed," she says, her voice sharp, abused. "We've had a terrible scrape with death." She only pretends to speak to her husband; actually, she is addressing the priest and the couple in front of him and the whole car. Her eyes are glassy and wild, and she goes on talking with small gasps and shrieks while her husband—glassy-eyed, too, and in shock—says, "You're right, you're right," and wrestles a red plastic suitcase from the rack overhead. They are still exclaiming as they forge down the aisle, important and proud at being almost dead.

The priest waits. He does not want to be near those crazy people when he greets his parents. This will be a special moment, and he wants it to be perfect. These six years have made him ill at ease in public. He cannot stand the noise, the rudeness, the urgency in voices. Emotions spill out of people, they shout in public; anger bristles everywhere, in everyone—in the street, the train station, the train. People chew gum. They belch. They push. He is revolted by the vulgarity, the nakedness of it all. In the seminary there is no emotion, no anger, no urgency—at least not visibly. Everyone keeps inside himself whatever it is he feels.

So the priest stays in his seat until the crazy couple have disappeared from the car. Then he gets up, sets his face in a smile—a half smile—and prepares to meet his parents. As he climbs down the steep iron steps, he is conscious of people on the platform looking. At him? Or just for somebody they are here to meet? Suddenly a woman shrieks and the priest turns to help her, thinking she must be hurt, thinking of Anna Karenina beneath the train wheels. But no. The woman is merely excited and the scream is only delight at seeing a boy—her son probably. "Billy," she says. "Billy baby." She hugs him, kisses him, screams again. The boy is embarrassed and the priest, embarrassed, too, turns away. Mother and son, he thinks—a travesty. He has told his parents he will meet them in the waiting room, on the east side, and he joins the crowd moving toward the stairs. Ahead of him he sees another priest, about his own age, red-haired and stout. Sanity, he thinks, an oasis. But as they reach the bottom of the stairs a woman lunges at the red-haired priest, hugging him once and then again, while a man—his father, with the same red hair and fat—slaps him on the back over and over. "Father Joe," they call him, though, by their ages, he has to be their son. The woman puts her arm under Father Joe's and leans into him, her possession.

There is a disturbance now; somebody is shouting, somebody touches his arm. It is the crazy couple, even more hysterical than before, asking him something, insisting he explain to another couple what happened on the train. A little crowd is gathering and the priest, confused, turns from person to person. He is not listening, he merely wants to get away. And then suddenly he sees his mother smiling from beyond the crowd and his father behind her, his hands on her shoulders, smiling. They are a picture of order in all this chaos. The crazy woman tugs at his arm, but he pulls away from her and, moving blindly through the crowd, walks toward his mother and father. Yes, the priest thinks, I will bring order out of chaos.

His mother is beautiful, radiant, but, though he does not know this, she will be dead in fifteen years. She smiles and comes to meet him, and he will remember her this way always. He will wake in the night remembering how she is now, what he does to her. Because, as she goes to put her arms around him, as she lifts her face to kiss him, he says to her, with a smile made icy by his self-control, "I'll just kiss you on the cheek—don't touch me—and I'll shake hands with Dad, and then we'll turn and walk out of here." And he bends to kiss her on the cheek, but stops because she has pulled slightly away; she has gone white, and the look of panic on her face is not nearly so terrible as the look of drowning in her eyes.

"Perhaps Madam would care to give the gift of laughter."

THE priest's father has been dead for five years, and now the priest sits by his mother's bedside waiting for her to die. Fifteen years have passed

VETERANS
OF THE
MORAL EQUIVALENT OF WAR
Farmer

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since his train came in and he did not kiss her and she turned her face away. His mother has Parkinson's disease, and the benign effects of L-dopa have worn off, so that she is bent now and trembles violently. She drools sometimes and sometimes she cannot control her bowels. But the priest has been told it is not Parkinson's which is killing her; it is cancer. The priest thinks a great deal about death and about the things that kill us. He is not surprised, being forty and having seen many people to their deaths, that dying is not only an agony, it is boredom. He has been waiting by her bedside for months now, an hour or two each day, and still she has not died.

His mother is unconscious much of the time. Or barely conscious; it is hard for him to tell. On the occasions when she turns to him and says something, he is astonished that very often it is something he has been thinking himself. A month before, he had been remembering his father's death, a quick and merciful heart attack—how it had been the death his father would have chosen if we were given choices. "Your father died well," she said, and the priest leaned forward in surprise. He thought she had been unconscious. "Father?" he asked. "He died the way he would have wanted," she said. "Yes," he said, "I was thinking that." She sighed and shook her head, and a tear showed in the corner of her eye. "What?" he asked. "This is not the way I would have chosen," she said. And though he did not say it he thought the word he hated most: "self-pity." So he bit the inside of his lip and said, "Try to sleep, Mother."

Again, a week or so later, he was thinking how he had always taken from them, his mother and father; he had never given them anything. He looked at her lying there sweating, her eyes closed, and he thought, I'll wet the washcloth and put it on her forehead. But before he could reach the washcloth she said to him, "You've always given to us. You've given us everything." And she looked at him with that drowning look.

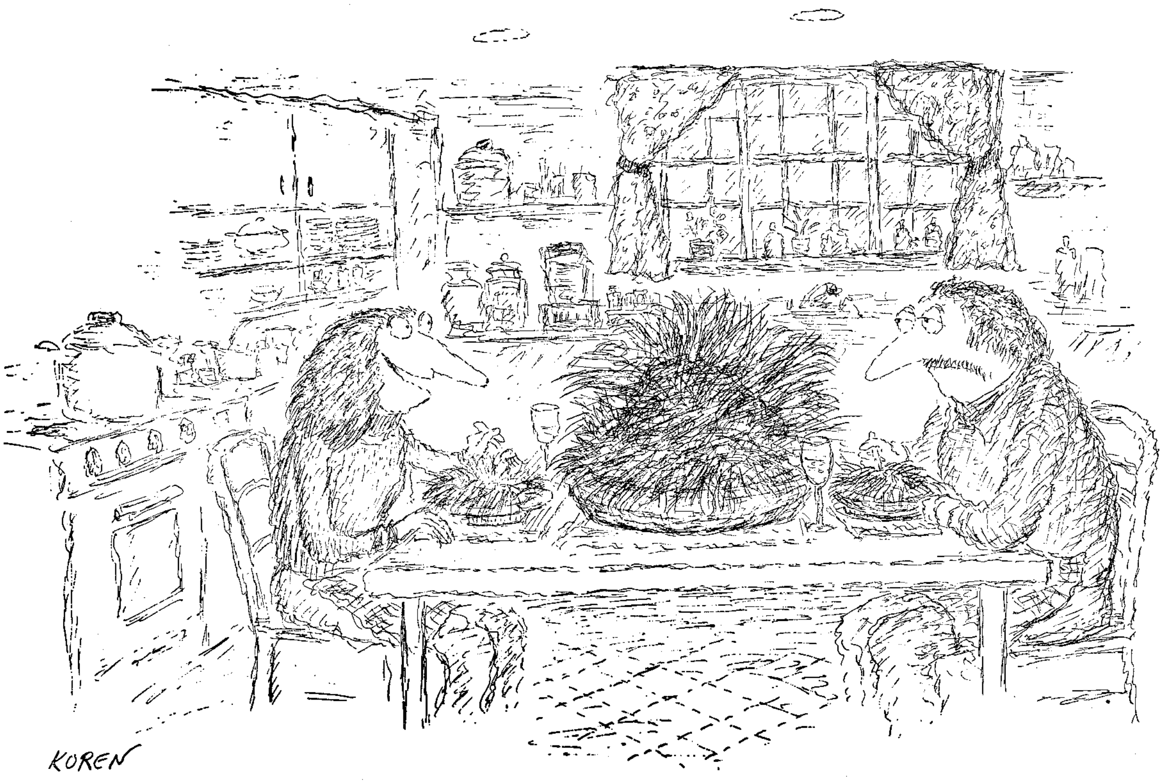
This sort of thing has happened several times. He has begun to wonder if he causes her to think of what he is thinking: the exercise of the stronger mind on the weaker. No, it can't be that. And so he sits by her bed reading his Shakespeare—he is completing his Ph.D. in English—and sometimes he adjusts her pillows or wipes her forehead, and when she is able he talks to her. But more and more now it is a matter of waiting for the end. Her medication has been increased; even when she is not unconscious, she is so heavily doped against the pain that conversation is impossible. He waits.

The priest's mother is living and the priest is waiting for her to die. He is wanting her to die now that the pain is so bad, now that he cannot bear any longer the suffering, the boredom. But she does not die.

And then finally she does die. But before she dies she wakes and talks to him one last time. He has been thinking of the train, that terrible day when he destroyed everything, when he tried to bring some order out of chaos and said "Don't touch me" and she turned away from him. He has been thinking of that all day and now she wakes and, drugged, confused, looks at him and says, "You're not to worry. When the train comes in, I won't kiss you, I won't touch you." "No!" the priest cries out sharply. "Mother, no." He leans over the bed to kiss her, but as he does she turns from him, saying, "I'll be good. I promise. I'll be good." And with her dying breath, her face still turned from him, she says, "I will."

IT is the same day. It is always the same day, except that now he remembers it differently. The priest is leaving on the train, Boston to Springfield—a three-hour trip. He is not really a priest, because he is only twenty-five and still a seminarian, but he thinks of himself as a priest and so do his parents. His father will not die for another ten years, his mother for fifteen. They will both live to see him ordained.

The train pulls out of the station and the priest begins to read his book, Sartre's "L'Existentialisme Est un Humanisme." It is boring but good for him. Existentialism is good and humanism is good, and he feels that boredom is just something that goes along with



"And now for the taste test."

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the package. He reads half a page before he realizes he has no idea what he is reading. He is upset about something. What? He doesn't know. Was it getting on the train? Seeing all those people elbowing one another to get ahead—that old woman chewing gum, the man who belched? Partly that. He felt so alien, so removed from them—inhuman. All that pushing and shoving, and there are plenty of empty seats. It makes no sense.

The door between the cars opens and a middle-aged couple come in. She is carrying two shopping bags, one full of presents brightly wrapped in metallic papers, the other full of something the priest cannot see, because there is a sweater over the top. The man drags an enormous red suitcase, which bumps his leg at every step. It is a warm day and they are both perspiring.

"How about here?" she says, pointing to the seat directly in front of the priest, but then she sees him and says, "No, over here instead," and she backs up, bumping into her husband, who drops the suitcase and curses. "Here," she says. "Yes, this is nice. This side is better. This is fine. Sit down, Freddie. No, let me get next to the window." The man groans and says nothing, giving all his attention to getting the suitcase up onto the luggage rack. "This, too," she says, giving him the bag with the presents. "No, I'll keep it at my feet," she says, and takes the bag back. Finally they are settled. The priest has watched them from where he sits, on the other side of the aisle, one seat back, and he continues to watch them. He is surprised to find the taste of acid in his mouth. He wants to spit; he doesn't know why.

Where he has felt uneasy before, he now feels anger. At himself, perhaps. He returns to his book. He is more than a seminarian, he is a Jesuit seminarian, and so he has an obligation to existentialism and to humanism. But after another two pages he decides he does not have an obligation to Sartre, and he puts the book in his briefcase. He decides to meditate. Jesuits meditate for at least an hour each day—usually on some incident, some moment, in the life of Christ—and he has never missed meditation once, not even when he lay for a week in the infirmary with a temperature of a hundred and three.

In fact, the infirmary meditation is the nearest he has come to a kind of mystical experience. He had been meditating on the Crucifixion, lying in bed with his scalding temperature, watching what was happening. He saw them drive the nails through the wrists, through the bent feet, saw them lift the heavy cross to the correct angle, until the base thudded into the stone notch that would hold it upright. There was a groan, and some blood splattered onto the seamless white tunic that they had stripped from him and that lay now at the base of the cross. And then there was blackness. He fell asleep, he supposed, and when he woke, his body soaked with sweat from the fever, he tried to see that white tunic beneath the cross. But he could not see it; he could see only the broad back of a soldier and he could hear the rattle of dice. Then the soldier moved and he could see the others, three of them, taking their turns with the dice, gambling for the tunic and the sandals. And when the last had thrown, one of the soldiers scooped up the dice and held them out to the priest. His hand hung there, offering the dice in his open palm, and while they all stared the priest put out his own hand and slowly, tentatively, took the dice. And then, with the small strength he could muster, he closed his fist around them.

The priest was fevered for three days more, and what he remembered after was that for those three days he held the dice in his hands. It is a meditation the priest can call back at will. He can and he does now, though he does not know why. Not because of the way it makes him feel—because feeling, he knows, has nothing to do with anything. No, he calls it back because it has something to do with *not* feeling, with the reason he is a priest in the first place.

At college his roommate had said to him one day, "Seeing as how you're a Catholic, and the best thing a Catholic can do with his life is be a priest, don't you feel obliged to be a priest?" The roommate laughed, seeing he had struck deep. "I mean, you're smart enough, and you're healthy enough, and you're moral enough—you don't screw or anything—so why not? I mean, aren't you obliged to?" The words were insignificant; it was what they did to him at that particular moment that mattered. Because he had been thinking of the priesthood and wanting, but fearing to ask for, a sign. His roommate's words seemed some kind of sign—no miraculous intervention, just the intervention of pure reason. Not a lightning bolt from Heaven, he said to himself, just a slammed door. And the meditation on the dice seemed somehow a confirmation of this sign.

The priest opens his eyes. The train has been stopped for some time, new people have got on, and now it is pulling slowly away from the platform. They are near Worcester somewhere. Halfway. The priest looks out the window opposite him and can see up ahead a grassy hill where three small boys are waving to the train. On the other side of the aisle the woman is rummaging through one of the shopping bags, totally absorbed with whatever she has in there. The man is gone—he is at the far end of the car getting a drink of water. The train pulls alongside the little boys and the priest waves to them, but they do not wave back. They throw stones, which fall short of the train—all except one, which strikes the window next to the woman with the shopping bag. It makes a sharp sound, and at once there appears on the window a white spot the size of a nickel and, radiating from it, a sunburst of silver cracks. The priest sits forward prepared to do something, but there is nothing to be done. Despite the noise, like a door slamming, the woman does not seem to hear; she continues plunging her hand into the bag and bringing out things he cannot see. The other people around are either sleeping or absorbed in their reading. No one has noticed except him.

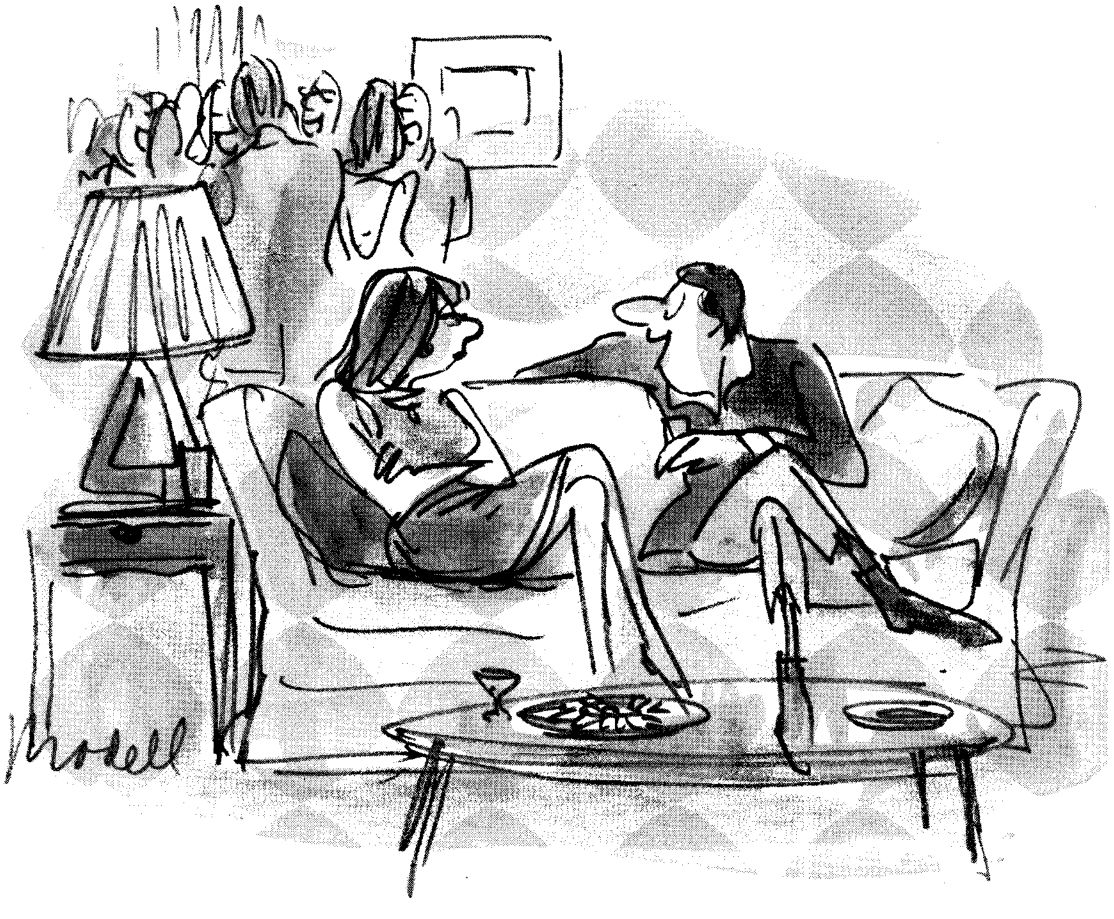
The man returns with a cup of water for his wife. She drinks it, and they sit in silence looking out the window. "Was that window like that before?" he asks. "Of course," she says. And then she looks at it. "Well, I'm not sure," she says. She puts her finger on the spot of white and traces one of the cracks that radiate from it. "It looks like it's been broken," she says. "Somebody must have thrown a stone," he says, and settles back in his seat. "Well, if it happened while I was sitting here, I could have been hurt—if the glass broke," she says. "It was probably just a stone," he says. "It could have broken. I could have been hurt," she says, "if it was a bullet. It could have been . . ."

She is excited now and leans forward to the couple in front of her. "Did you see this happen? Did you see this window get broken? Right by my head?" But they have seen nothing. She turns to the man across the aisle, to the couple in front of him, to the empty seats behind her. Nobody has seen. The conductor appears and she waves at him, calling, "Look at this. There's been an accident. Somebody broke this window right while I was sitting here."

The conductor looks at the window and at the woman and at the window again. "What?" he says. He looks at the people in front of the couple and across the aisle from them; he looks at the priest. The priest says, "A little boy threw a stone and it hit the window." "Do you see? Do you hear?" the woman says. And she turns to the priest. "Was it a stone? Was I sitting here? Right by the window?" "Yes," the priest says. "I could have been killed," the woman says to the conductor. "Do you hear what that priest said? Would a priest lie? It could have been a bullet." "Damned kids," the conductor says and moves down the aisle. "We've had a narrow escape from death, Freddie," she says, and from here to Springfield her anger and her enthusiasm grow.

The priest is sick. The chaos of life, the chaos of mind. It is all hopeless. Look at that crazy couple. The boredom of lives lived so purposelessly depresses him, sickens him. The emotion, the anger, the public displays.

The train is in Springfield, but he waits until the crazy couple get off. He does not want to be near them when he meets his parents. Getting off the train, he hears a woman shriek as she descends upon her son; he sees a fat priest with red hair; he is overwhelmed by the noise, the vulgarity. And then there is a disturbance of some sort. It is the crazy couple. Her husband is tugging at the priest's arm, the woman is trying to draw him into a group that has gathered around her. "The priest saw it all," she is saying. "See that priest? He's living proof. If



"You're probably wondering why is this guy coming on so strong to me, right?"

it weren't for that priest, we wouldn't be here now." But the priest does not hear what she says, because suddenly beyond the crowd he sees his mother, looking beautiful and composed, smiling, and behind her his father. She will not be dead for fifteen years. They will live to see him ordained, his life fulfilled.

He goes to meet them, conscious that he is in public, conscious of a small circle of order in this chaos. And as his mother opens her arms to him, he says, "I'll just kiss you on the cheek—don't touch me—then . . ." But already she has begun to turn away.

THE priest is arriving on the train—New York to Boston, a five-hour trip. He has been a priest for many years and, he sometimes thinks, he is a good priest. But what is "good," he thinks. He thinks he does not know that. Sometimes he thinks he does not care. Thinking is his life now, and that seems enough. Thinking and seeming. He is fifty-five and will not be dead for another fifteen years. But dying is a moment he does not care to think about.

The priest is coming back from New York, where he attended the wake of his last living relative. There is a peculiar satisfaction in that, a finality that he does not fully understand but recognizes all the same. He would have said the burial Mass for his aunt, but she died on Good Friday, which means that the burial cannot take place until Monday, and so the priest is coming back to Boston, where he can be used at midnight tonight in the Easter Vigil services. And then tomorrow the Mass of the Resurrection—whoopee. He is irreverent, sometimes, *in the way he thinks*; it is his psyche's accommodation to absurdity, or perhaps pain, or bitterness. Anyway, he will be back in Boston in no time, and then he will go to his room and have a good belt of Scotch, and then a couple of hours in bed to recover for the Easter Vigil.

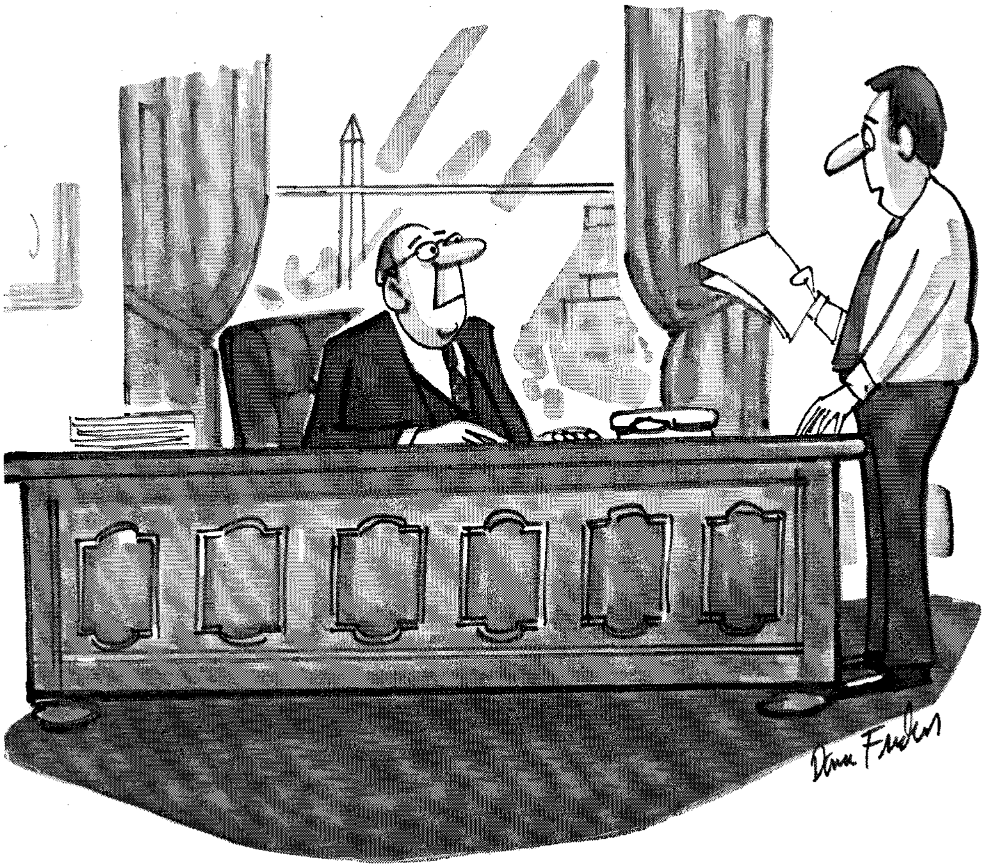
Trains mean nothing to him anymore. He does not see the people who chew gum, who push, who carry on angrily over nothing. He does not care. That is simply how they are, that is how life is, and what can anyone do about it?

His drinking is not a problem, he thinks. It might have become one if he had not, at forty, gone for his Ph.D. in English. That has stabilized him somehow; teaching English is more human than teaching theology. He is grateful for the diversions provided by his Ph.D. He has seen too many priests hit forty and realize that nothing else is ever going to happen to them, and he has seen the dodges they take—running off with the school nurse, having affairs with their students' mothers, hitting the bottle. His dodge would have been—would be—hitting the bottle. But it will not happen to him. He is careful, for now. He drinks a fifth of Scotch each week, and if he runs out before the week is over, then he goes without. Of course he does, on occasion, stop by somebody else's room and have a drink from his Scotch. But that is social drinking. That is different. He is handling his after-forty problem very well. He has no regrets, he thinks.

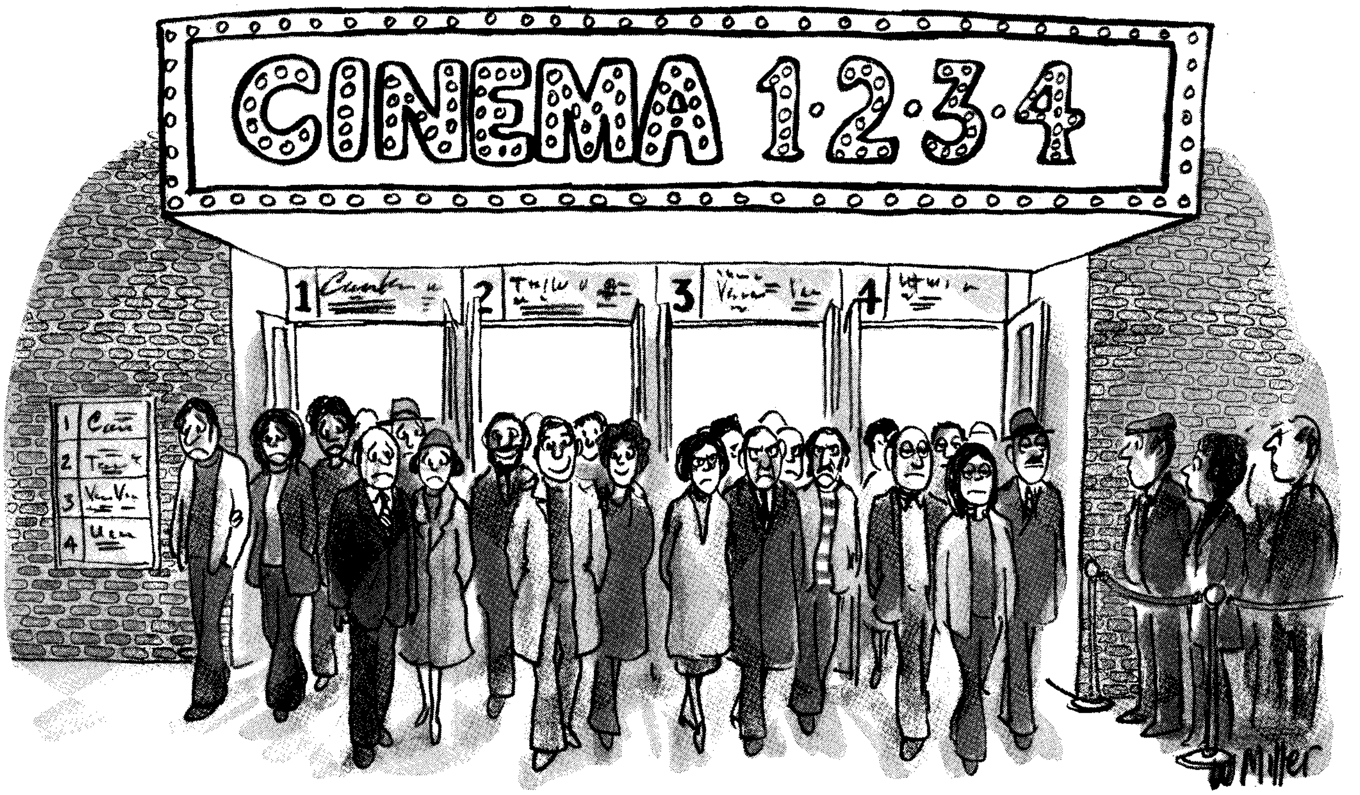
The train pulls into the station and he pushes his way to the front of the car. He is eager to get off and get home. He does not hear the woman who shrieks with pleasure as she descends upon her teen-age son. He does not notice the demonstrations of anger and frustration and delight. He does not even smell the rank odor of cigarette butts and urine. He just keeps his eyes cast down and makes his way through the waiting room to the cabstand. Leave the dead to bury the dead, he used to think as he left these depressing public places, but now he does not think about them at all. He is a priest who has left the world to itself, truly.

He is home in his little room and he pours himself a Scotch and drinks it. He showers and stands in front of the long mirror examining the evidence of too much food, too much drink. He will have to cut down. He puts on his yellow pajamas and sets the clock. He has four hours before he must put on vestments for the Easter liturgy, and so he stretches out on the bed and closes his eyes, ready for sleep. But the trip to New York and the aunt's wake and the trip back to Boston swim through his mind and he cannot sleep. He feels good, and he feels guilty for feeling good. The boredom is over, those long hours on trains, the unpleasantness of all those strangers at the wake. Over is good, he thinks. Finality is good. But what is good? Well, he *feels* good and that's something.

The priest wakes from a nightmare. His head aches and he has trouble get-



"Senator, according to this report, you've been marked for defeat by the A.D.A., the National Rifle Association, the A.F.L.-C.I.O., the N.A.M., the Sierra Club, Planned Parenthood, the World Student Christian Federation, the Clamshell Alliance . . ."



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ting his breath. He is shivering. What was he dreaming? He cannot remember. He is late. He hurries through his shower, shaves, dresses, his mind going back and back to the dream. But always it eludes him. Perhaps it was the soldier dream again. He no longer meditates, but often in his sleep he sees the soldier's back and hears the rattle of dice. The soldier shifts position and the priest sees the others, three of them, taking their turns with the dice. Finally, as always, the last one scoops up the dice and hands them to the priest, who takes them and closes his fist on them, and when he looks down—this is the new part, the awful part—he sees that blood is oozing from between his fingers. And then he wakes up. The old meditation, which for years gave him some kind of abstract comfort, has turned to dream and to nightmare. But it was not the soldier dream tonight, it was . . . And again the dream eludes him.

The priest is vested now, saying a brief prayer before leading the procession to the rear of the chapel. The Vigil is a long and complicated ritual, and in his mind he ticks off the major sections. There is the striking of the new fire—a tricky business, because all the lights are out and you have to fumble around with the flint device. Then the blessing of the new fire, the blessing of the Easter candle, the solemn procession. The singing will be tough, because he has a weak voice. The readings. Then the blessing of the baptismal water . . . Death by drowning, he thinks, and for a second his mind veers to "The Waste Land," but then he comes back to the Vigil. The baptism of the baby—he must check the baby's name before that part of the ceremony—and then the litany, and finally, at midnight, Mass. Fire and water. Burning and drowning. Light in the darkness. The water that gives rebirth. It is a symbolism so ancient, so basic, that it must guarantee a reality, he thinks.

And so the ceremony has begun and the priest stands in the vestibule surrounded by the entire community. The lights have been extinguished in the chapel, and now the light over the door goes out and they are plunged into complete blackness. They are waiting, all of them, for him to strike flint against flint and start that spark which will be the light shining in the darkness. The flint grates and grates again, and just as he has begun to think he will never get it to work right, there is a flicker and a dot of light and then a flame. The flame catches in the little pot of wax, and by its light the priest begins the blessing of the new fire.

"The Lord be with you," he says. And the community responds, "And with your spirit." He breathes easy, because the rest of the prayer he knows by heart. He stares into the fire, reciting the blessing. "Let us pray. O God, through Your Son Jesus Christ, You bestowed the light of Your glory upon the faithful. Sanctify . . ."

But then, in the fire, he recognizes his nightmare. He sees the soldier's back and hears the rattle of dice; the soldier moves and the priest sees not the three other soldiers but his mother; her drowning face is turned away from him and her hand is held out. In her hand are those dice—bloody, eyeless.

"Sanctify . . ." the priest says once more, and now it is time to raise his hand in blessing, but for the moment he cannot, and he continues to stare into the fire. "Sanctify . . ." he says again, staring and staring, still unable to bless, unable to go on or turn away.

"Sanctify . . ."

The word echoes in the darkness and the light flickers until with his bare hand the priest reaches forward and puts the fire out. —JOHN L'HEUREUX

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Dieruff is back with a third clock. Called Talk Time, it will actually speak the correct time. Chip components enable the device to operate using only 10 sounds, one for each number between zero and nine.

At 10:32, for example, the clock would say, "one-zero-five-two."—*Montreal Gazette.*

Chuckling to itself.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE WORLD'S RESOURCES

III—HUMAN ENERGY

INCREASINGLY, global resource systems are being managed by multinational corporations. The developing and processing of animal, vegetable, mineral, and human resources and the combining of them into products for sale are an integrated operation on a planetary scale—the work of a global factory. In its general structure, however, the global factory suggests a human organism. The brain is housed in steel-and-glass slabs in or near a few crowded cities—New York, London, Frankfurt, Zurich, and Tokyo. The blood is capital, and it is pumped through the system by global banks assisted by a few governments. The financial centers—New York, London, Frankfurt, Tokyo—and their extensions in such tax havens as Panama and the Bahamas function as the heart. The hands are steadily moving to the outer rim of civilization. More and more goods are now made in the poor countries of the southern periphery under direction from the headquarters in the north, and most are destined to be consumed in the industrial heartland. If the United States and its European competitors have not yet become "nations of hamburger stands," as some labor leaders have charged, there is no doubt that they are producing less of the world product and doing it with relatively fewer workers than they were ten years ago. A new division of labor is taking place across the planet, and the smoke, sweat, and tears that have always accompanied the process of industrialization are shifting to new production centers, in Asia, Africa, and Latin America.

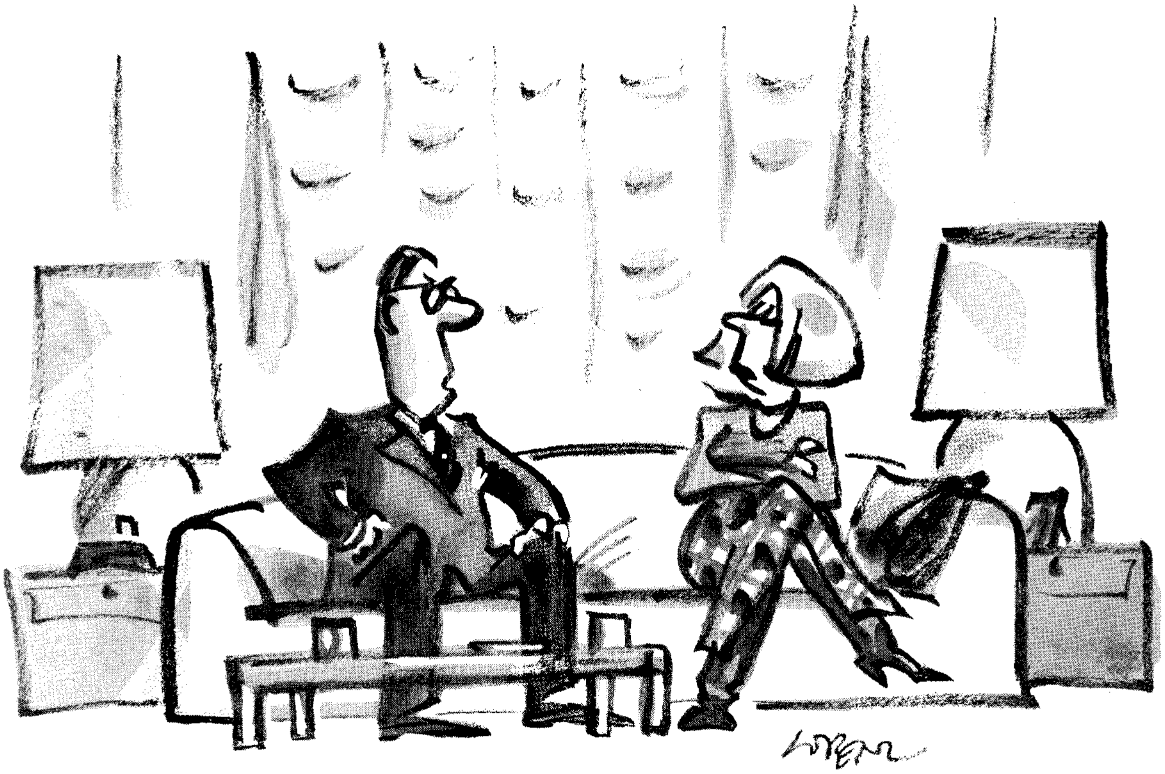
In the last few years, sharply increasing competition among American, European, and Japanese multinational corporations has changed the appearance of the global factory and, in the process, brought about a fundamental reconstruction of the world economy. In 1967, Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber warned, in "The American Challenge," that American-based corporations were expanding into Europe and thus, in their overseas operations alone, were emerging as the third-greatest industrial power on earth, and that they would dominate the industrial world altogether if something were not done about them.

Something was. Ten years later, the dominant note in the American business press was "the ebbing of the multinational tide," as *Fortune* put it, or the "decline of U.S. power"—a *Business Week* term for the loss of American foreign-policy initiative and with it the loss of the competitive edge that the United States multinationals had enjoyed since the end of the Second World War. What had happened was predictable—and, indeed, had been predicted by many students of the multinational phenomenon. The European states, once they understood the American challenge, took counteraction. Government-inspired mergers changed the industrial landscape of Europe. In Britain, the Industrial Reorganization Corporation blocked attempts by General Foods and SKF, a ball-bearing giant originating in Sweden, to acquire British companies and created two British giants, the Leyland Motor Company and International Computers. France concentrated its steel, electronics, chemical, and computer industries in preparation for a counter-offensive in the nineteen-seventies. Germany, Italy, and Austria followed suit. In each country, closer ties were formed between government and big corporations. More recently, the French government has taken steps to modernize the textile industry and to further restructure the steel industry. By blessing and financing increased concentration in aging sectors of the economy, French planners hoped to make them more competitive. In the French steel industry, the cost of streamlining has been twenty-three thousand jobs. In Japan, nominally private and nominally public institutions have become so intertwined that only the most sophisticated student of the subject would even attempt to unravel them. Japan, Inc., as its competitors call it, is now "rationalizing" its steel, aluminum, and shipbuilding industries; that is, closing less efficient plants and facilities, and so putting thousands of workers out of jobs and hundreds of suppliers out of business.

The extraordinary recovery and enviable prosperity of the war-ravaged economies of Western Europe and Japan in the late nineteen-fifties and the sixties were built on a huge outflow of exports. Relatively low wages in Europe and, especially, in Japan and an overvalued dollar made European and Japanese goods competitive with those of the United States in foreign markets, including the huge American market. In the last twenty years, the share of the world market held by American-based multinational companies has declined significantly in important industries. In 1959, an American company was the largest in the world in eleven of the thirteen major industries—aerospace, automotive, chemicals, electrical equipment, food products, general machinery, iron and

"It's spring and I'm back again. Any messages?"

steel, metal products, paper, petroleum, pharmaceuticals, textiles, and commercial banking. These thirteen industries make up all but an insignificant share of the world product that is commercially traded across national borders, and they are the major users of virtually all the world's natural resources. By 1976, the American companies were dominating only seven of the thirteen. In each industry except aerospace, the number of American companies appearing among the world's top twelve corporations declined. Lawrence G. Franko, a political economist who was formerly with the Harvard Multinational Enterprise Project, has compiled statistics confirming that the worldwide dominance of American corporations in the first postwar generation has given way to an era of oligopolies carrying many flags. Thus, of a hundred and fifty-six companies that dominate the thirteen major industrial groups, the United States controlled only sixty-eight in 1976, compared to a hundred and eleven in 1959. In chemicals, automotive products, primary metals, metal products, commercial banking, and general machinery, Franko reports, "the number of continental European companies on the list of the world's top 12 in each industry equalled or exceeded the number of U.S. companies in 1976."



"See here, Margaret! I eat right, drink moderately, exercise, and get adequate rest. Doesn't that count for anything?"

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Why did it happen? There are a number of plausible explanations. One is that latecomers to the marketing of products always have a certain advantage over the pioneers, because they do not have to duplicate the pioneers' development costs. The technology is available to be copied, licensed, or adapted. In their start-up phases, moreover, the latecomers have lower wages and better productivity rates. Ironically, the nations defeated in the Second World War, whose old industrial base was substantially smashed, ended up with an advantage, for in the older industries their plants and equipment were more modern than the victors'. Then, too, there are special circumstances stemming from national style and tradition that help to explain why the American companies are losing their lead. Because of the enormous demands of the military and the space industry in the United States, there has been, according to a recent report by the National Science Foundation, a significant decline since the mid-nineteen-sixties in the proportion of the American gross national product invested in civilian research and development. Privately funded research and development take a bigger share of the national wealth in West Germany, Japan, Switzerland, and Holland than in the United States. The rate of innovation for the civilian market has declined sharply in the United States, in large part because so much of our intellectual energy and research money is going into the military. The Europeans and the Japanese, having economies that are much less energy-intensive, can produce resource-saving items more efficiently than can American companies, which have built their global empires with energy-guzzling strategies. In an oil shortage, energy-efficient Japanese locomotives or the French-German Airbuses become attractive to American customers. Péchiney, the French aluminum corporation, has won a substantial share of the American market, at least partly because its process for smelting aluminum uses less electricity than the American process.

Finally, there is the matter of government support. "Our multinationals get no Brownie points from the State Department for getting a piece of the action for the U.S.," Walter E. Hoadley, an executive vice-president of the Bank of America, told *Business Week*. Expressing a growing demand by American companies for less "interference" and more "support" from government, American business leaders argue that the other industrial countries are developing a concerted strategy with their home-based multinationals for challenging American leadership in world markets, whereas the American government does little to help and, instead, enacts restrictive legislation—anti-bribery laws, laws to prevent compliance with Arab boycotts, trade restrictions to achieve human rights in the Soviet Union—which ties company hands and delivers business to more aggressive and less high-minded competitors.

There are several things to be said about the matter of government support. When the United States was an unchallenged giant, government support was continually exerted in behalf of American firms; the military might and the banker's role of the United States insured proper treatment in most cases for American companies. When that treatment was not accorded, the United States government acted, as in

Cuba after Castro came to power. But the overriding interest of the United States during the first postwar generation was to advance the cause of American business in general, not to help particular companies grab a larger share of the market. (There were major exceptions. American foreign-aid policies did help create a European market for the oil companies and a global market for the grain companies.) In the nineteen-seventies, when the competition from Europe and Japan became more intense, the business-getting, door-opening, company-supporting activities of the Commerce, State, and Defense Departments became more obvious. Yet there is no doubt that the relationship between government and business in the United States is different from that elsewhere in the industrial world. The competitors are not entangled in that awesome contradiction by which American companies simultaneously condemn government meddling and demand government support. In fact, several of the European multinationals are government corporations. In France, for example, five of the twenty-one top industrial companies are owned entirely or in part by the government. The European and Japanese tradition of government intervention in economic life, of willingness to experiment with national planning, and of healthy skepticism about letting "rugged individualists" run the economy creates a different culture within which non-American multinationals operate. The competition is posing a direct challenge to basic American myths about what is public and what is private.

Dramatic though the European challenge and the Japanese challenge may be, they do not portend either the dethroning of American multinationals or the ebbing of the multinational tide. Foreign investment by American companies continues to grow at ten to twelve per cent a year, and by 1977 it reached a value of about a hundred and fifty billion dollars. Thus, in a decade, according to Commerce Department figures, the investment has doubled, the income from foreign investment has tripled, and the rate of return on capital from abroad is up by more than fifty per cent. To be sure, there has been a pruning of American multinationals. A study by Brent Wilson, an assistant professor of business at the University of Virginia, shows that between 1971 and 1975 American multinationals sold off thirteen hundred and fifty-nine overseas subsidiaries—about ten per cent of the total.

THE UNRULY THOUGHTS OF THE DOG TRAINER'S LOVER

Into the wheat-thrown fields we lead
the leashed dogs, the well-trained hounds;
they leap to mind through the weedy
Queen Anne's lace. He orders them, "Circle round,
round." I'm a willing believer.

They run together—gray water, tail to mouth—
in wheeling stories. Their frilled jaws
can hold eggs, live rabbits, our wrists. At his brief sign
they make no sound. I am properly awed.
Their paws wear great rings of grass brown.

He wields the commands "Sit," "Stay"
like a stick and a thorn. He can say "Fetch" or "Leave":
they scatter in ashen explosions. Waving
devoted tails like prayer flags, they look for reprieve to me.
I shrug. He gestures "Heel." They come through meticulous paces.

I'm here to reward us all when we lie down,
to roll over into the pasture hay, to carry a sack
of marrow bones tight in my loose
hand. I wear his clothes like khaki
fatigues in the afternoon. He stands his ground.

I hear mongrel packs have taken the roads upstate,
attacking deer at will. But we will go to the kennel show
for blue snapping ribbons. The fairgrounds will shake
under the truck. He'll call the dogs: "Go slowly, hounds.
I said go slow." We all may have made a grave mistake.

—Elizabeth Macklin

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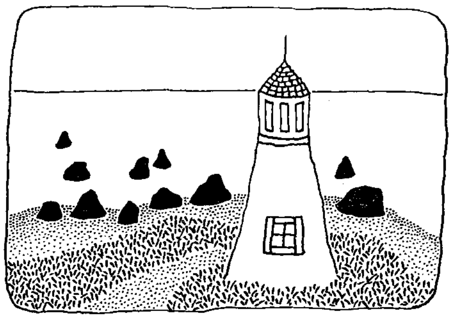
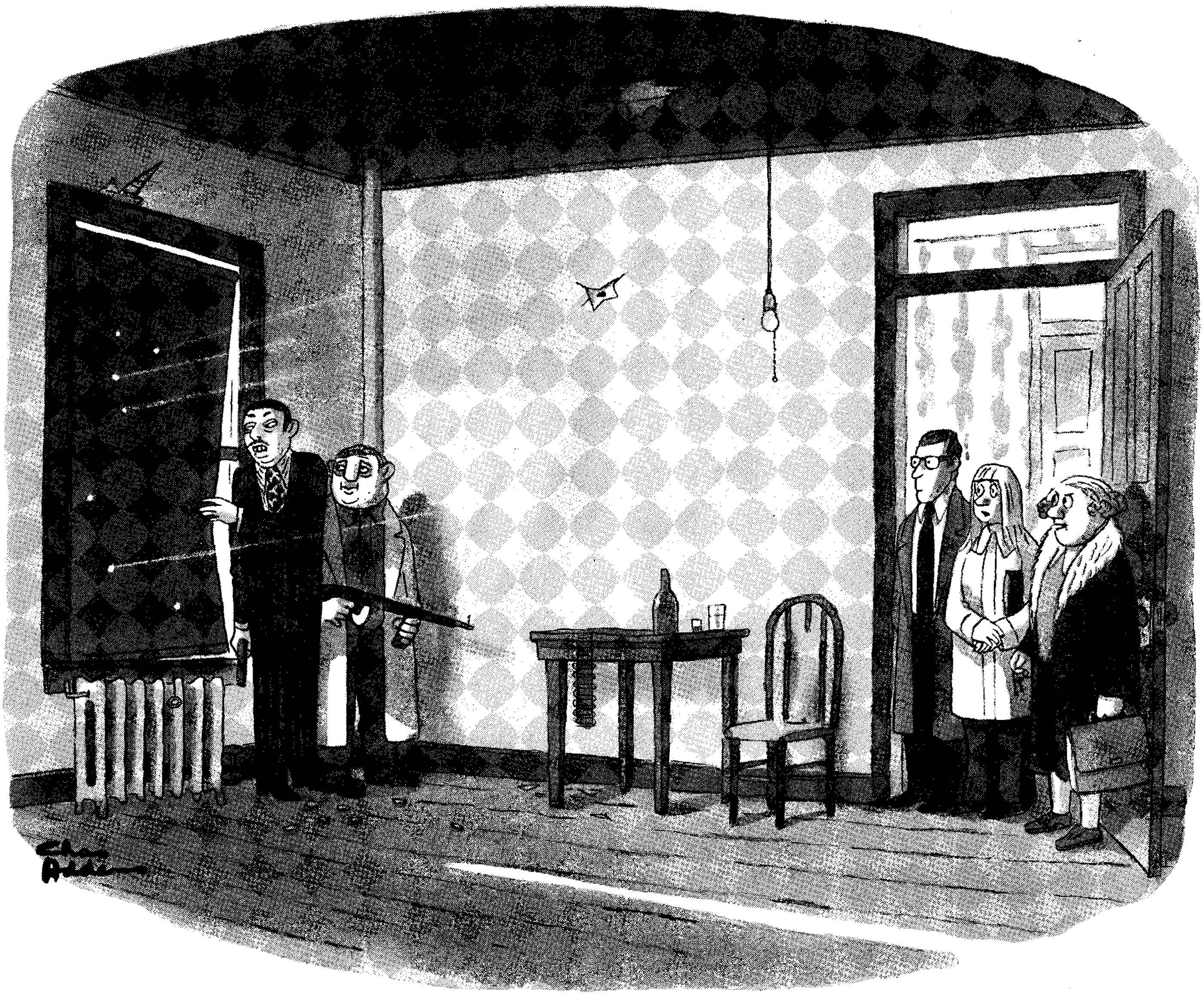
Most of these had been engaged in low-technology, competitive industries, such as textiles, leather goods, and tires. Many were ill-conceived from the start and reflected what James Greene, president of the American Express International Banking Corporation, has called the "aura of phony glamour" of the sixties. "It was immensely flattering for U.S. executives to be courted and dined by the ministers of finance of many developing nations," he said. "As a result, some executives were cajoled into making investments that they subsequently had cause to regret." The high-technology industries, in which the oligopoly power of the American companies was especially strong, did very little divesting in the nineteen-seventies but, rather, continually added to their international holdings. American foreign investment has thus become increasingly concentrated in the giant companies that can most effectively plan on a global scale and most successfully integrate local operations into a worldwide enterprise. The bigger the company, the greater the advantages it can derive.

One change that is occurring in the operation of American multinationals is a growing willingness to share control over subsidiaries with local investors. American companies used to reject diluting their ownership of local corporations by saying they were not prepared "to take in lodgers." The biggest companies still feel that way. I.B.M. and Coca-Cola left India rather than accept Indian partners. General Electric refuses to share control of high-technology products such as power generators and diesel locomotives, but it will now share control of the technology of small items like toasters. Corporations without a special technological lead are increasingly forced to take in local partners—particularly since European and Japanese companies have been much more forthcoming in sharing control. One of the important conse-





"Don't worry. They'll be out by the tenth."

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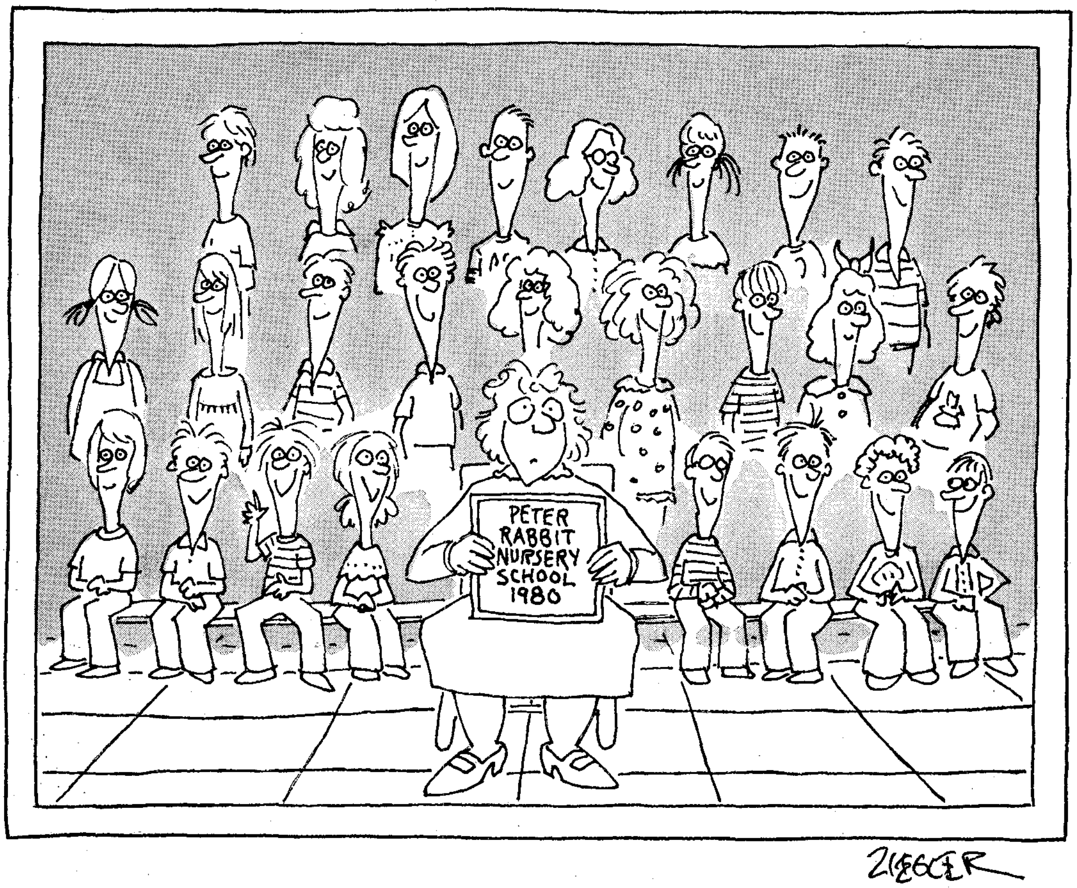
quences of the intensified competition among multinationals is that American companies are finding it necessary to adopt some of the approaches that the Japanese and the Europeans have used so successfully—strategies of adapting more readily to local markets and of planning for long-term relationships instead of quick profits.

One good example of what is happening in the global factory is the transformation of the automobile industry. Henry Ford began selling the original Model A in Europe in 1903, and General Motors created an export operation in 1911. But the world market has now been invaded by small, energy-saving cars and trucks from Europe and Japan. Indeed, in 1977 more than eighteen per cent of the domestic American market was in the hands of foreign competition. The reaction of the carmakers of Detroit has been to spend seventy billion dollars to equip their factories to compete with the Toyotas, the Volkswagens, and the Fiats. The object is to produce millions of small, standardized vehicles, or "world cars," for a global market, and so recapture the allegiance of domestic customers and challenge the European and Japanese compacts in the growing markets of the Third World. The world car will have, according to Donald E. Petersen, the new president of the Ford Motor Company, "common engineering" in its various national guises, with minor modifications for local markets. Every other American vehicle manufacturer appears to be trying to market a global car, too.

The domestic market is not expected to grow much over the next two decades, but American companies are counting on the markets in Asia and Africa to double and the Latin-American market to quadruple. Thirteen European and five Japanese manufacturers are fighting for this market—potentially ten million cars—which is about three-quarters of what the domestic American market is expected to be in the year 2000. To compete more effectively, the Europeans are merging. Peugeot-Citröen has taken over Chrysler's European operation. Renault, Peugeot, and Volvo have a joint venture to build engines in northern France. Chrysler and Ford are buying aluminum engine parts from Fiat. Ford gets axles from Toyo Kogyo, the parent company of Mazda, and Chrysler gets diesels from Mitsubishi. G.M. is arranging to sell transmissions to Japanese partners. Consortiums and mergers are inevitable, according to Lee Iacocca, the chairman of the board of Chrysler, who has said that companies are "driven into trying to get the economies of scale."

The more nearly global the market,



Last Row: Scott, Jennifer, Jennifer, Scott, Jennifer, Jennifer, Scott, Scott *Middle Row:* Jennifer, Jennifer, Scott, Scott, Jennifer, Jennifer, Scott, Jennifer, Scott *Front Row:* Jennifer, Scott, Scott, Jennifer, Mrs. Wanda Projhieki, Scott, Scott, Scott, Scott

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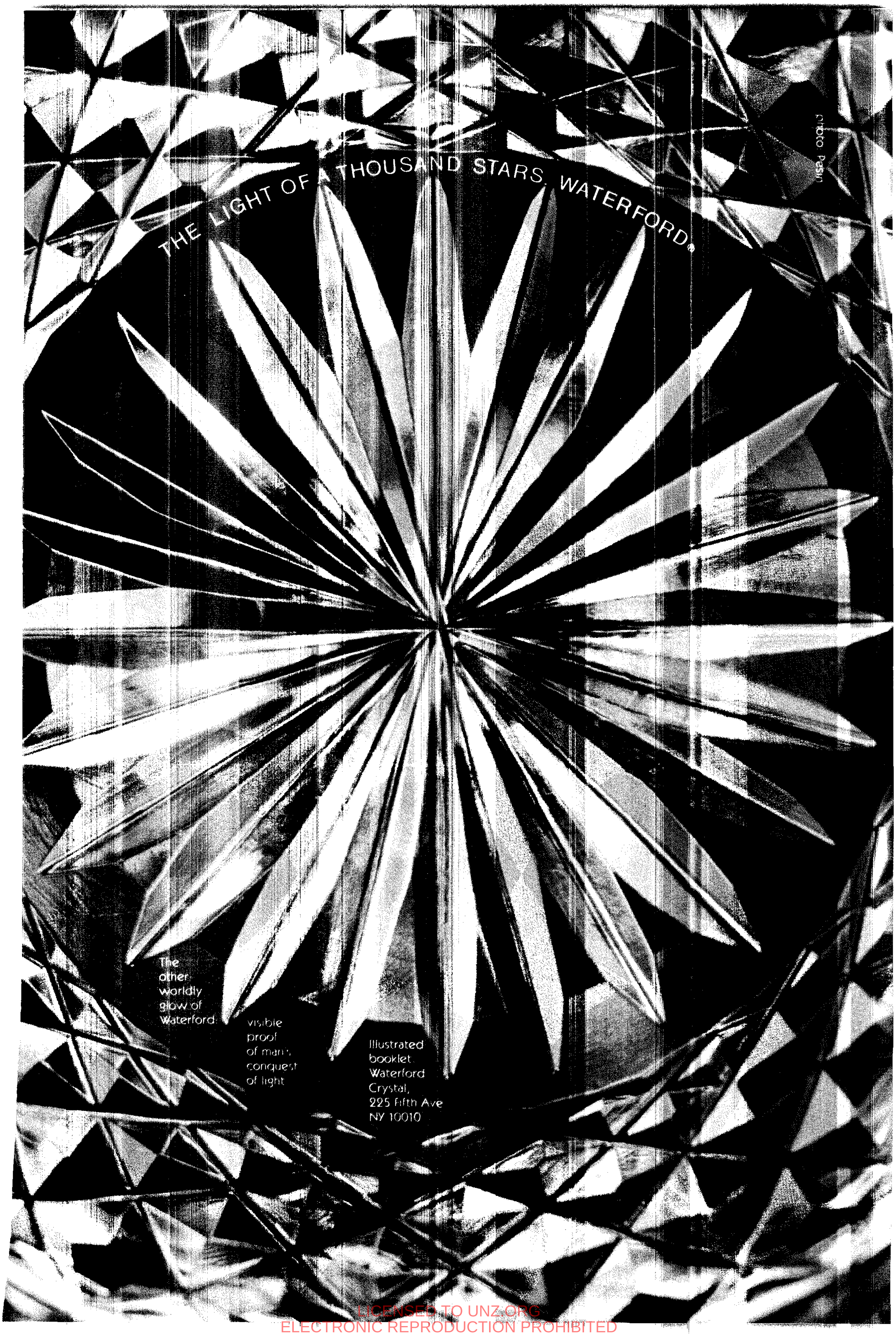
the more the giants prevail. G.M. captured close to sixty per cent of the domestic car market in the United States because it could beat out its competitors in making the huge investments needed to retool for small, efficient cars. Chrysler is tottering, and there is suspicion in the industry that G.M., which in the past was reluctant to be aggressive toward Chrysler for fear of anti-trust consequences, may now be abandoning such caution, on the theory that in a time of fierce global competition ideology is likely to be sacrificed to what is seen as the national interest: consolidating the car business into a giant export machine.

THE new division of labor in the global factory has been made possible by two sorts of technology. The first is the technology for conquering distance—containerized shipping, jet air-cargo carriers, telecommunications systems. The second is the technology for fragmenting the productive process into a variety of component operations that can be performed across the planet at different production sites and then integrated into a global product. Such fragmenting, for the purpose of taking advantage of the unique features of different countries, is commonplace. The "wafer" that is the heart of the semiconductor is typically made in the United States and then flown to, say, Singapore, where it is inserted into a frame onto the terminals of which workers solder tiny gold wires. The finished semiconductor is then flown back to the United States. Quantities of leather covers, yarn, thread, and adhesive made in the United States are shipped to Haiti, where local women, at wage rates as low as any in the hemisphere, assemble them into baseballs. The key to this second type of technology is new data-processing machines and improved techniques of communication, which make it possible to standardize production and to keep track of a worldwide system. The shift in production is already so far advanced that it is now a matter of necessity, not choice, for companies to control labor costs. They can do this by staying home and automating production or by moving to ever cheaper labor markets. The usual strategy for large, integrated multinational corporations is to do both, and the intensified competition among multinationals for shares of the world market keeps creating new incentives to keep labor costs down.

The shift of productive facilities to the Third World appears at first to restore one's faith in the market's capacity for dispensing justice. After all, the complaint of poor countries is that they have historically been the hewers of wood, the carriers of water, and the sellers of bananas, while the rich countries have cornered production, which is the real source of wealth in the modern world. If most of the unemployed are in the Third World, why does it not make sense to locate production there? If the process can be adapted so that those with the simplest skills can be employed, is that not the very definition of humane progress? To answer these questions, one must look at the global factory as it is and as it is becoming, and not at economic models. The most thorough investigation of production facilities for export goods in developing countries has been done by the Max Planck Institute, in Starnberg, Germany, on the basis of information from a hundred and three countries—thirty-three in Asia, forty-four in Africa, and twenty-six in Latin America. Its findings are worth pondering. Production in the developing countries takes place for the most part in "free production zones." These, also known as "export platforms," are enclaves designed to attract foreign capital by offering a range of commercial and financial incentives—exemption from duties and taxes on machinery and raw materials, an income-tax "holiday" of five years or longer, freedom from foreign-exchange controls, preferential financing, preferential tariffs, provision by the local government of factory and office buildings, and a variety of supporting services. In the Masan Free Export Zone, in South Korea, foreign companies are treated, according to the Planck Institute study, "on the same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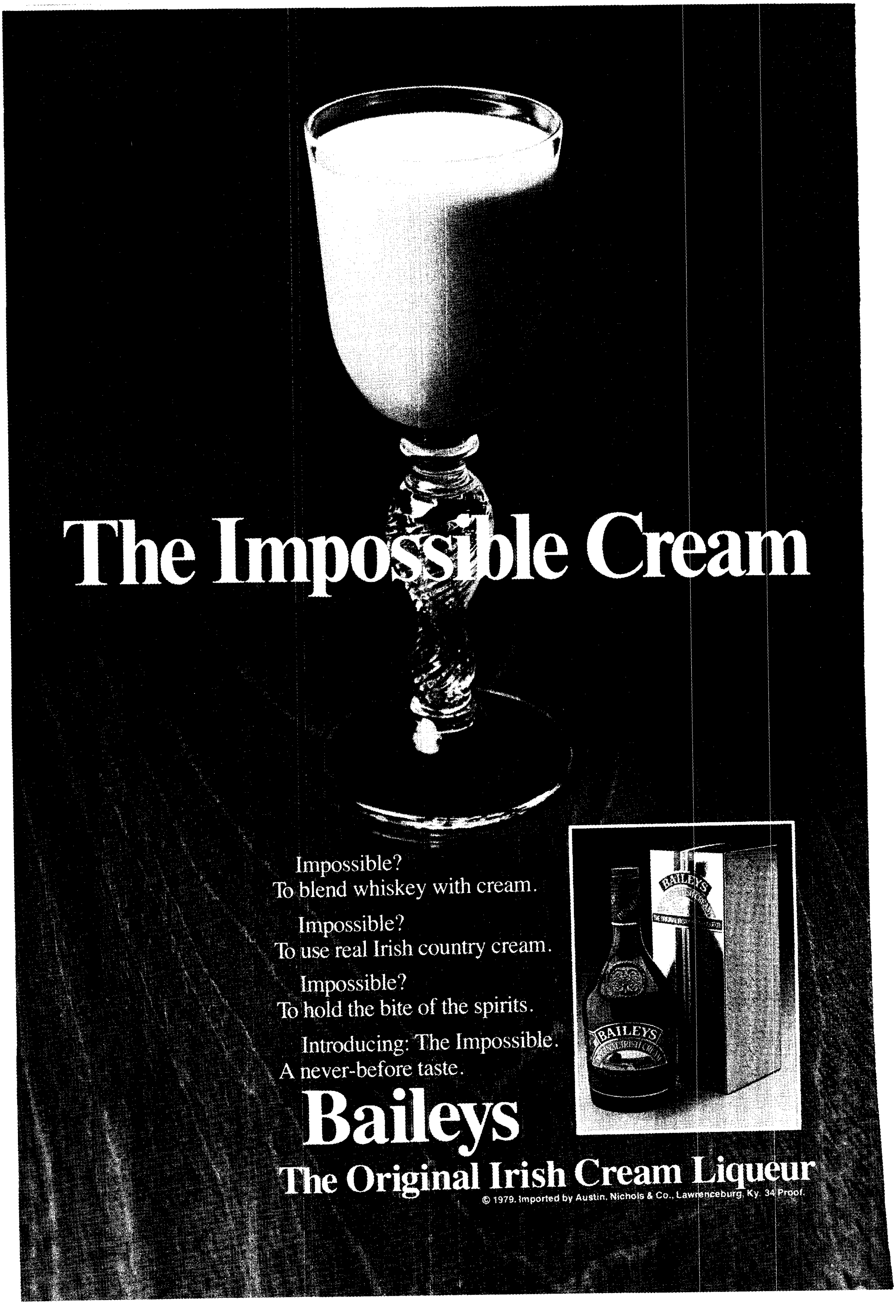

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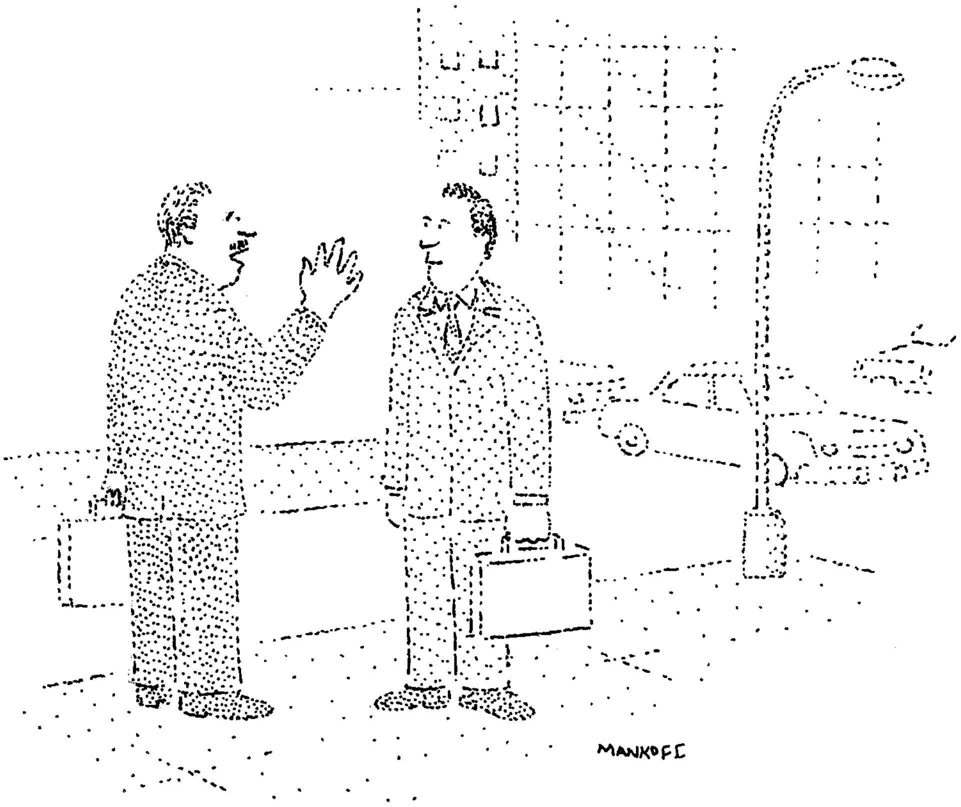

"Well, so long, Jeff, and give my regards to the little woman you're living with."

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footing as public utilities in relation to the handling of labor disputes"—a lawyerly way of saying that workers have no right to strike. Mauritius offers a ten-year to twenty-year tax holiday and advertises that its "wage rates are relatively low for both men and women." The Zona Franca Industrial y Comercial, in Palmaseca and Buenaventura, Colombia, advertised in 1973:

> The essential aim of free zones is to make available factory space and other facilities to export manufacturers at a low cost and with a minimum of controls and red tape, so that they will be induced to take advantage of the ample supply of low-cost labor.... An ample supply... is available, with wages ranging from U.S. $0.13 to U.S. $0.24 per hour actually worked (including legal benefits) for unskilled workers. This compares favorably with rates in most Free Zones throughout the world.

The Planck Institute study shows a rapid increase in free zones all over the underdeveloped world and also in the poor fringe of Europe—Greece, Malta, Yugoslavia, Ireland. The crucial and controversial questions raised by the growing reliance of Third World countries on exports to support their economies have to do with the long-term impact of this strategy on their social structure, on their chances for development, and on the world employment problem. The only requirement imposed by the host country on a company taking advantage of a free production zone is that it export what it makes there. The attractions offered are considerable. In addition to the tax holidays, some countries, among them South Korea, offer the possibility of a sixty-hour work week, and Chile even offers to subsidize the payment of wages. In South Korea, a seven-day work week is considered a "patriotic act." From the point of view of the host country, then, the export platform affords a way to export its most plentiful product—labor. To take advantage of it, the electronics companies pioneered the rush to the Far East. Fairchild Industries set up semiconductor assembly plants in Hong Kong in 1962, in Korea in 1966, in Singapore in 1968, and on Okinawa in 1969. In Malaysia, where the pay is less than two dollars a day, plants have been put up by National Semiconductor and Teledyne, which are American companies; Siemens, of Germany; Toshiba, of Japan; and Plessey, of Britain. In the Philippines, assembly-line workers in Bataan receive a dollar and a half for an eight-hour day, including a cost-of-living allowance. For the same work, according to an American electronics executive quoted in the *Far Eastern Economic Review*, the American cost would be seven dollars an hour.

The product that the export-platform countries are selling is not merely cheap labor but highly productive labor. In Singapore, to which over five hundred companies flocked in the late nineteen-sixties and early seventies, McGraw-Hill prints and binds in one year an encyclopedia that takes five years to print and bind in the United States. According to the Planck survey, export-platform manufacturing is heavily concentrated in textiles, garments, electronics, metal products, optical equipment, and toys. The world-market labor force is largely unskilled or semi-skilled, and little opportunity for advancement through training is provided. The United States Tariff Commission says that "the productivity of workers in world-market factories of U.S. companies in general approximates that of workers of the same job classifications in the U.S." For electronics, the commission notes, "foreign labor in world-market factories required 8 per cent more man-hours than the hours required by U.S. workers to assemble such articles as radios, phonographs, television receivers and sub-assemblies and semi-conductors," whereas for baseballs, toys, footwear, gloves, photographic equipment, and scientific instruments foreign labor required three per cent fewer man-hours than American labor. However, Richard W. Moxon, in a 1974 study, "Offshore Production in the Less Developed Countries," concluded that productivity in the electronics industry was generally higher abroad than in the United States. Donald Baerresen, who has studied assembly plants on the Mexican border, found that in some cases Mexican metalworkers were forty per cent more productive than American workers, that electronics workers were ten to twenty-five per cent more productive, and that seamstresses completed thirty per cent more sewing per hour than their American counterparts.

The work force in the free export zones is predominantly young and female. A Japanese textile factory in Malaysia employs nineteen hundred workers, eighty per cent of them women. The microcomputer industry, in which the market has exploded in recent years—for pocket calculators, video games, automated record-keeping, and advanced weapons circuitry—employs mostly women between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five. Export platforms are selling pairs of facile hands—women are by and large more dexterous than men—along with docile dispositions and perfect eyesight. (In some

South Korean factories, 20/15 vision is a job requirement.) The hands become ever more skilled. The dispositions are kept cheerful with continuous rock music, as in National Semiconductor's plant in Penang, Malaysia, and with beauty classes and beauty contests. However, spending the day attaching wires as small as a tenth of an inch long to tiny chips of silicon takes its toll of the eyes. One study of a number of microelectronics plants in South Korea revealed that after a year eighty-eight per cent of the women had chronic conjunctivitis and forty-four per cent had become nearsighted.

In the textile industry in South Korea, there are three hundred thousand workers, four-fifths of them women. The government-controlled Federation of Korea Trade Unions set up "action squads" in 1978 to settle labor disputes. In one factory, the action squad accomplished its objective by smearing human excrement on militant workers and arranging for the removal of the local union leadership. South Korea has received three hundred and ninety million dollars' worth of subsidized cotton under the Food for Peace Program, much of which ends up in American textile corporations.

MEAT AND POTATOES
& BAR/RESTAURANT

According to the Federation's own figures, the minimum wage needed to lift a single person above the poverty line is ninety-four dollars a month. Forty-two per cent of the textile workers who belong to the Federation earn less than sixty-two dollars a month. According to the Japanese publication *Korea Communiqué*, there has been a decline of almost twenty-five per cent in the real wages of textile workers in the past five years, despite a boom in exports. Yet wages in South Korea are rising enough to make even less developed countries more attractive export platforms. An unskilled worker in the Bombay free production zone gets twenty-five dollars a month, fringe benefits and all. In Bataan, workers in the export-processing zone were earning as little as twenty-five dollars a month in 1976. In the La Romana free zone of the Dominican Republic, which is controlled by the American conglomerate Gulf & Western, the wage in 1978 was forty-five centavos an hour—thirty-four cents at the free-market rate of exchange. In Mauritius in 1975, unskilled female workers were paid seventy cents per day. Before the recent overthrow of the Somoza government, the Banco Central de Nicaragua advertised that its country's semi-skilled workers would assemble electronic components for twenty-seven cents an hour.

Besides low wages in these free zones, there is an absence of militant unions. Officials of the American Federation of Labor and the Congress of Industrial Organizations have charged that the La Romana zone had the air of a "modern slave-labor camp," with a high chain-link fence and shotgun-carrying police guards. Officials of the Dominican labor ministry told organizers that they would not be permitted to form a union in the zone, despite guarantees in the republic's law. According to Michael Flannery, of the Chicago *Sun-Times*, who visited the zone in 1978, when organizers had tried to form a union "many workers sympathetic to the union were fired by a Gulf & Western subsidiary and were immediately jailed by local police; key organizers also were arrested and deported from the province; a scheduled union rally twice was foiled, the second time by troops in full combat gear armed with submachine guns who surrounded a theatre where it was to be held; and members of a G. & W.-supported motorcycle club, led by a G. & W. employee, followed union sympathizers through town and identified them to police and plant supervisors. The bikers also threatened to storm a union meeting to break it up."

Not all investment in the free zones is labor-intensive. In Bataan, Ford built a thirty-nine-million-dollar body-stamping plant that employs only three hundred workers. But most of the investment in these zones and other export enclaves is designed to employ larger numbers. Governments not only advertise their "attractive" wage rates but also market their cultural traditions. Thus, the Board of Investment of Thailand notes in a booklet entitled "15 Powerful Reasons Why You Should Invest in Thailand" that "the Thai people are naturally clever with their hands" and that the relationship between employer and employee resembles that of "guardian and ward."

A booming free zone exists on the Mexican border. More than four hundred and fifty assembly plants have been established along the two-thousand-mile frontier. General Electric, RCA, Rockwell International, Samsonite, and many others operate twin factories, one on each side of the border. Complex operations are performed on the American side, and the resulting components are then shipped across the river for final assembly by Mexican workers, who receive a third to a fifth of the American wage rate. The assembled goods—electrical appliances, calculators, suits, luggage, musical instruments, furniture—are then reshipped to the United States for distribution. The only duty to be paid is on the value added in Mexico, most of which is from labor. About eighty-three thousand Mexicans are employed in the border operations; ninety-eight per cent of them are under the direction of American managers.

The Chamberlain Manufacturing Corporation used to assemble electronic

MEAT AND POTATOES
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garage doors in Chicago, but about six years ago it opened an assembly plant in Nogales and a twin plant in Rio Rico, Arizona, and closed the Chicago factory. The average wage in Mexico is five dollars a day, and the productivity is higher than it was in Chicago. Samsonite sends the products it has had assembled in Nogales to Denver. The lower transportation costs make Mexico more attractive to such corporations than the Far East, and the proximity allows for better supervision. "Without the Nogales plant, we wouldn't be as viable a competitor against foreign goods as we are now," Lawrence Pugh, then president of Samsonite, told *Dun's Review* in 1978.

The rise of the export platform has also given birth to the Third World multinational. Thirty-four of the *Fortune* Overseas 500 companies have their headquarters in underdeveloped countries. Some, like Ford do Brasil, eighty-nine per cent of which is in the hands of the Ford Motor Company, are really transplanted American operations. But others—a Taiwanese steel company building mills in Nigeria, a Filipino beer company that has a virtual monopoly on its domestic market and also operates breweries in Spain and New Guinea, and Korean construction companies with more than four billion dollars in overseas contracts—are primarily the creatures of local capitalists and Third World governments. It is a new development that reflects the absorption of transferred technologies and the unique opportunities companies from small countries have to take markets away from giants. "We favor investors from small places like Hong Kong," says a trade minister in Sri Lanka, "because nobody can talk about a sell-out to imperialism in the case of a country that is as small as or smaller than we are."

THERE is another way for poor countries to sell labor: they can export the workers themselves as migrants. In 1977, remittances from Indian construction workers in the Middle East were the major factor in improving India's balance of payments. A five-year plan put in effect by the Shah of Iran before his ouster predicted an eventual shortfall of six hundred thousand skilled and semi-skilled workers. Out of an estimated population of four and a half million in Saudi Arabia, more than a million are migrant workers from North and South Yemen. North Yemen is probably the world's biggest exporter of migrant labor. One million two hundred and thirty-four thousand North Yemenis—or about nineteen per cent of the country's population—work abroad, and each of those workers sends home about a dollar a day.

The modern form of migrant labor developed in the nineteenth century after the abolition of slavery. The British and the Dutch brought workers from densely populated areas of China, Java, and India to the plantations of Malaya, Sumatra, Burma, Ceylon, and Fiji. The typical contract of indenture called for three to five years of work and a guaranteed return fare, but the migrants were often induced by reenlistment bonuses to stay on. There were other resemblances to military service as well, including forms of conscription. The population expert Kingsley Davis, professor emeritus at Berkeley, tells us that in the latter half of the nineteenth century "the practice of kidnapping Melanesians to work in Queensland and Fiji was notorious under the name of 'blackbirding,' and the impressment of Chinese coolies for

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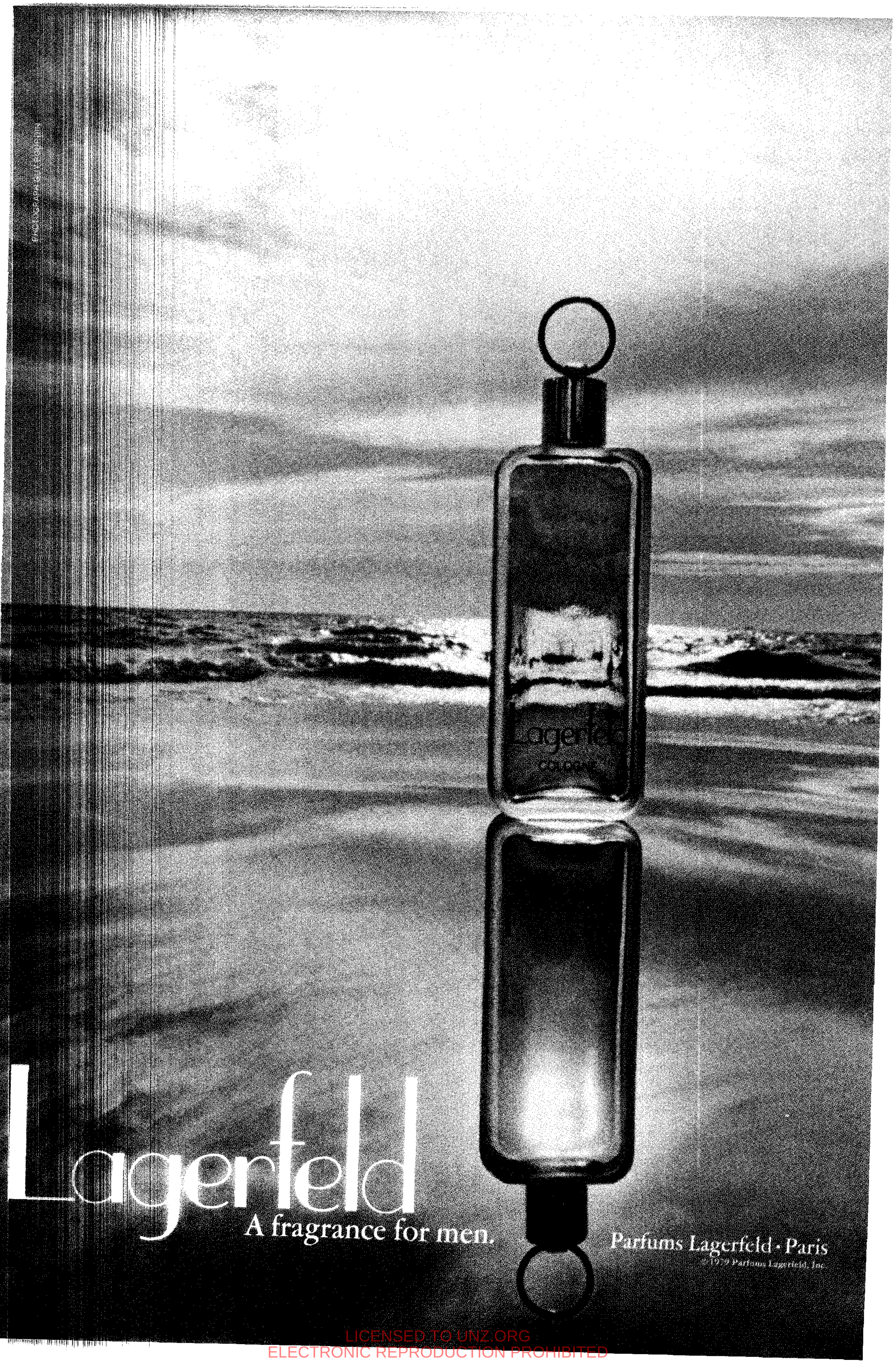
naval duty gave rise to the verb 'shanghai.' " Professor Davis calculates that sixteen million eight hundred thousand people left India in the nineteenth century as migrant laborers, of whom four million four hundred thousand stayed away permanently. The Chinese who emigrated in the same period numbered several million more.

The United States, as John F. Kennedy liked to say, is a nation of immigrants. From 1840 to 1930, fifty-two million Europeans migrated, most of them to North America. They were a crucial form of capital. Beneficiaries of high-energy societies, they had been given education and a relatively decent level of nutrition. The waves of immigrants had profited from centuries of development, and this migration was, in effect, a gift to the New World. The postwar labor migrations are much closer to the indentured migration of Asians than to the free migration of Europeans in the last century. For the Europeans in America, there was the prospect of social mobility. (There was also, it should be noted, substantial repatriation. Around 1900, thirty per cent of the Polish immigrants then living in the United States—mostly peasants—returned to their Polish villages. Some authorities estimate that as many as forty-seven per cent of all New World immigrants returned from the United States to Europe between 1897 and 1918.) Each successive wave of immigrants created a new underclass, serving as a floor from which the previous wave could rise. In addition, after the American Civil War there was a recently freed black population to do the lowest menial tasks of the society. Migrants in recent years, however, do not seem to have been rising out of the lowest reaches of the service economy.

Since the late nineteen-fifties, millions of men and women have migrated to northwestern Europe as laborers. Most have come from the southern fringes of Europe—Turkey, Greece, Portugal, Yugoslavia, and Algeria. In 1974, there were over three-quarters of a million Turkish migrants working abroad, mostly in Western Europe. (The population of Turkey was about thirty-eight million.) Over two-thirds of the migrants are men. At the height of the "guest worker" era, one of every seven manual laborers in Germany and in Britain was a migrant, and one out of four in France, in Switzerland, and in Belgium.

The advantages of inviting migrant workers seemed compelling to the governments and the employers of Western Europe in the late fifties. The European economy was booming. Frenchmen, Germans, English, and Swedes did not flock to the menial, dirty jobs in the sewers, tunnels, abattoirs, and kitchens of their countries, nor were they quick to join the factory-maintenance crews or road gangs. The migrants were eager to work overtime, the faster to amass the nest egg with which they could return to their families. From the point of view of the states importing them, the migrants were cheap. They paid taxes and made social-security contributions but would leave before they could collect the benefits. Nothing had been spent on their education. From the point of view of the employers, they were also a bargain. The wages for legal migrants were the lowest allowable; for the hundreds of thousands of illegal migrants, any pittance would do, since the alternative was deportation. Most of the workers were fresh from villages, were hardworking, and were politically unsophisticated—unlike French, German, and Italian workers. The occasional troublemaker could easily be expelled. The presence of millions of low-wage workers on the Continent would, as the German Institute for Economic Research has put it, reduce "the pressure of wages in the Federal Republic . . . due to increased competition by employers for the domestic labor potential." If the economy slowed down and native workers had no choice but to take the dirty jobs, the "guests," it was widely believed, would be shown the door.

But things did not turn out to be quite so simple. With the recession that began in the mid-seventies, opportunities for the migrants declined, and the West European governments decided to stop the influx. Many of the migrants went home. But perhaps as many as six million remain, and more than ten per cent of them are without documents. The French government has become so eager to reduce the pool of guest workers that after the recession set in it began offering two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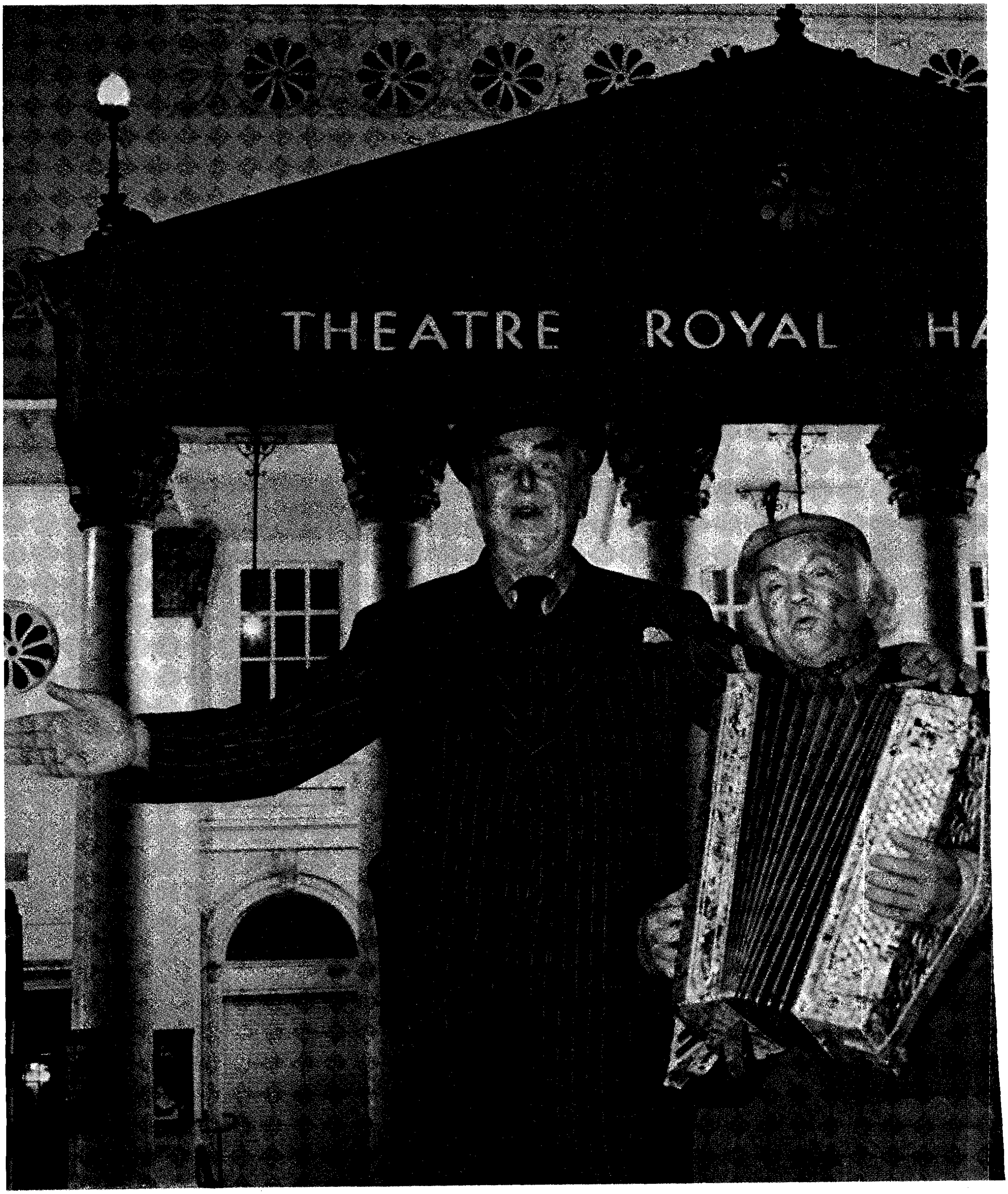
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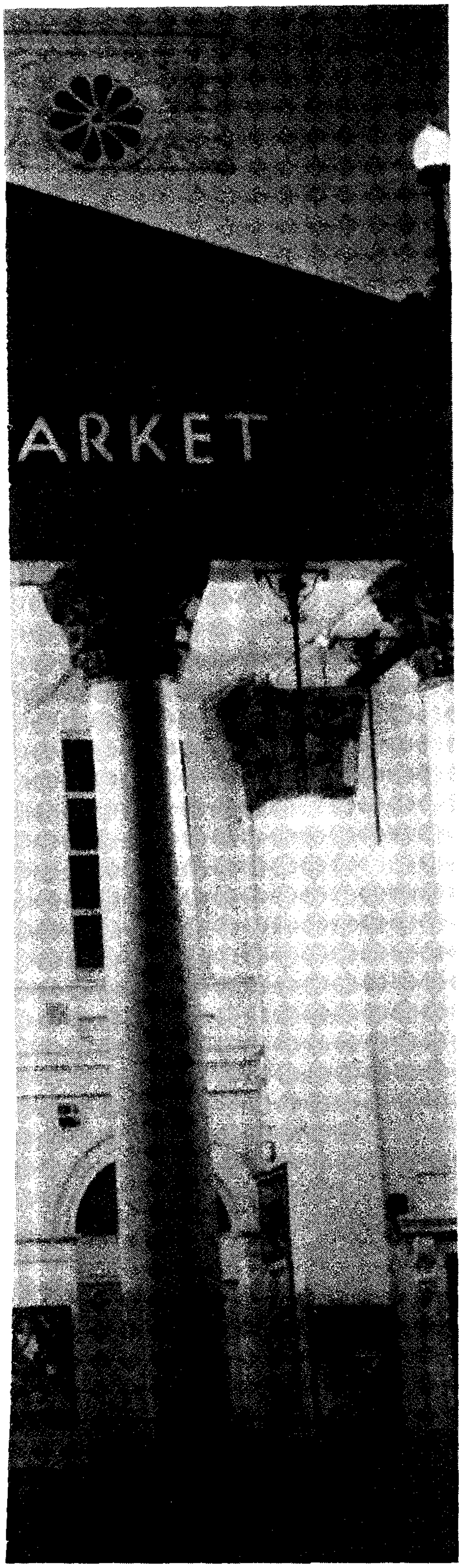
– *Robert Morley*



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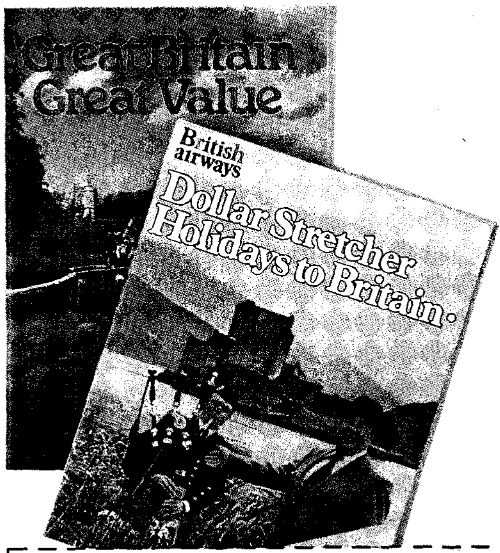

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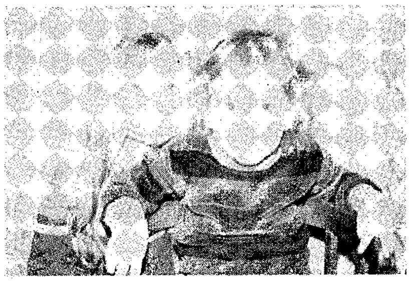

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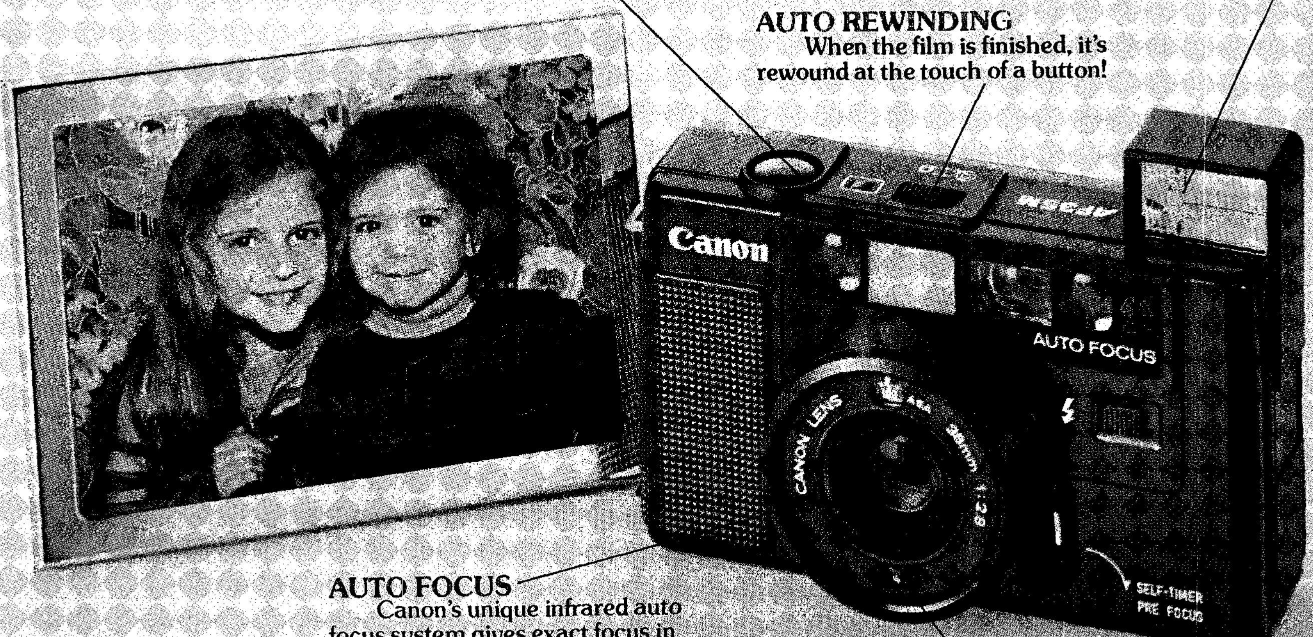

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thousand five hundred dollars to every legal migrant who agreed to go home. (To date, about fifty thousand of an estimated three million have accepted.) In Germany today, an employer of illegals can be fined as much as twenty thousand dollars. The presence of millions of underpaid, illiterate, and often diseased workers—many of the illegals have tuberculosis—is creating ugly social tensions. A study that was made by the International Labor Organization in the mid-seventies found that in a recession foreign workers are more employable than natives, because they are prepared to take the jobs that Germans, French, Belgians, and other West Europeans find beneath them. Thus, of six million unemployed workers in nine countries studied by the I.L.O., only three hundred thousand—five per cent—were foreign workers. In response to the oversupply of foreign workers, parts of West Berlin were declared off limits for all foreigners except Americans and citizens of the Common Market countries. In Britain, political appeals to racism in the guise of ending immigration are dividing the country. Like slavery, forms of indentured servitude leave their traces long after the system has ceased to work.

The flow of human resources—labor—is organized as an international business, just like the other resource systems. At the height of the flow of migrants to Europe, there were recruiters who travelled to villages with train tickets and promises of enrichment beyond the dreams of peasants. There were agencies in Istanbul, Athens, and Zagreb which prepared the indenture contracts; there were recruitment centers with production lines for administering simple tests and medical examinations; and there were smugglers who for three hundred and fifty dollars a body procured Portuguese workers for service in France. (In the early nineteen-seventies, about eighty per cent of the migrant workers in France had no legal entry papers, although the government favored their presence and usually looked the other way.) Having arrived at his new workplace, the migrant was possibly met by a company representative and taken to his bed in the company barracks. Over half of all migrant workers, according to John Berger's 1975 book "A Seventh Man," lived in cramped conditions in company housing a few yards from their work. The alternative for many was to patronize other entrepreneurs who worked the migrant-labor market—the so-called *marchands de sommeil*, from whom it was possible to rent what Berger calls a nineteenth-century maid's room in which nine men slept in three beds by working different shifts, with each for this convenience turning over about one-tenth of his salary. There were enterprising middlemen who would get an illegal migrant a job—in return for two weeks' wages—by simply reading the want ads, which the migrant couldn't do.

Two principal humanitarian arguments are usually made to justify this modern variant of an ugly ancient practice. One is that emigration reduces unemployment in poor countries, and the other is that commerce in temporary labor is a form of technology transfer—that when the workers return they take some of the skills of developed societies with them. The evidence supports neither proposition. Unemployment in the labor-selling countries (with the exception of Greece and, possibly, Italy) worsened in the years of booming emigration. It is currently about twenty per cent in Turkey. As Berger has pointed out, the migrants are usually the strongest, most skilled, and most enterprising of their generation. The countries that export them have "invested" perhaps four thousand dollars in each one—the cumulative cost of producing a healthy eighteen-year-old in a poor country. To produce a healthy eighteen-year-old in a rich country could cost anywhere from sixteen thousand dollars to thirty-five thousand. Thus, some argue, migrant labor is another form of subsidization of rich countries by poor ones.

As to the technology transfer, what seems to get transferred from developed societies is not their skills so much as their fantasies. A few years ago, Madeleine Trébous, in a study of returned Algerians prepared for the Development Center of the Organization for Economic Coöperation and Development, found that "the vocational training offered to migrants is very limited, and the knowledge they acquire is often of little use to them in Algeria." There is not much other empirical evidence to rely on, but the widespread impression of observers of labor migration is that by and large returning migrants are less able to adjust to village life than they once were, and have little new to offer it. In many cases, of course, the village is gone, because without the men who left there was not enough human energy to keep it together. Without doubt, however, migrant workers are an impressive source of money for the home country. In 1972, the remittances of migrant work-

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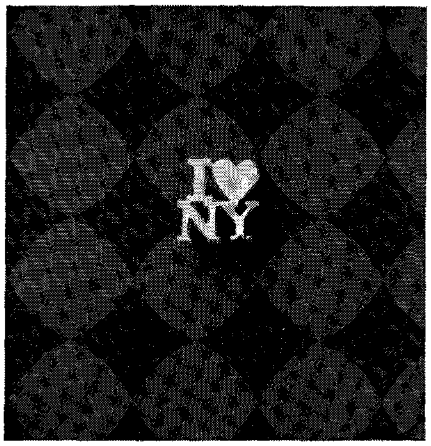
ers in Germany totalled at least three billion dollars.

The American equivalent of the guest worker is the Latin migrant. Most of these laborers come from Mexico, but increasingly men and women from South and Central America and the Caribbean are pouring into this country in search of jobs. A typical example is a dishwasher at Dominique's, a fancy Washington restaurant, who was interviewed by the Washington *Post* in 1978. He could not support his wife and ten children on two dollars a day, which was what he had earned in the cotton fields in El Salvador, he explained, so he had saved eight hundred dollars to pay a "coyote" (smuggler), who arranged his passage to Washington. He now gets four hundred and sixty dollars a month and meals, and is able to send three hundred dollars a month home to El Salvador. All told, it is estimated, illegal migrants repatriate about two and a half billion dollars annually from the United States.

As late as the nineteen-fifties, most of the Latins were hired as seasonal agricultural workers in the South; now they work in the mushroom sheds of Pennsylvania and the asparagus fields of New Jersey. No one knows how many of the migrants are here illegally, but the lowest estimate is six million. Secretary of Labor Ray Marshall estimates that between half a million and a million illegals enter each year. On the whole, federal authorities have been lenient with employers who make use of this ready supply of cheap labor. "The illegals will do the unpleasant work, the dull work," Harold M. Scherr, the president of a San Antonio clothing company, explains. But the presence of at least six million illegals in a time of chronic unemployment has created political problems, because they are competing for jobs and costing cities money for welfare and social services. New York City officials claim that in recent years they have been shortchanged an estimated hundred and fifty million dollars a year in federal funds because census figures underestimated the city's population of seven hundred and fifty thousand illegals.

Despite the problems, the reasons that the illegals were welcomed in the first place still hold. Black workers stopped playing their traditional role as a result of a changing self-image, the opportunities for better jobs which came about in the nineteen-sixties, and easier access to welfare checks. The aging industries like shoes, textiles, and tanning were looking for cheap



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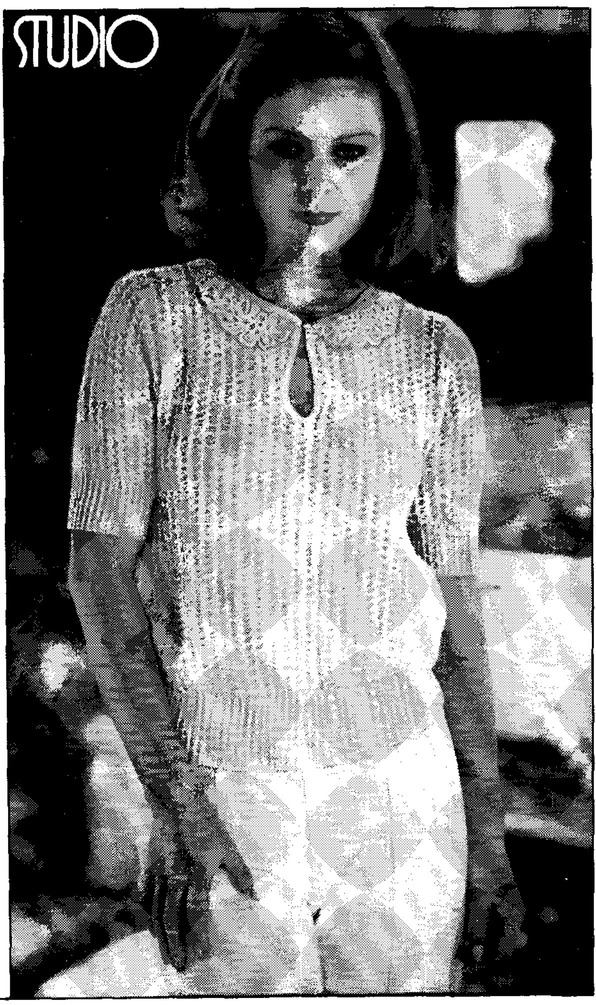

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after shave
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shampoo
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concentrate
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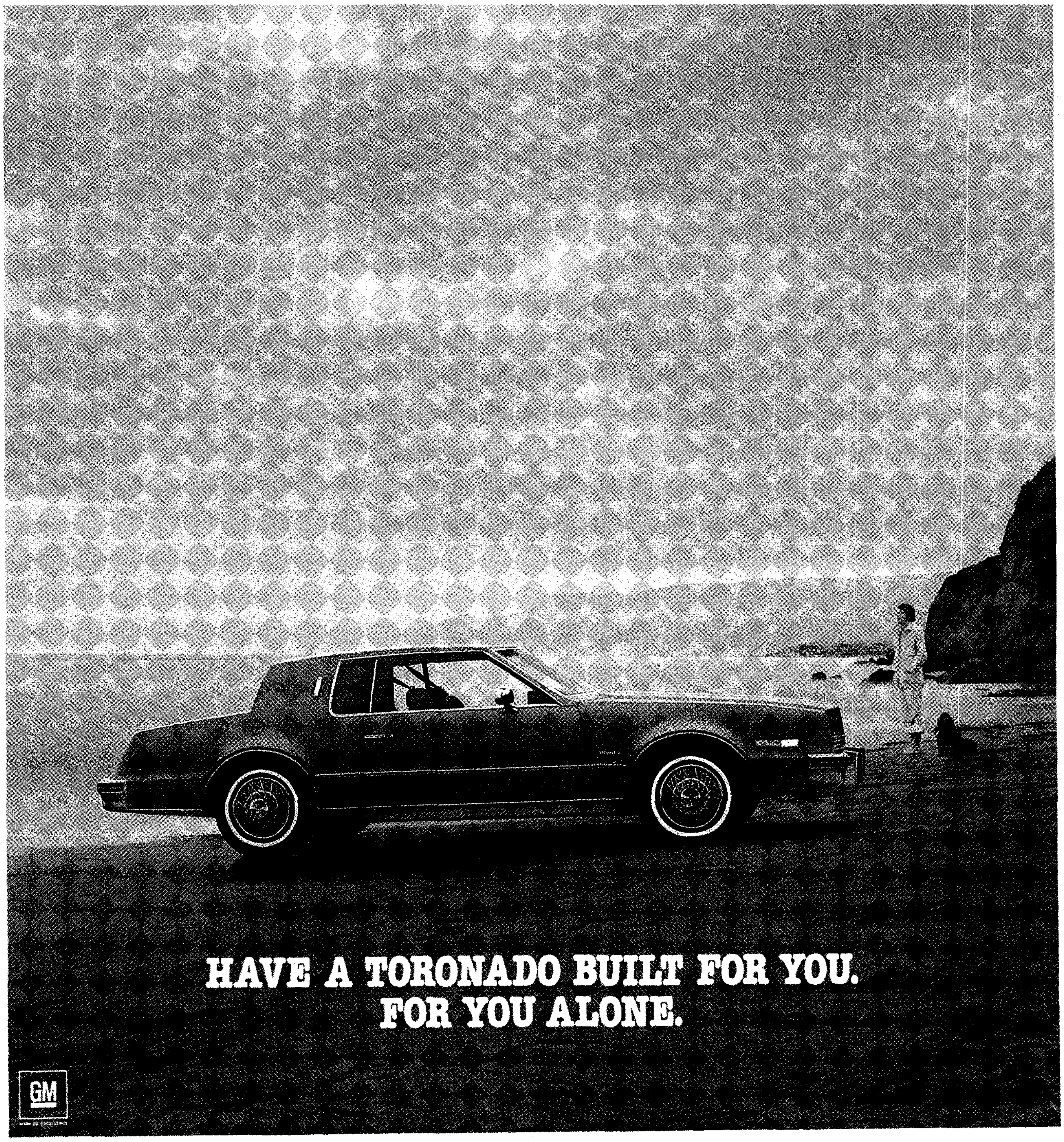

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22 EPA EST. MPG

506 EST. DRIVING RANGE

34 HWY. EST.

782 EST. HWY. RANGE

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and motivated workers as an alternative to going to Taiwan or as a stopgap. (A worker subject to instant deportation is likely to be very accommodating.) Some New York and New Jersey employers, according to an executive vice-president of the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union, require their illegals to work two more hours a day after punching themselves out on time cards. Some California employers, a state official told *Business Week* in 1977, eventually turn their employees in anyway, just "to avoid paying wages."

In most countries, women represent a pool of internal migrant labor. They are habitually used as temporary workers in times of boom and laid off in recessions. In Europe, it was women who were by far the hardest hit by the recession of the mid-nineteen-seventies. There are eight million women working in France, in a labor force of twenty-three million, but women account for more than half of a total of a million two hundred thousand unemployed. The recent influx of women into the labor market across the world has been spurred by the development of the technology of mass production. On the assembly line, dexterity and quickness are now more important than brute strength, and thus women, who are almost invariably hired for less, have become a more economical form of human energy than men. Since they have less protection from unions—indeed, organized labor in many parts of the world is bent on protecting its male members at the expense of women—they, like actual migrants, are the first to be laid off.

Traditionally, women have been self-employed, and most still are. But, as the cultural anthropologist June Nash, of the City University of New York, points out in her 1977 essay

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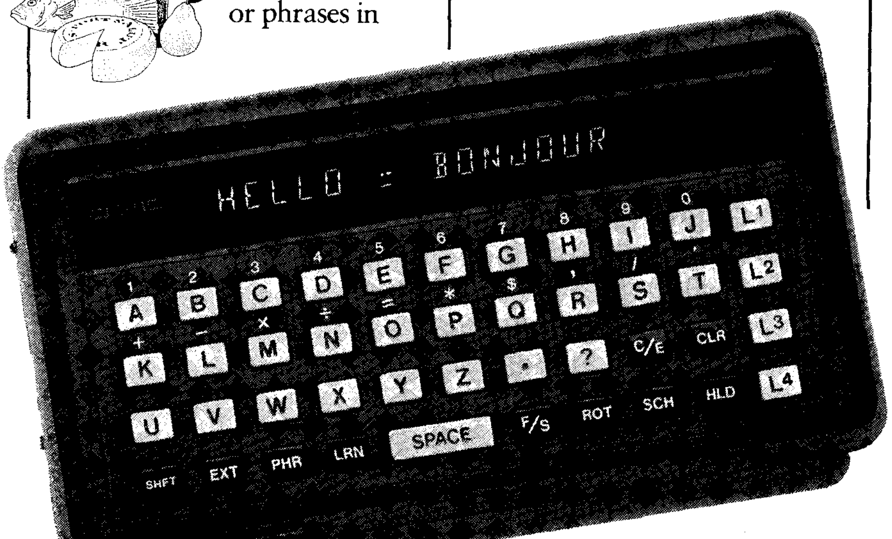

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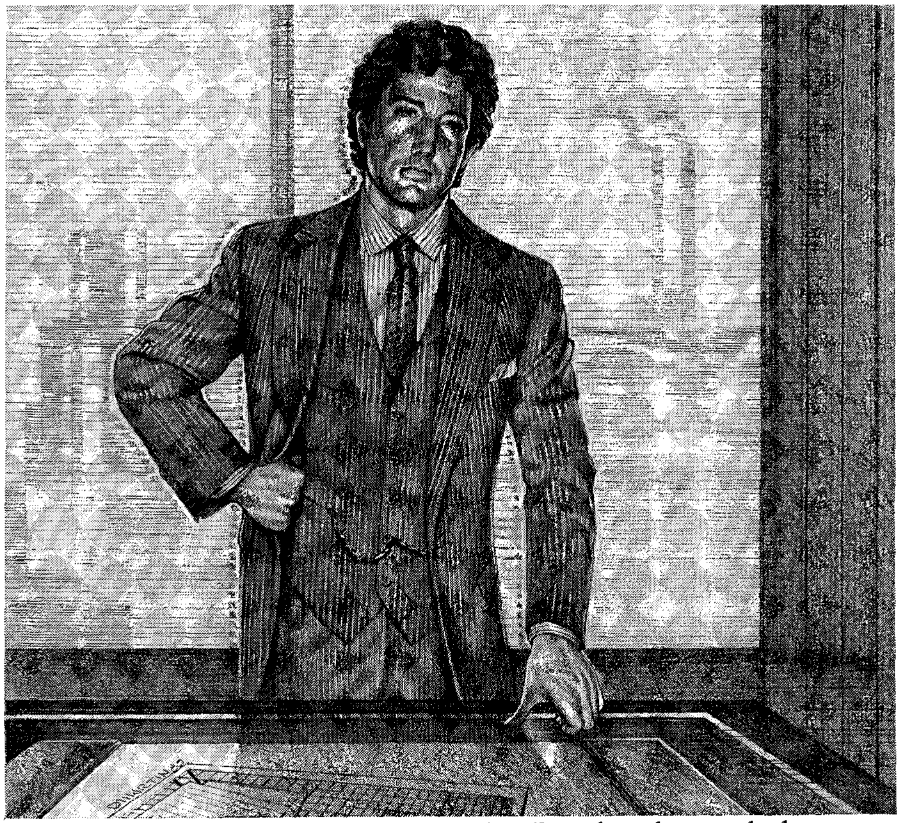

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"Women in Development," in both developed and underdeveloped societies the term "self-employed" is somewhat misleading, since women can literally be dismissed by their husbands, have no control over income, and have little choice with respect to their hours of work. In the traditional self-employment role in agriculture, women had more control over family consumption than they do in the money economy. Nash, who has done extensive fieldwork in South America, reports a tendency for families to sell food that they have raised and for the husband to take a disproportionate amount of the money to buy cheap consumer goods—a bicycle or a transistor radio—instead of food needed for the children. Because of pressure from men, the entry of women into the job market in such places as Mexico, Puerto Rico, and Brazil has been slowed. Indeed, Nash reports that in Puerto Rico in the nineteen-thirties and forties the unions succeeded in getting the government to offer special incentives to companies that gave at least two-thirds of their jobs to men. In 1875, women constituted forty-five per cent of the labor force in Brazil; by 1970, their numbers were down to twenty-one per cent. Women played an even bigger role in the tin mines of Bolivia up until the nineteen-forties, but a good deal of female labor has been eliminated in the name of progress. Ironically, generous maternity leaves—in Peru, leaves typically consist of thirty-six days before delivery and thirty-six days after the child is born—that have been negotiated by unions hurt the competitive position of women in the job market.

THERE is a world employment crisis of horrendous proportions looming. According to the International Labor Office, every year between now and the year 2000 thirty-six million people will enter the labor force. Between 1950 and 1975, only twenty-two million additional people a year were looking for jobs. About eighty-five per cent of the people seeking employment as the new century begins—a billion men and women—will be in the Third World. To employ them, the global factory, the remaining farms, and the growing service economy will have to come up with a hundred and twenty thousand new jobs a day. In order for the Third World countries to provide their share of those new jobs, the market for what they produce will have to grow dramatically. One out of every eight manufacturing jobs in the United States and one out of

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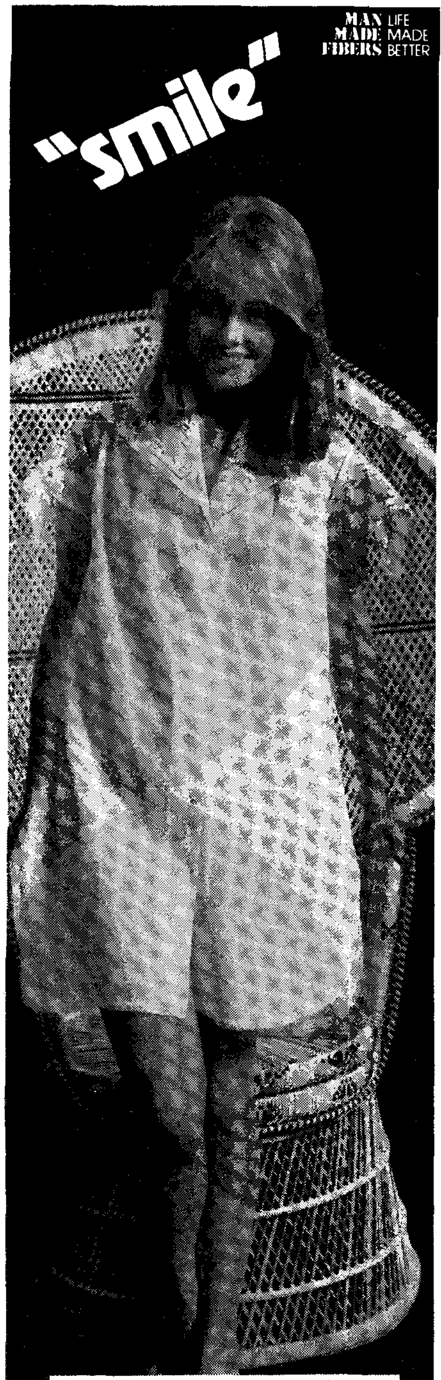

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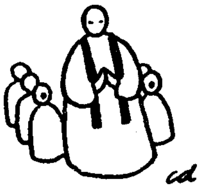
every three acres of its land is devoted in one way or another to exports. Third World markets now absorb thirty-eight per cent of the manufactured goods of the developed world. But the market for most goods is limited. Only a sliver of the Third World population can afford cars, and only a slightly larger percentage is able to buy refrigerators and TVs. In absolute numbers, the ranks of the international consumption community have swelled in the last generation. In the "miracle" countries—Brazil, Mexico—the consuming middle class has mushroomed despite a widening gap between rich and poor. But the politics of austerity means that consuming classes in poor countries are growing slowly. Indeed, in Chile under the junta the very rich are doing very well but more people are leaving the middle class than are entering it. The market for consumer goods in the Third World is sure to increase, but without more money in the hands of many more people the market will not be big enough to support a significant addition to the work force. That is to say, the domestic market will be unable to create enough jobs.



The process of industrialization in the Third World is taking place almost unheeded. The pace differs greatly from country to country, but the basic social effects are much the same. The subsistence economy, in which money was rarely used—in which small peasants bartered their cotton for a little wheat, or traded some rice for the rare luxury of a pair of shoes from the village cobbler—is being sucked into the international money economy. By the magic of modern fertilizers, miserable grazing land suddenly becomes valuable. The local landlord takes over the land, either by dismissing tenants he no longer needs or by simply appropriating land to which the poor self-employed farmer may have only a tenuous legal claim, even if he has farmed it for years. The migration to the cities and into the modern economy begins. United Nations studies project that Mexico City, Rio de Janeiro, and São Paulo, among other cities, will nearly double in population by the end of the century. Between 1963 and 1970, just to give one example of a worldwide trend, seven hundred and fifty thousand South Koreans (out of an average population in those years of twenty-eight million) left the farm each year and went to the city, most of them to Seoul. Yet in the Third World countries relatively few complete the long march from farm to factory. The Yale economist Gustav Ranis estimates that the rapidly growing industrial sector of the Philippines absorbs less than ten per cent of the total work force.

The industrialization of the Third World has destroyed jobs in the countryside without creating anything approaching equivalent opportunities in the factory. The reason is that modern production technology displaces jobs. The Jamaican economist Norman Girvan has calculated that the labor force in the oil industry, for example, was reduced in Venezuela by thirty-three per cent between 1950 and 1966, and in the Dutch Antilles by seventy per cent. Dramatic job displacement has taken place in the petrochemical industry. Charles Levinson, secretary-general of the International Federation of Chemical, Energy, and General Workers' Union, calculates that less than ten per cent of the total cost of petrochemical production goes for labor. The capital requirements for creating a job in a high-technology industry in Colombia more than doubled between 1957 and 1966. A smaller percentage of the Latin-American work force was employed in the manufacturing sector in 1970 than in 1925, despite the burst of industrialization that occurred in the intervening years. Although the problems caused by capital-intensive technology have been widely publicized of late, and talk of "appropriate technology" has become fashionable, little has been done within the global factory to retard these job-destroying trends. Louis Wells, a professor at the Harvard Business School, believes, on the basis of research conducted in Indonesia, that in certain industries labor-intensive technology can provide "more than ten times as many jobs as the capital-intensive plants for the same output." Why, then, is the basic trend toward capital-intensive industrialization of the Third World continuing?

There are several plausible explanations for what appears on the surface to be a highly irrational policy of relying on scarce capital instead of abundant labor. One is that cost-cutting through the employment of cheap labor may not be the primary goal. The behavior of giant oligopolies that depend upon marketing brand names differs from that of smaller firms that make shoes, textiles, and similar goods. The smaller firms compete on price, and so feel a

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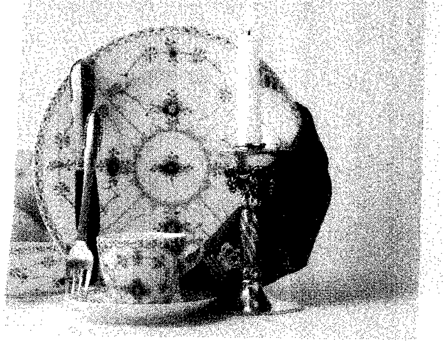

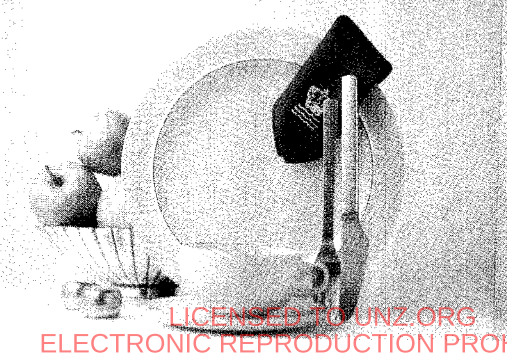

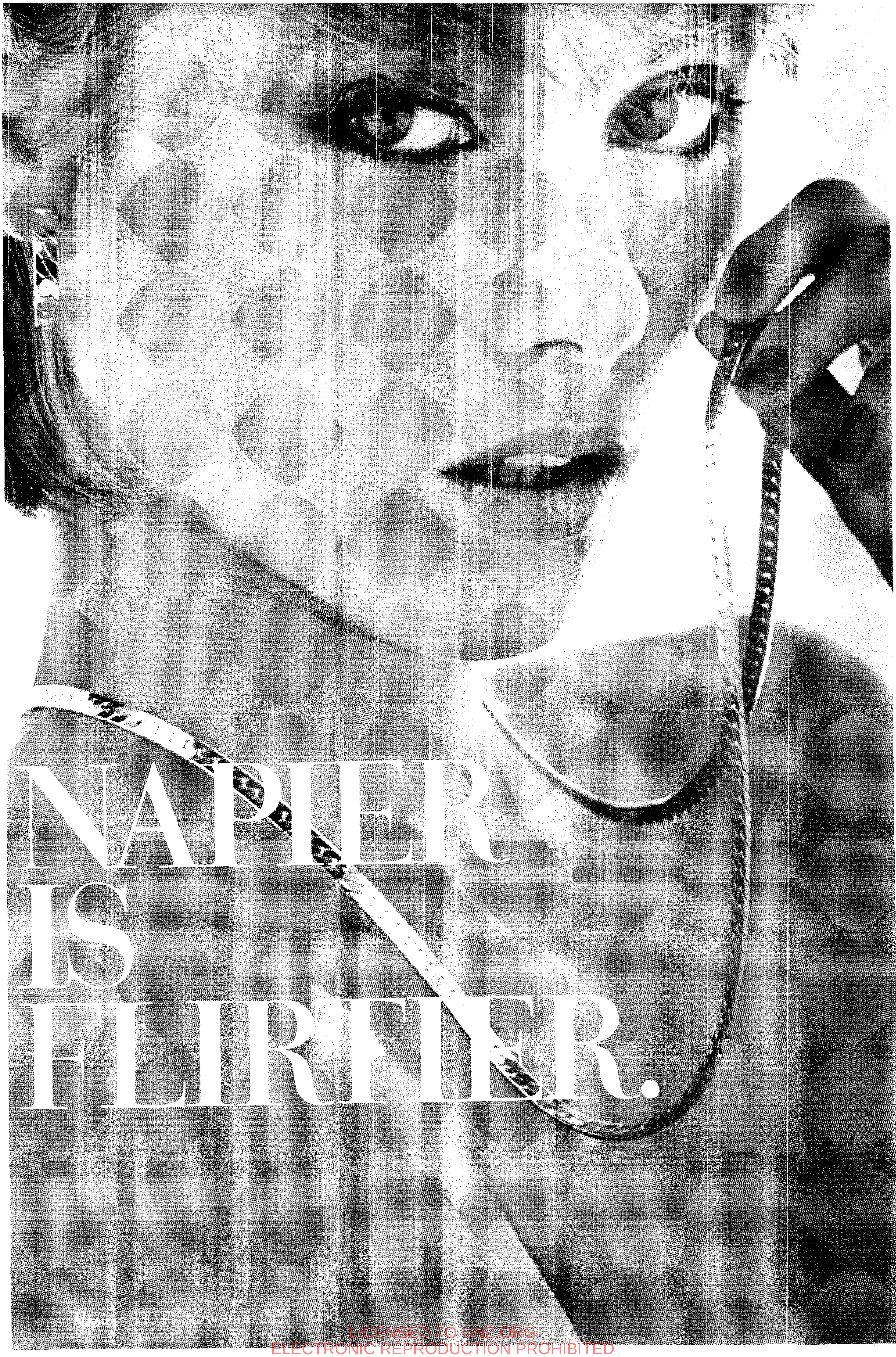
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strong pressure to reduce labor costs. To do so, however, they rely not only on low-wage labor but, increasingly, on automation as well. In the textile industries, employment in the developed countries between 1962 and 1974 fell by one and three-tenths per cent a year as jobs shifted to low-wage areas, where automation was also utilized. One textile company reported to its stockholders that in Taiwan "a single female operative on roller skates" could adequately look after a hundred and fifty looms "producing high-quality poplin for the North American market." Oligopolies do not compete on price. They have access to credit on the most favorable terms, and, besides, can easily pass increased costs of credit on to the consumer, because the consumer has no cheaper source for such necessities of modern civilization as oil, packaged foods, drugs, and household appliances. The oligopolies, which are steadily increasing their hold over the global factory, are interested primarily in control and stability. Standardized products can be made more reliably by expensive machines than by cheap labor, which inevitably poses some serious problems for management. One problem is that labor doesn't always stay cheap; wage rates even in export-platform countries have risen in the last few years. Another problem is that employing a native labor force involves the uncertainties and complications of human relationships, which well-oiled machines rarely present. Thus, it may be commonplace in some countries for members of a family to share a job—an untidy practice that is bound to be disconcerting to modern managers. A corporation can find itself drawn into the net of complex family social arrangements in other ways as well. Since traditional family obligations have not been totally destroyed, corporations may be subject to essentially feudal demands. If the paycheck goes to support an array of unemployed cousins and uncles, and some catastrophe strikes one or more of them, the corporation may be presented with the choice of extending charity or confirming the popular view that it is so foreign, so antiseptic, and so single-minded as to be even more exploitative than the old local landlord. Neither is an enviable situation for managers whose own jobs depend upon their producing a consistent profit. Therefore, despite the competitive need to keep labor costs down in the short run by moving to the Third World to take advantage of cheap manpower, many corporations prefer a long-term strategy—both at

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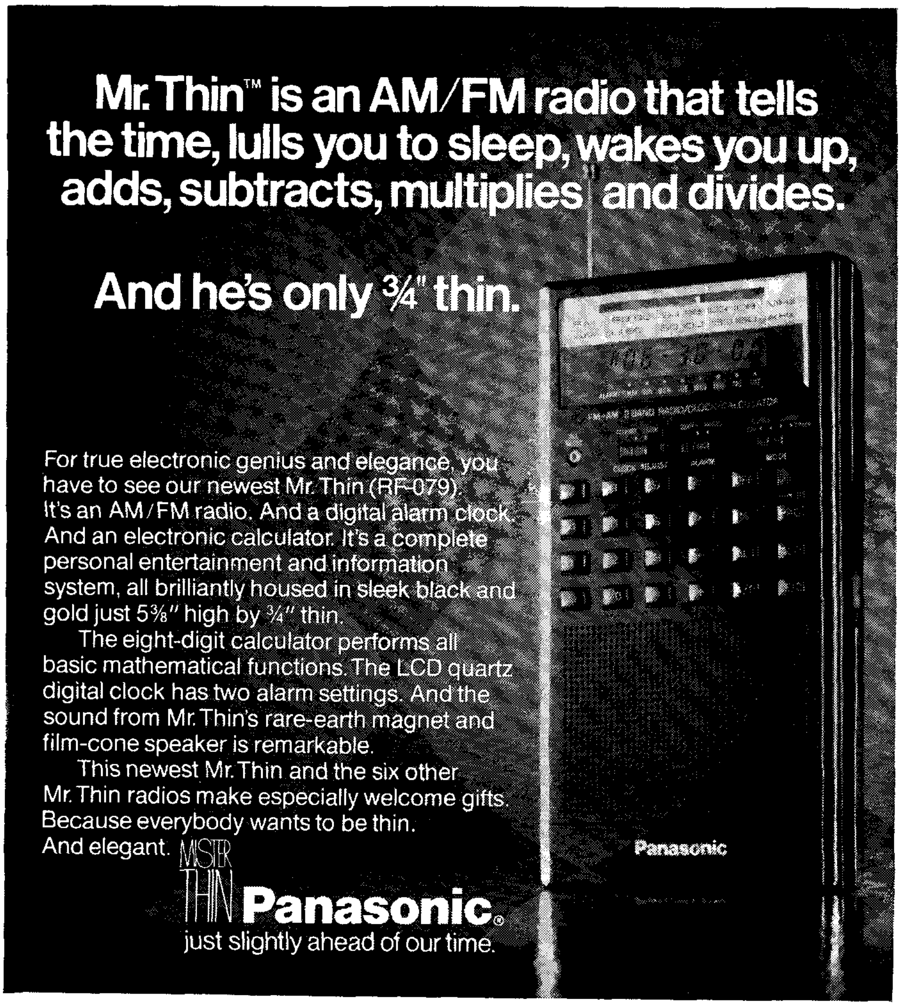

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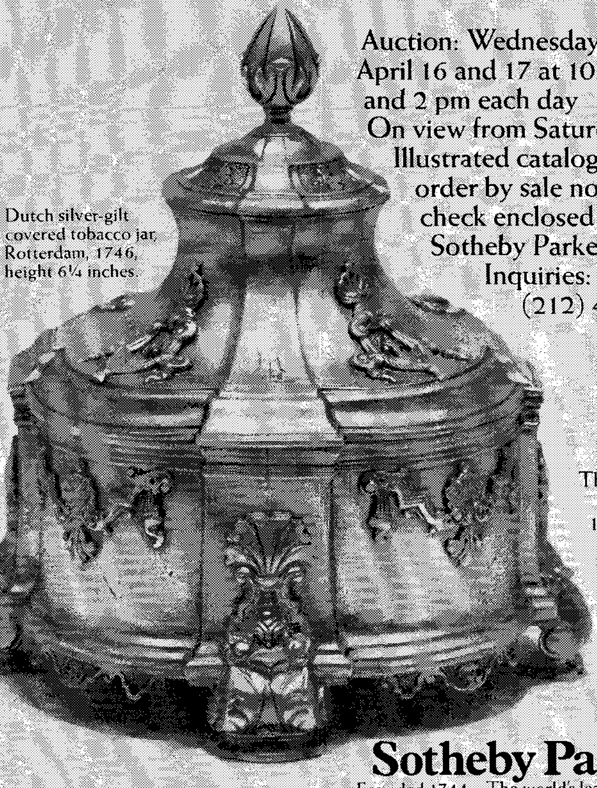

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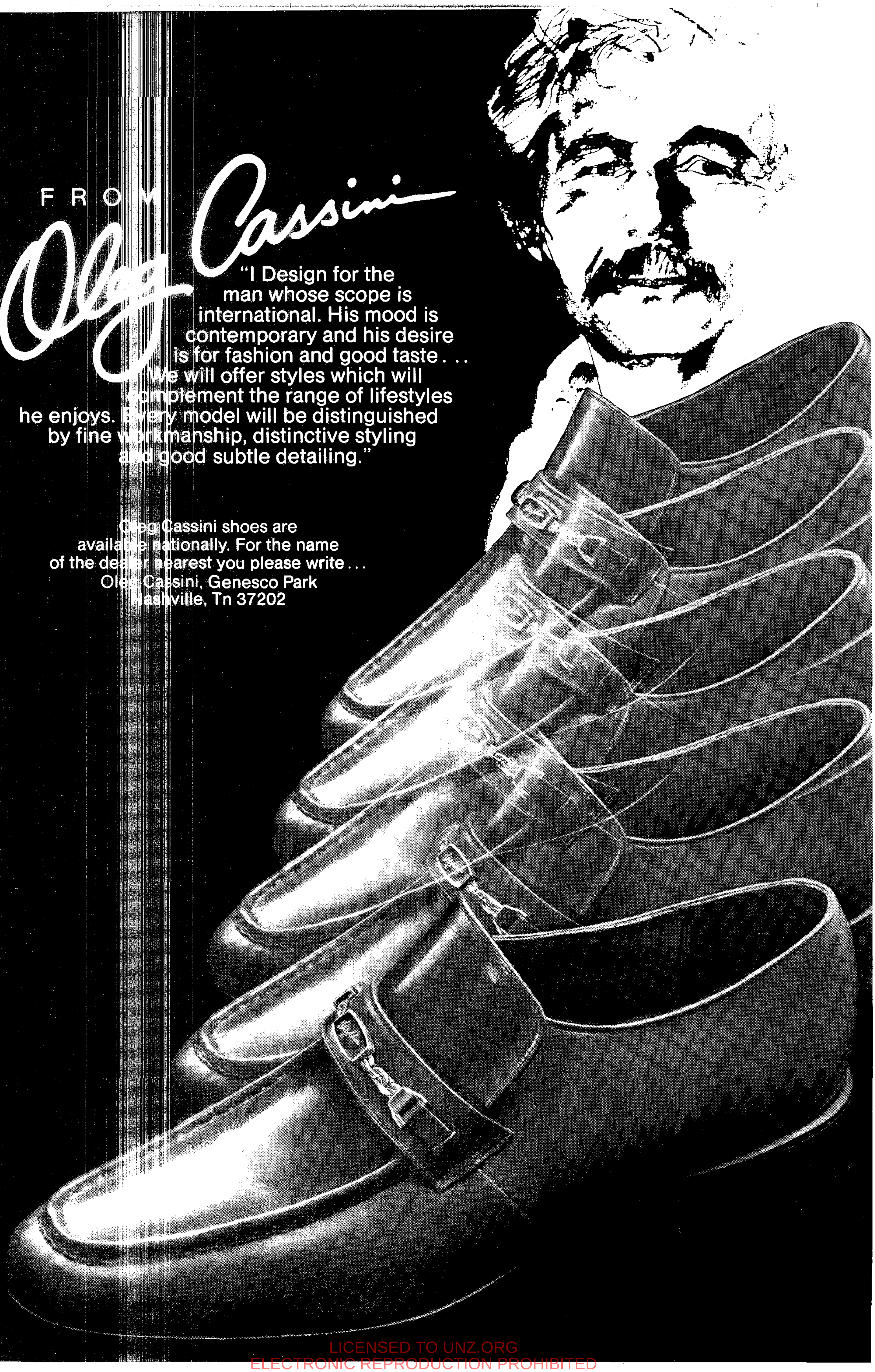
home and abroad—of increasing their reliance on machines, which have both a more predictable cost and a more predictable life.

Thus, it is partly because of what John W. Thomas, a fellow at the Institute for International Development at Harvard, calls "organizational requirements" that capital-intensive technology is chosen over more appropriate alternatives. Both the government bureaucrats and the corporate bureaucrats who arrange "technology transfers" are more interested in minimizing risks and uncertainties than in creating employment or cutting costs. The corporation, in fact, has a negative interest in substantially reducing unemployment, because doing so would dissolve the reserve army of jobless people who by simply waiting hungrily at the factory door keep wages down. And, the rewards of government bureaucracies being what they are, a piece of splashy technology, such as a big dam, is more likely to enhance the careers of the bureaucrats who buy it than a shipment of small pumps. To be on the frontier of technology is a principal source of bureaucratic pride in Jakarta and São Paulo, just as it is in the Pentagon or at the Bell Laboratories.

But the main reason that labor-intensive policies have not caught on is political. As John Friedmann and Flora Sullivan have shown in their study "The Absorption of Labor in the Urban Economy," the labor-intensive sectors of the urban economy comprise the unemployed, the "street economy" (hawkers, peddlers, prostitutes, beggars, pickpockets, police spies), and family enterprises—small workshops and service establishments that require no formal schooling and little capital. (In Nairobi, an I.L.O. study estimates, the start-up costs for one of these average sixteen dollars.) Government policies such as access to credit, social legislation, and subsidization favor the three per cent of the population consisting of the managers, the owners, and the more privileged employees in the corporate sector. Professional and managerial personnel, Friedmann and Sullivan point out, "are the principal beneficiaries of continued economic growth." Those who are in the labor-intensive sector become progressively poorer, both because most of the productivity gains are in the corporate sector and because the swelling numbers within the labor-intensive economy insure that any gains for the class as a whole are spread so thin that



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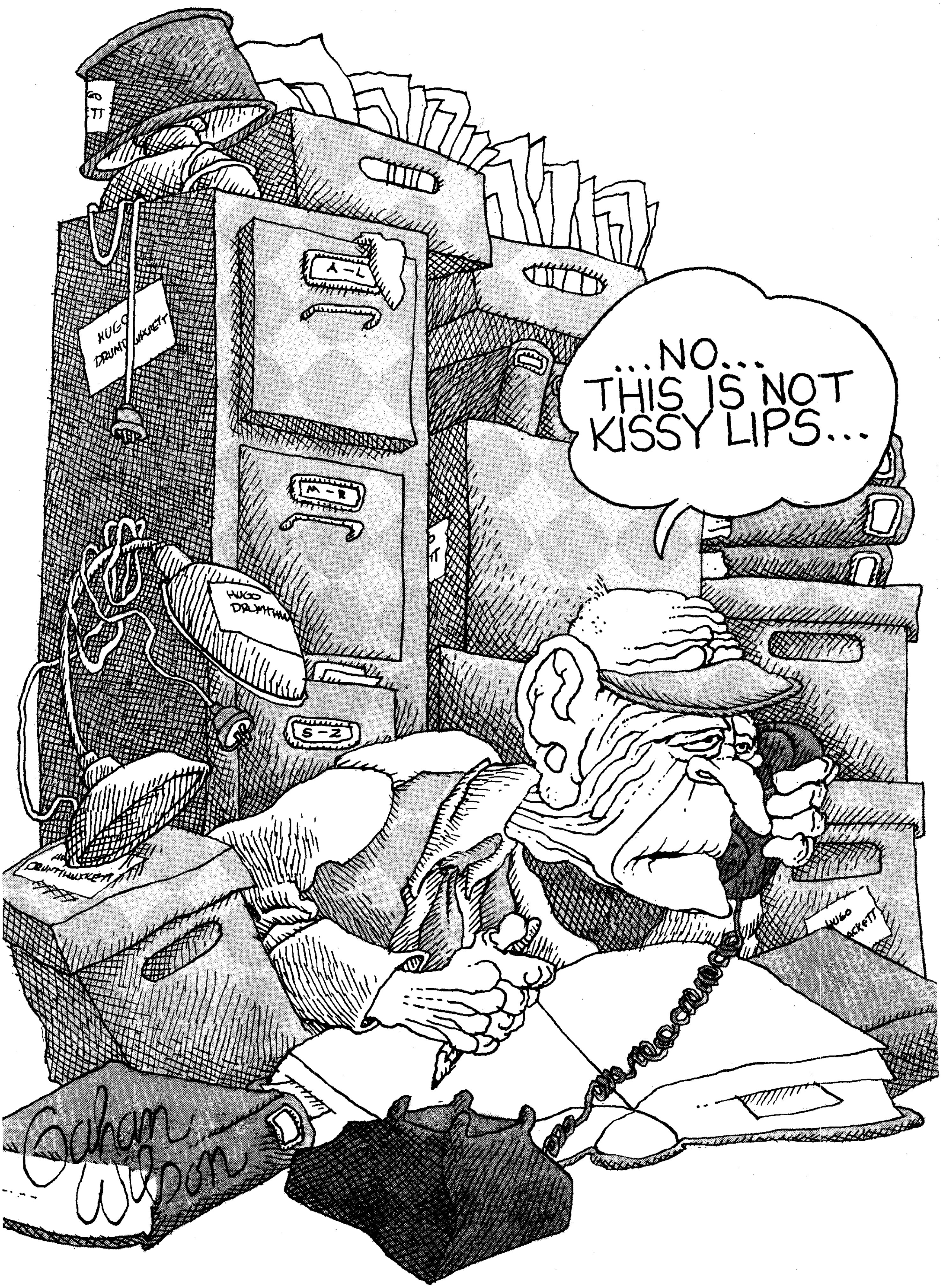
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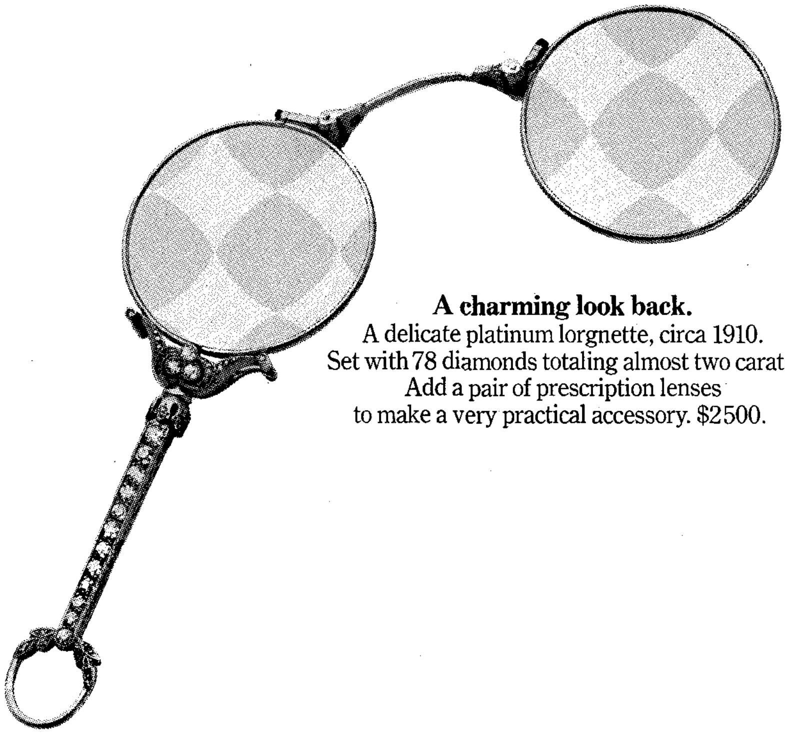

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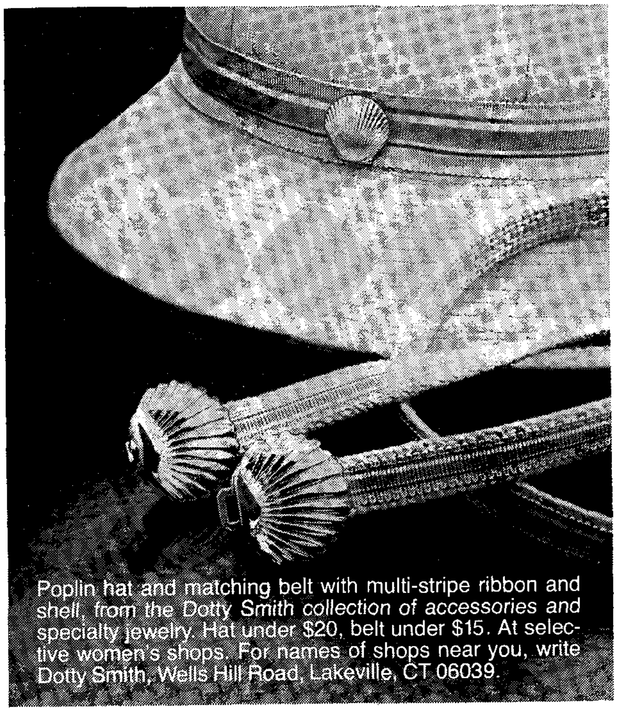

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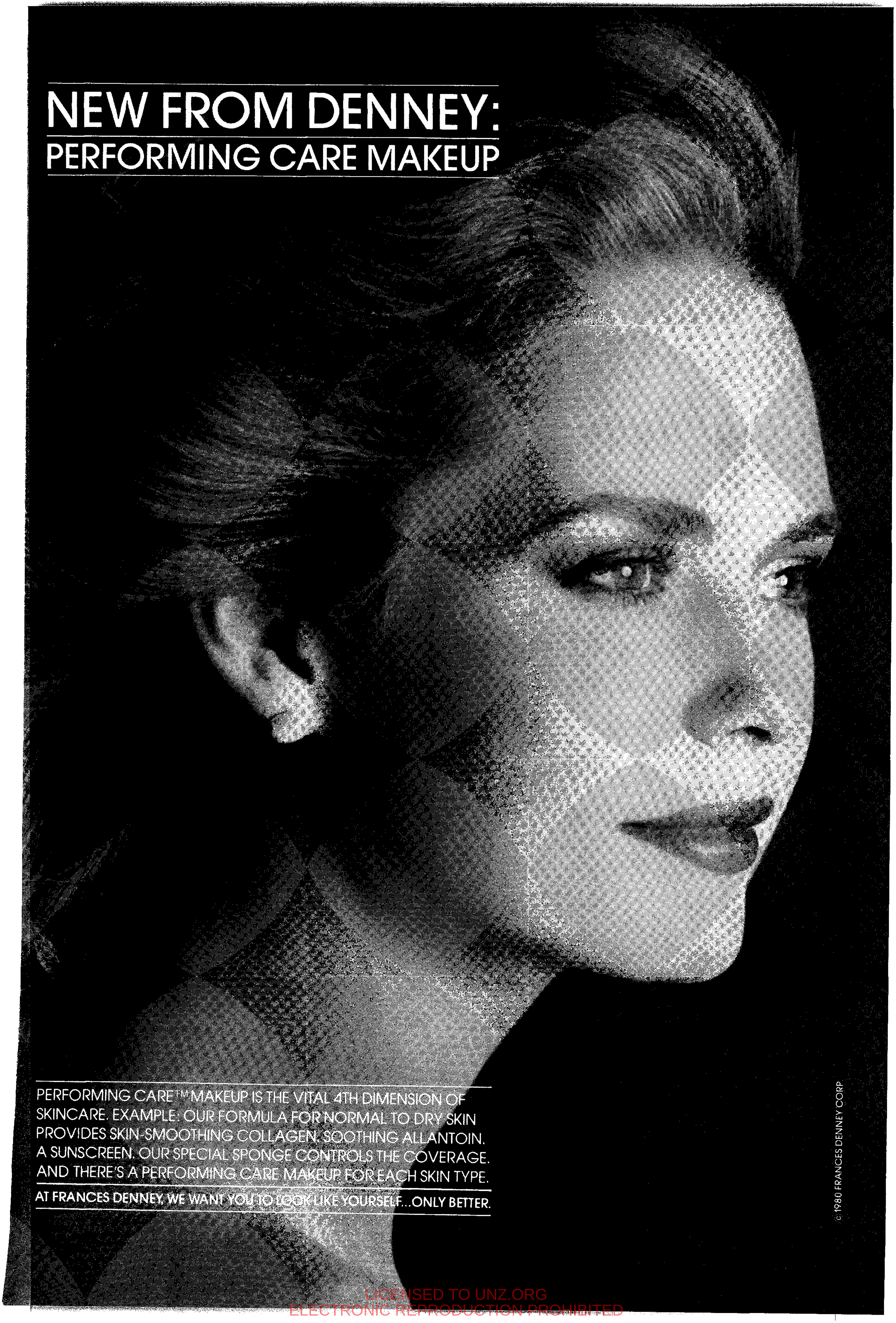
the average individual member actually loses ground.

A study of the politics of Kenya by Warren F. Ilchman and Norman T. Uphoff, of Boston University and Cornell, respectively, explains why labor-favoring policies are not being instituted in that country. To move in such a direction would, they suggest, bankrupt the regime politically. Subsidies would have to go to the labor-intensive sector rather than to the capital-intensive one; worker benefits would have to be extended; taxes would have to be raised; land would have to be redistributed. Neither landlords nor factory owners nor bureaucrats, in or out of military uniform, have an interest in promoting such policies. Even unions, which represent the labor aristocracy, are not interested in extending protection to the workers at the bottom, because they fear not only that their own privileged position might suffer but also that incorporating millions of unprotected workers into the labor movement might actually force wages down. "As a general rule, in Kenya and elsewhere," the study concludes, "we find that the holders of capital, whether indigenous or foreign, are too well-entrenched with the ruling coalition and too linked with a variety of policies to be successfully countervailed."

CAN the global factory, which is devouring more and more of the world's resources, solve the world employment problem? Many people think so. Some economists see the migration of factories to exotic places with fast-breeding populations and the migration of workers to the construction sites of the Middle East and the laundries of Europe and California as further proof of the miracle of the marketplace—of the orderly processes of human acquisitiveness operating to smooth out the destabilizing disparities in wealth on the planet. Eventually—so this reasoning goes—the world market will bring a new global economic balance, arising from a reordered global division of labor. Governments evidently think so, too. There is acute competition in Third World countries to attract foreign investment for local branches of the global factory, which will provide not only jobs for the idle population but also foreign exchange from a steady stream of exported radios, baseballs, wigs, strawberries, ships, cars, and steel. Communities in the United States also vie for the privilege of becoming bases for multinationals. Now China, which was once fanatically autarkic, is preparing to welcome a gathering throng



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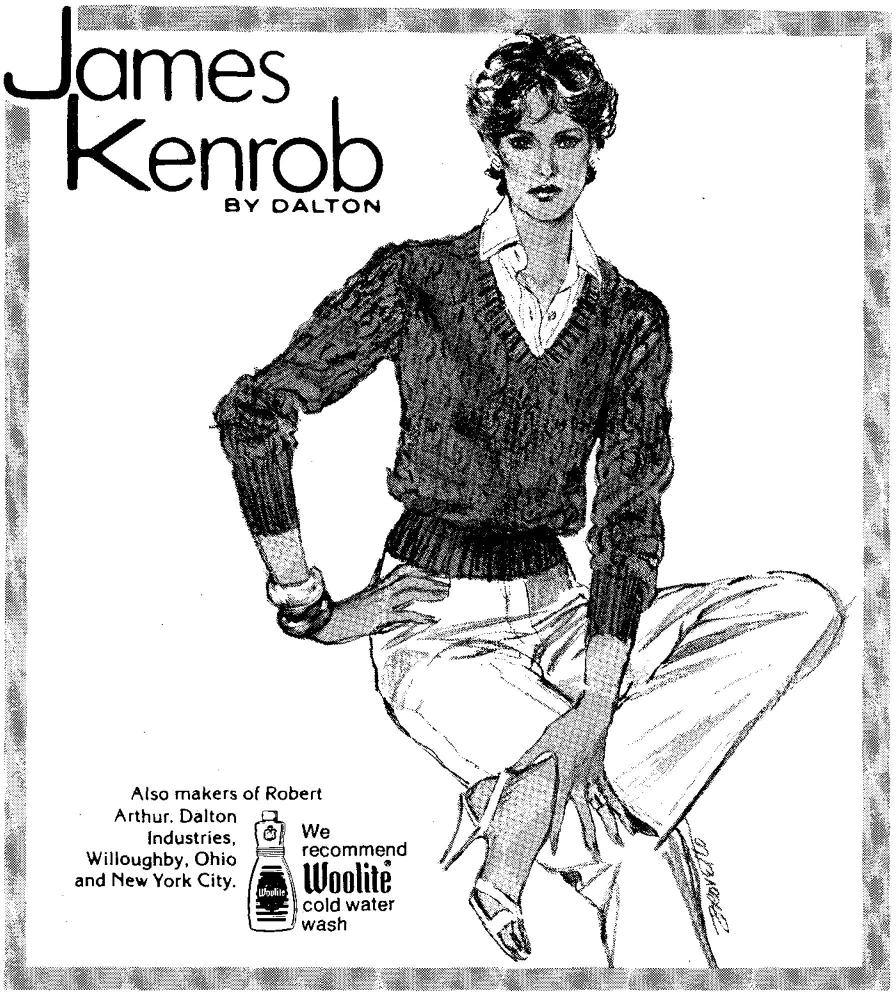

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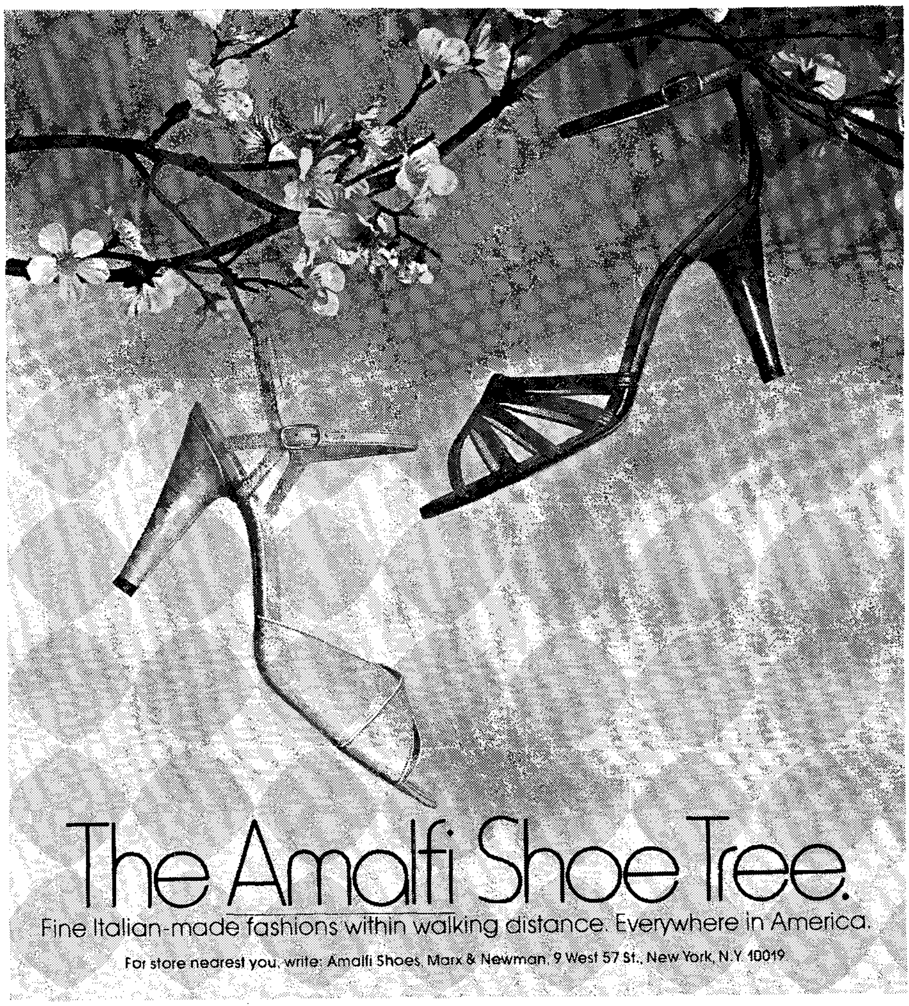

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of multinationals that will help "modernize" the country by turning parts of it into export platforms.

In the city-states of Singapore and Hong Kong, which do not have a vast rural population pressing in on them, the free production zones and the world-market factories have played a significant role in reducing unemployment. In the late nineteen-sixties, thirty per cent of Singapore's labor force was employed by foreign-owned multinationals. In South Korea, in the early seventies, the share of the labor market working for multinationals jumped to eleven per cent from three. Still, the worldwide prospects for reducing unemployment by means of the global factory are not encouraging. As the United Nations report "Transnational Corporations in World Development," issued in May of 1978, put it, the number of people employed by the foreign affiliates of multinationals remains "relatively small." In Asia and Latin America, industrial growth has not meant a surge in employment; rather, as the new industrial countries develop, each unit produced requires progressively less labor.

The Max Planck Institute study suggests some reasons that even a large increase in Third World production sites will do little for the employment problems of most poor countries. It notes that there is an "exceptionally unbalanced employment structure in the free production zones and world-market factories," and concludes that this cannot significantly reduce joblessness among the male population or among older women. A second problem is that employment is not steady but responds dramatically to shifts in the world economy and to changes in company strategy. In the 1974-75 recession, for instance, seventeen thousand workers were dismissed from world-market factories in Mexico; the Hong Kong work force dropped fifteen per cent; and the Singapore work force in the electronics industry alone was cut by almost thirteen thousand workers. The Planck Institute study reports that when "the specifically selected labor force has been used up, production is extended at other industrial sites or is shifted to other sites where this specific labor force is still available." In other words, employment opportunities at any given site may be temporary, either because the company is prepared to shift production to even cheaper labor areas when wage rates rise or because, as in the electronics industry, certain processes that were once assigned to export-platform factories now, because

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Another problem is what the Planck Institute study calls "inland labor migrations." In a country with high unemployment—like the Philippines, about forty per cent of whose population lives in what the World Bank calls "absolute poverty," or like Indonesia, where the figure is fifty-five per cent—the announcement that a factory is opening draws thousands to the vicinity. In the late nineteen-sixties, in Mexico, which government officials privately admit has an unemployment rate as high as fifty per cent, a manager of a certain plant in Ciudad Juárez put an advertisement in the newspaper, to run for three days. On the first day, two thousand applicants appeared, and three hundred of them were selected for "dexterity tests." Two hundred and eighty of these scored over twenty on the test—the average score among American workers is fifteen—and from this group the manager hired the ninety workers he needed. Unemployment in the area may have actually increased, because of the multitudes the factory attracted from the countryside and could not employ.

The argument remains: Is it not better to hire ninety workers than none? That depends upon what the long-term costs to the country are in providing those jobs in that particular way, and what alternative development models might be available which could provide more jobs and create fewer social and economic problems. The objection that many Third World economists make to the export-platform model of development is that the benefits do not spread to the country as a whole. There is little transfer of technology, because control is firmly locked in the companies, and they are willing to license it to Third World countries only on terms much less favorable than those which prevail in the industrial world. Multinationals determine the prices they charge in the local market—which are often exorbitant—and to a considerable extent they control the repatriation of profits. The

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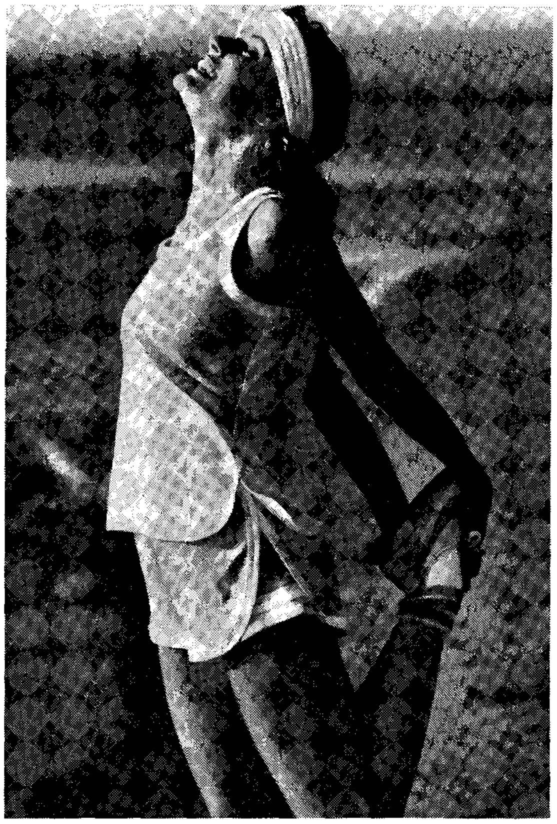

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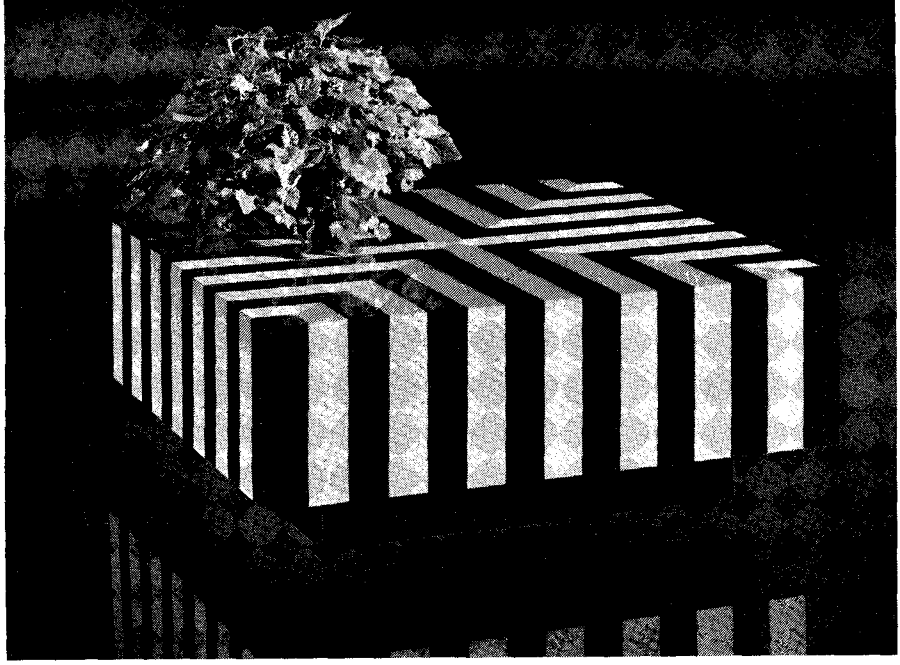

technology is likely to be inappropriate. American and European drug industries are notorious for shipping to Third World countries drugs that have been outlawed in the developed world. A development model that encouraged the rise of local industry would have better control over such products and could better tailor what is produced in the country to its peculiar needs. India, for example, has had a drug industry since 1901, but sixty companies, owned largely or in part by foreign interests, accounted for seventy per cent of the market in 1973 and 1974. According to a recent survey in *Far Eastern Economic Review*, the foreign makers sold tetracycline, which in Europe goes for twenty-four to thirty dollars a kilogram, to Indians for a hundred to two hundred and seventy dollars, and Vitamin C at about four times the price charged in Britain.

There are discernible reasons that the export-platform model allows certain poor countries to accumulate industrial power but condemns millions of their people to absolute poverty. In the year 2000, despite steady economic growth in the Third World, there will be between six hundred million and a billion people living in such poverty, partly because industrialization destroys agriculture and partly because the job opportunities in the growing industrial sector cannot keep pace with the rise in population. Millions of small farmers are thus left with neither land nor job. There is a third factor. The export-platform model requires poor countries to go heavily into debt. The external financing requirements for all developing countries in 1985 will be two hundred and seventy-six billion dollars in current prices—four times what it was in 1975. Half of that money must go simply to service past debt and cannot be invested in productive facilities that create jobs. The high level of debt and the need to keep rolling the debt over as bills become due mean that austerity is the rule throughout the Third World. Good bankers, public and private, exact solemn oaths of frugality from debtor governments, and sometimes enforce them by moving into the finance ministries to put their affairs in order. Presidents and generals preach austerity when they are told they must, but by and large only poor people have to practice it. Generally, austerity means cutting all social services that can be designated as frills, and these include a good many public-health, education, and nutrition programs as well as public-service employment proj-

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ects. Austerity also requires keeping a lid on wages. Since high debt fuels inflation, the banker-imposed wage controls mean that the bottom forty to sixty per cent of the population continually loses ground as prices rise. To a greater or lesser extent, this pattern is evident in most of the export-platform countries.

There is a curious irony in what is happening in the developing countries, which was perhaps summed up best by an offhand remark of a former President of Brazil: “Brazil is doing well, but the people are not.” The growth rate of the developing countries as a whole now exceeds that of the industrial countries. By the mid-nineteen-eighties, sixty-four per cent of all Third World exports will be manufactured products, up from only twenty-five per cent in 1975. That means that the developing countries will account for thirteen per cent of all exports of manufactured goods; the figure was about nine per cent in 1975. But the prevailing development model has had perverse effects on income distribution everywhere. Some countries, such as South Korea, for peculiar historical reasons have had a certain success with land reform and, according to Parvez Hasan, a World Bank economist, the reform has emphasized “extremely employment-intensive growth,” with the result that income distribution is somewhat better there than in most other non-socialist Third World countries. Yet even in these dubious showcases of “growth with equity” the share of the lowest forty per cent has declined, and, Hasan suggests, it could decline even more sharply. Elsewhere, the export economies with the most impressive growth—Brazil, Mexico, and, until recently, Iran—have exhibited highly inequitable income distribution, with a small number of the richest citizens skimming off the dividends of development.

The argument is frequently made that the widening gap between rich and poor in such countries ought not to be a matter of great concern, because in absolute terms the poor are doing better. But the situation varies greatly. Some extremely poor people huddled in urban slums would not trade places with their rural parents, but some clearly would. What they eat gives them fewer calories and contains fewer proteins. Where people have exchanged a life of ordered drudgery amid familiar surroundings and community support for the uncertain existence of a city street hawker, beggar, or maid, it is not obvious that they are better off or happier, though they may have twice as much money as their grandparents did. In a traditional society where nothing changes, most people accept their place with a certain grace. That the landlord should live in luxury and the tenant farmer in a hovel may seem as natural as the sunrise. But when the principal of mobility is introduced into the society, and envy is stimulated to induce people to work harder and to consume more, the pain of deprivation deepens, and political and economic turmoil may result. In an industrializing world, in which the principal activity is getting and spending, more and more people are becoming irrelevant to the productive process, both as producers and as consumers. More than eight hundred million people cannot find enough work at wages adequate to provide food for their families. Every sign suggests that the number will increase. It is the monumental social problem of the planet—the cause of mass starvation, of repression, and of crime.

Just as the energy crisis was the time bomb of the nineteen-seventies, the world employment crisis is likely to be the time bomb of the eighties. Unemployment figures are, of course, the world’s most slippery statistics. If oil companies have incentives to understate petroleum reserves, governments have even stronger reasons to understate the true extent of what Marxists call the reserve army of the unemployed. To say that forty or fifty per cent of the population is seeking work for a living wage and cannot find it is an admission that few governments can make for long. Such an admission amounts to a self-indictment with revolutionary implications, and prime ministers, mayors, and industrialists naturally prefer to handle the problem in more traditional ways. One is to understate it by manipulating the definition of unemployment. Thus, the hawkers of Kleenex, flowers, and chewing gum who are to be found on the streets of every Third World metropolis are members of the “underemployed”—a class whose members, by and large, cannot earn enough money to buy enough calories to sustain themselves and their families. They do not, however, swell the “unemployment” statistics. So-called “seasonal adjustments”—if you are working at any instant during the period under consideration, you are counted as working, no matter how quickly you lose your job—and, most important, the failure to count a few million here and a few million there as members of the work force give world employment figures, bad though they look, a rosier glow than they deserve. American labor statistics can be criticized for certain built-in biases, but the statistics in most countries of the world are so crude that they amount to no more than official guesses for public consumption.

THE employment problem in industrial countries is completely different from that in Third World countries. In Third World countries, the average "unemployment" rate, according to the I.L.O., is five per cent—lower than in the United States. The reason it is so low is that only middle-class members of the work force can afford to be even transitionally unemployed. If you are poor in a poor country and stop earning any income, you will probably not survive long enough to be counted. There is no state unemployment insurance, no welfare—only help from your family, if you are lucky. Thirty-six per cent of the workers in the underdeveloped countries fall into the category of "underemployed," which means, according to the I.L.O., that the workers have jobs of "less than normal duration," are of a mind to "accept additional work," or—and this is by far the largest category—have "a job yielding inadequate income."

In industrial countries, the population explosion is cyclical, not steady. Today, the effects of the wartime baby boom are receding, and in parts of the industrial world there is a labor shortage—particularly in certain skills and in certain industries. Industrial countries, whose farming economy was transformed generations ago, do not have a huge influx of people from farms looking for jobs in the city. The principal causes of unemployment are structural. It becomes uneconomic to produce certain goods in certain places. Factories move, and the workers are left without jobs. The mobility of capital and the relative immobility of native labor in industrial societies constitute a crucial part of the problem, because every industrial society is slow to find new jobs for displaced workers. There are sharp differences within the industrial world on what a tolerable unemployment rate is, but, increasingly, the spectre of inflation is cooling enthusiasm for traditional expansionary economic policies to create full employment.

Beyond a certain point, unemployment becomes a serious political prob-

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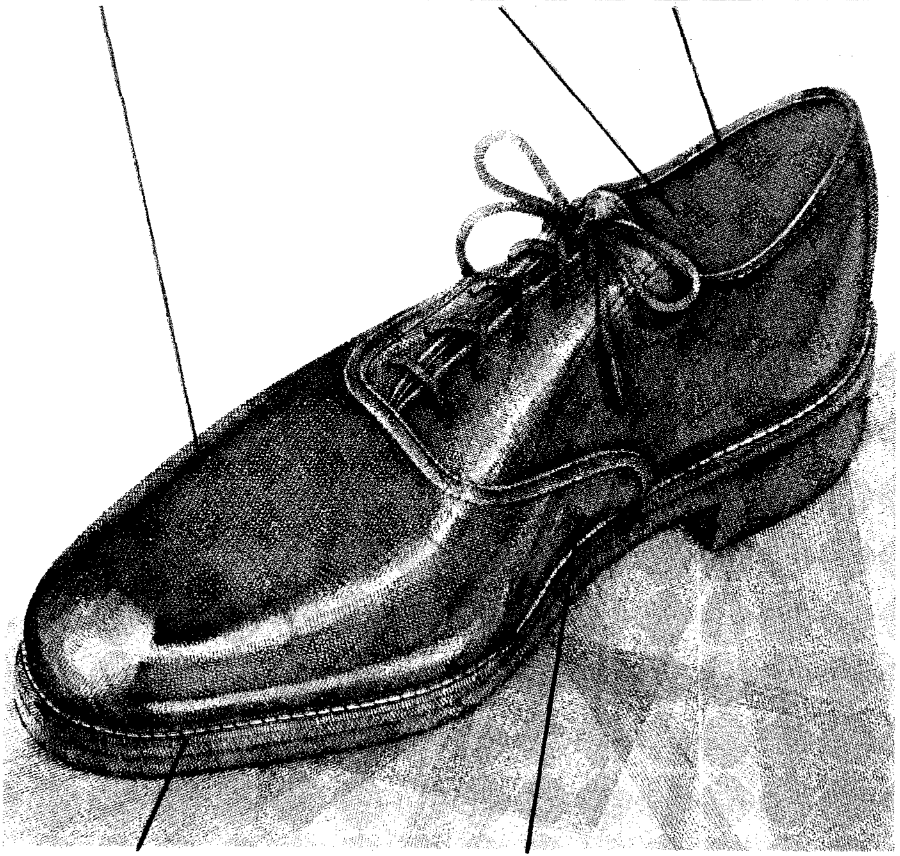

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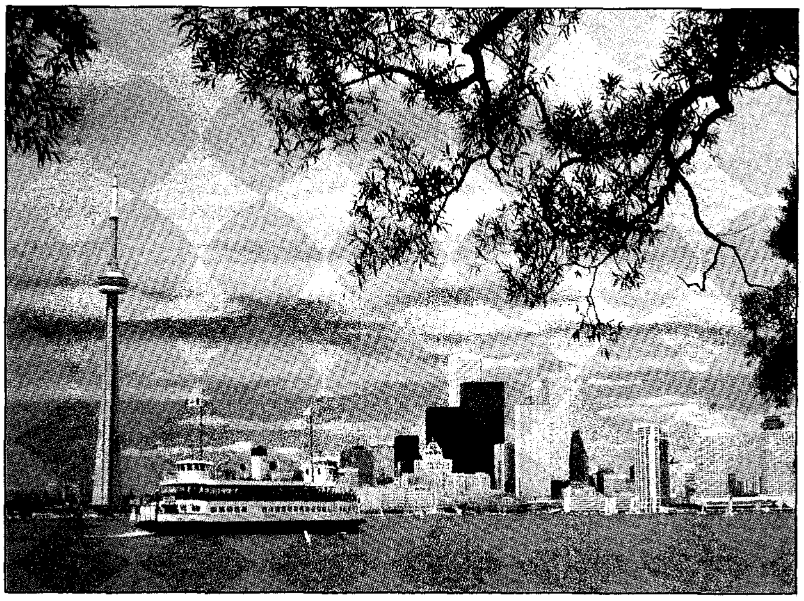

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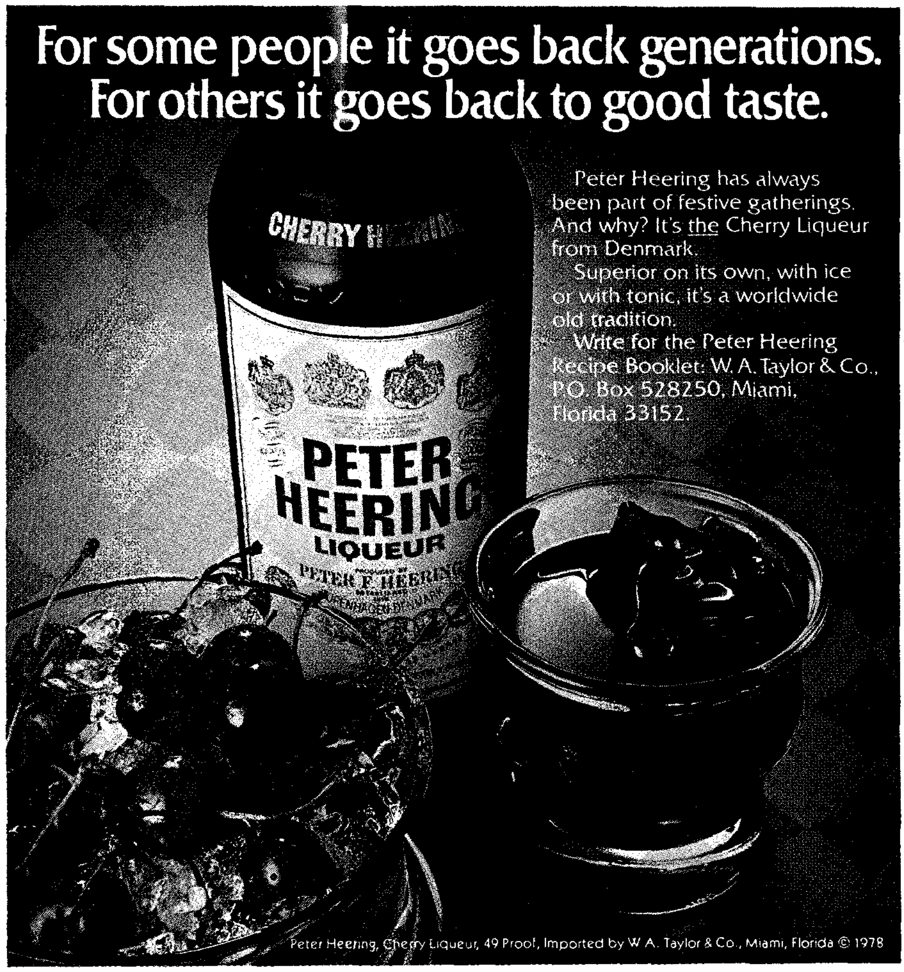

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lem. Statistics that cannot be fudged are interpreted away. In contemporary society, certain numbers have the status of Holy Writ. They tell us whether we are on the road to Heaven or Hell. By such reckoning, the gross national product must grow and the unemployment rate must not. If one or the other behaves contrary to our optimistic expectations, either a radical cure or a new diagnosis is called for. Obviously, the diagnosis is easier to arrange than the cure, and so it is that new theories have been developed to explain why "unemployment numbers have simply looked too high in the 1970's," as the *Wall Street Journal* has put it. Essentially, these theories suggest that the big increase in unemployment in the industrial world—Germany's unemployment rate quadrupled between 1973 and 1976, France's and Australia's more than doubled, and Japan's almost doubled—has to do less with structural problems of the economy than with the habits and preferences of workers. Laziness subsidized by unemployment insurance, the frivolous entry into the job market of women and teen-agers, the welfare program that discourages work but requires recipients to seek it are among the widely accepted explanations for the disturbingly high rates of joblessness in our time. Theories of unemployment that look anywhere but to the productive process itself are, as James S. Henry, a New York management consultant, notes, perennially popular. In 1936, the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* was putting its money on W. Stanley Jevon's theory, first put forward in the eighteen-seventies, that business cycles are caused by sunspots.

The situation in the American labor market is almost exactly the reverse of the typical pattern in the Third World. There the population is disproportionately young. In the United States, as Richard B. Freeman, a professor of economics at Harvard, notes, the stable birthrate means that there will soon be a "shortage of youth" and an "enormous increase in the number of prime-age workers" left over from the postwar "baby boom." Officially, unemployment in the United States still hovers at around six per cent. In certain communities, it is much higher. For young blacks, it is about four times the national average: the consequence of racism and its effects—bad education and isolation. Over forty per cent of the work force is female. Of the ninety-six million persons in the American work force in

1976, only fifteen per cent had traditional factory jobs.

The unemployment problem in the United States is in large measure a consequence of the restructuring of world industry. The steel industry, for instance, has been transformed by competition from low-wage countries. In 1947, the United States produced nearly sixty per cent of the world's steel; in 1975, just sixteen per cent. Imported steel has captured nearly twenty per cent of the American market. Japan accounts for about half of this country's steel imports, and about ten per cent comes from underdeveloped countries. Eight companies produce ninety-five per cent of the American steel—the top two, United States Steel and Bethlehem, have forty per cent of the output—and they are all in trouble. The companies argue that foreign companies, with the connivance of their governments, are dumping cheap steel on the American market, and that the United States government, with its expensive anti-pollution requirements, and American unions with their demands for ever-higher wages, are killing the industry. But studies by Chase Econometrics Associates, an economic-forecasting group, and others suggest other reasons for its difficulties. Japanese costs are from seventy-eight to a hundred and thirty-three dollars a ton lower than American costs. Efficiency, the good fortune to have developed the industry at the right time, and lower labor costs give the Japanese the competitive edge—not government subsidies, which, according to a 1977 study by the Federal Trade Commission, have amounted, in recent years, to an average of about forty-six cents a ton. Moreover, the American steel companies have lagged badly in technological innovation. To derive maximum profit from capital already invested, they delayed such important new processes as basic oxygen furnaces and continuous casting. Continuous casting is a way of pouring molten steel directly into slabs. It eliminates half the steps of the hot rolling mills, where steel is shaped, saving ten to fifteen per cent of the labor power. About ten per cent of the steel produced in the United States is made by the new process; in Japan, thirty-five per cent is made that way. The technological backwardness of the American steel industry has opened the door to a major shift of world steel production. Underdeveloped countries have quadrupled their output of steel since 1960, and by the year 2000 they are expected to be pro-

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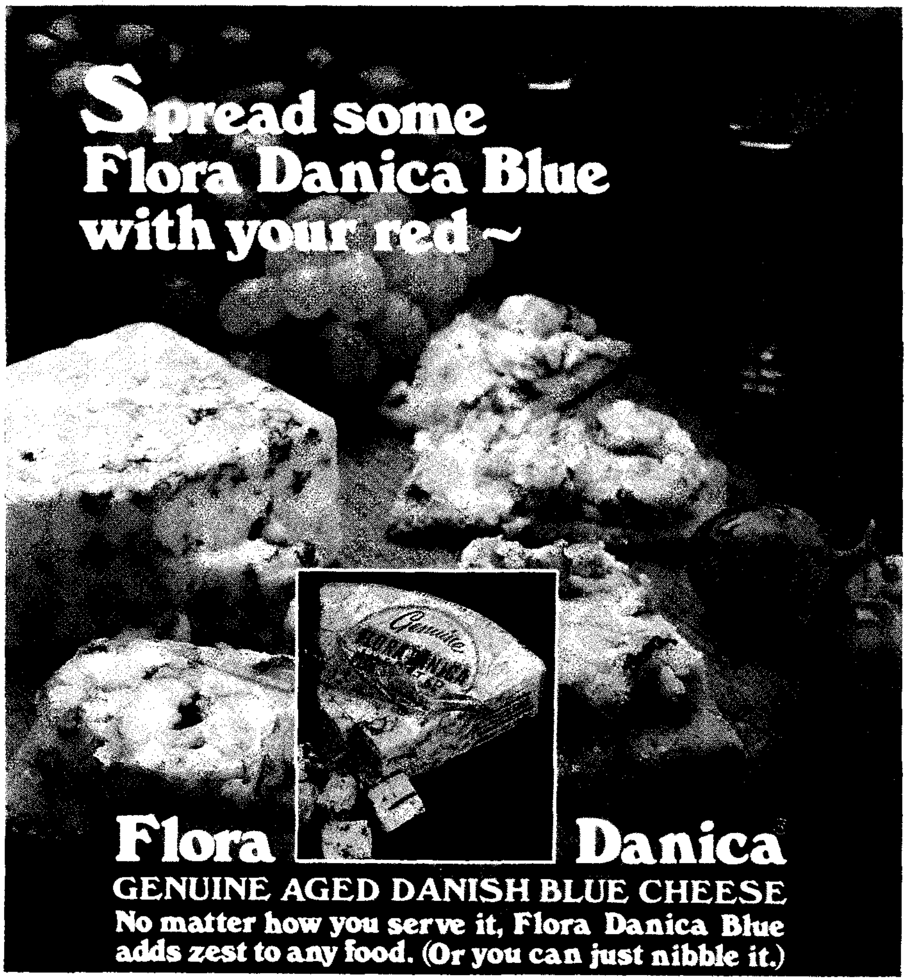

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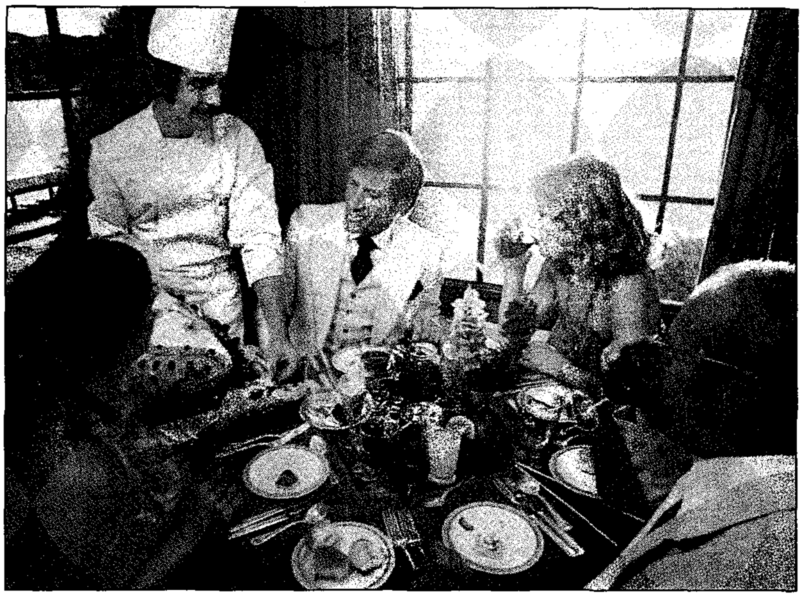

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ducing twenty-five per cent of the world's steel and consuming about the same amount. Brazil, with probably the largest iron-ore reserves in the world outside the Soviet Union, is now the world's eighth-largest steel producer. It is also a huge consumer of steel, and its production jumped almost twenty-two per cent in 1976 and 1977. Although there is substantial Japanese investment in the Brazilian steel industry, almost eighty per cent of Brazil's steel capacity is under the control of a public company called SIDERBRAS. Brazil lacks coal for coking furnaces and has been importing a good deal from the United States, but because of worries over American labor unrest and instability the Brazilians are looking to what they regard as more secure long-term sources of coal—South Africa, Poland, and Australia.

The steel industry in poor countries has been financed with foreign investment. Since the Second World War, about four and a half billion dollars in American aid has gone to develop steel in forty-six countries. According to Representative Clarence Long, of Maryland, the United States' Export-Import Bank is responsible for developing thirty-seven million tons of steelmaking capacity that competes in the world market with American producers. Some of these producers are hedging their bets by investing in Third World steel companies themselves. United States Steel has interests in Spain, Italy, and Guatemala, and until recently had them in Nicaragua; there are Armco subsidiaries in Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Peru, Mexico, and Venezuela. Still, investment by American steel companies has been modest in comparison with the efforts that Japan has made to diversify its supplies and to control its pollution by shifting production abroad. One diplomat was quoted in the English publication *Latin-America Economic Report* as saying that the Japanese government is encouraging "the long-term trend toward developing countries' increasingly doing the 'dirty work' of producing semi-finished products from iron ore, which countries like Japan would then import for rerolling."

American companies of many sorts are fleeing older industrial communities for export platforms or are changing what they make, and the legacy is chronic unemployment in the industrial belt of the Northeast and the Midwest. At the same time, other regions are desperate for skilled workers. But labor is not as mobile as capital. One reason that industry is leaving the United States is declining productivity. High wages, environmental concerns, taxes for social services and a number of other factors have produced the entropic growth that seems to be characteristic of mature industrial societies: more and more resources go in and relatively less comes out. For example, the United States now imports more machine tools than it exports, because American industry finds it difficult to compete with foreign-made machine tools. A radial drill that sells for forty thousand dollars if it is made in the United States can be sold from a Taiwan factory for half that. So the Carlton Machine Tool Company, which was once in Cincinnati, has moved to Taiwan. "It's either that or get out of the business," according to Barry Savage, Carlton's director of sales and marketing.

Yet because of the devaluation of the dollar and the declining power of the unions American labor costs are becoming more competitive, and foreign companies are increasingly making use of the American labor market. Volkswagen, Michelin, Volvo, and other European giants have been building plants in the United States, though generally not in our older industrial centers from which American companies have fled. The head of European operations for General Telephone & Electronics says that labor costs at its Huntsville and Albuquerque plants are about the same as at its Milan factory and that the productivity of American workers is higher.

Governments of mature capitalist societies face a Hobson's choice. They can expand public payrolls, encourage "disguised unemployment," and adopt protectionist policies to keep unemployment down. Japan, for example, with its strong unions, has had a system of lifetime employment that guarantees an estimated thirty to forty per cent of the nation's workers a job until they are fifty-five years old. In slack periods, surplus production-line workers have been lent to other companies or have been employed as door-to-door salesmen for company products or as landscape gardeners in factory-beautification campaigns. In other industrial countries with powerful unions, government policy has also encouraged keeping more people on industrial payrolls than are needed. If this had not been done, the seven largest capitalist economies would have had many more than thirteen million people still out of work in 1978. But the consequence is a loss of productiv-

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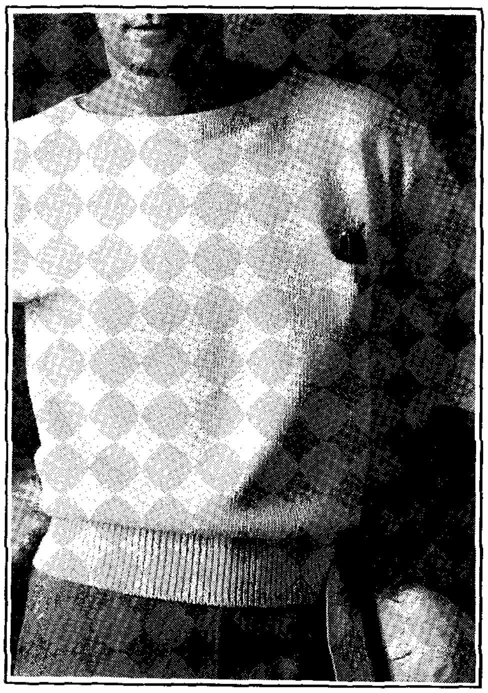

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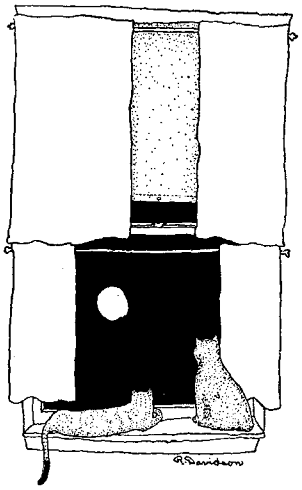
Throughout the industrial world, the unemployment problem is being managed in two ways. Some communities engage in what amounts to an auction for jobs. A city, a region, or a country will try to outdo its competitors in creating an enticing package for any company with jobs to offer. In 1973—before it finally decided to expand its existing plants—Ford explored the possibility of building a new plant in Europe to produce about six hundred cars a day. The plant would have cost as much as a billion dollars, and the company asked for a government cash subsidy to cover thirty-five per cent of that amount, and also for subsidies for training and other costs, and relief from duties and local taxes. When Ford announced this plan, Belgium, Britain, France, and West Germany all responded, and Austria, eager to capture eight thousand jobs that the plant and its suppliers might produce, dangled an even bigger package. A 1979 advertisement in *Business Week* for an industrial plant in the north of France promises a "$6,000 grant per job created." Britain recently induced Hoffmann-La Roche to build a vitamin plant in Scotland by offering a subsidy of just over a hundred million dollars, and gave Ford substantial assistance in the construction of its new four-hundred-million-dollar engine plant in Wales. Industrial recruiting by local Chambers of Commerce or similar groups in the United States makes use of tax holidays and other such concessions. Recruiting has been particularly aggressive in the American South. Ironically, according to an executive of the Fantus Company, a Dun & Bradstreet subsidiary that acts as travel agent for corporations on the move, there are companies that have been turned away from Southern towns because of their union policies or their wage rates, which were too high for local industry, long accustomed to paying the bare minimum.



The other way that the unemployment problem is being solved is by applying what might be called the doctrine of the superfluous worker. When the Employment Act of 1946 was passed, the definition of "full employment" in the United States was an unemployment rate of two to three per cent. Current folklore has it that unless six per cent—or six million members—of the American work force is unemployed, the economy will heat up, since the six million men and women looking for work and unable to get it are not needed. They have no productive role to play in the economy. They are a welfare problem. In 1973, the federal unemployment-insurance system cost taxpayers four and a half billion dollars. Two years later, with the recession, the cost reached sixteen billion eight hundred million. Well-organized unions have exacted supplemental unemployment benefits for laid-off workers, and these plans now cover about fifteen per cent of the unionized workers in the private sector.

It is fashionable in conservative circles to argue that unemployment benefits reward idleness and cushion workers from the effects of hunger, so that they do not diligently search for a job. Even liberal politicians, such as former Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis, recommend taxing unemployment benefits to save the state money. A great deal of research has been done on the motivations of workers whom society has designated as temporarily or chronically superfluous. Those with a high investment in a particular job tend to wait to be recalled, even though they might find a job elsewhere, because they do not wish to lose their seniority rights. The jobs that go begging everywhere—laundry work, dishwashing, short-order cooking—do not attract members of the work force with higher expectations and pleasanter experiences. It is true that almost anyone who wants to can get one of those jobs, but the price of introducing the doctrine of the superfluous worker is the decline of the work ethic. Social peace is bought with unemployment insurance, and because so many receive it, joining the Monday-morning line is by no means felt to be a greater disgrace than being a busboy at McDonald's. Quite the opposite. The American labor market is full of such contradictions.

It is sometimes suggested that unemployment can be explained by the

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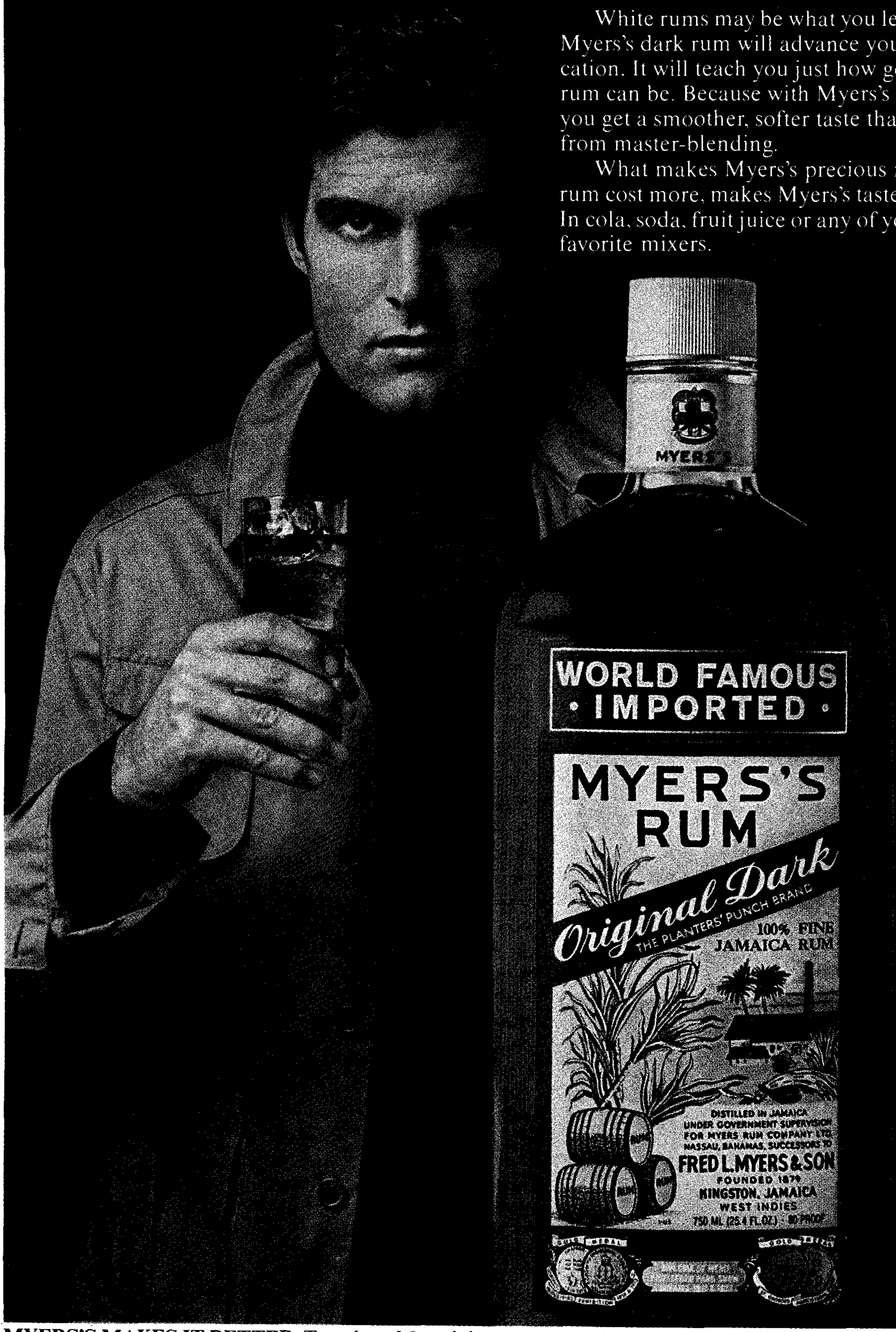
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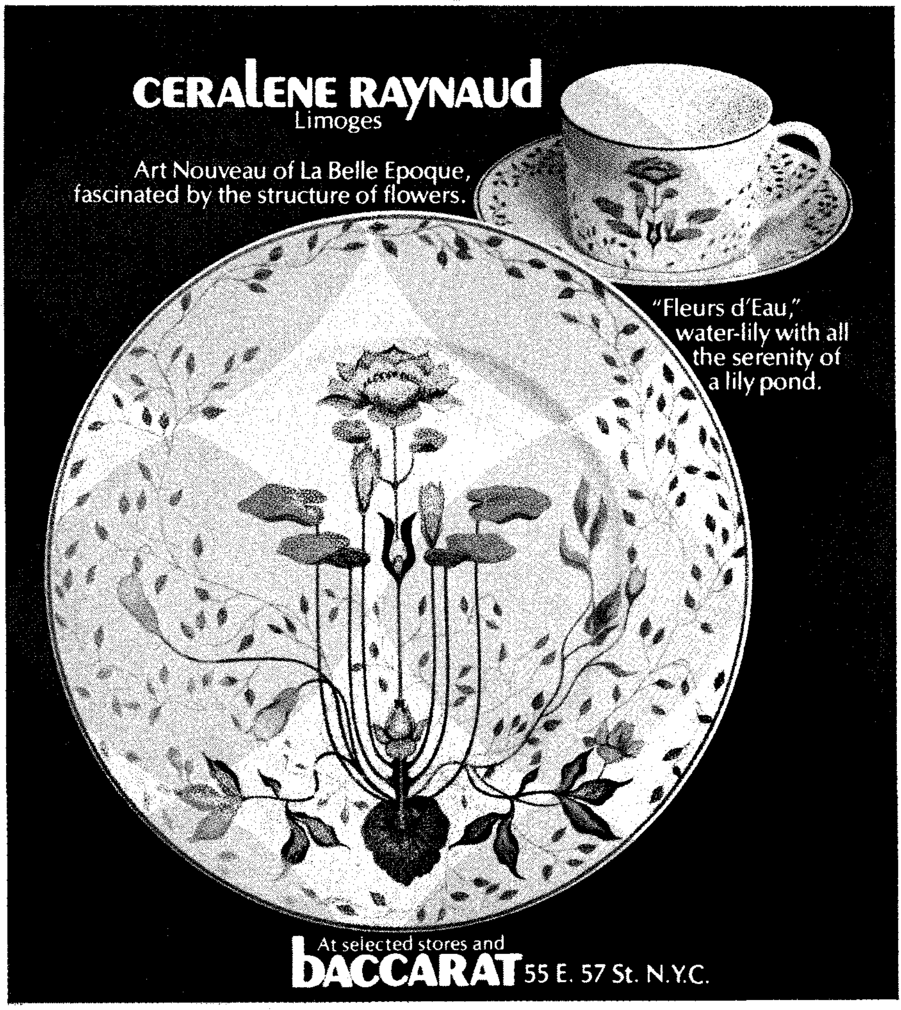
huge increase in working women, who made up twenty-eight per cent of the work force in 1947 and now make up more than forty per cent of it. Economic reasons are at least as important a cause of women's working as the women's-liberation movement. With inflation and the enormous escalation in consumer expectations on which the economy depends, a double income is often necessary for those who aspire to middle-class living. For the lower middle class, it is often a matter of family survival. The competition for desirable jobs intensifies.

Because of the footloose character of industry, there may be temporary shortages of good jobs in certain areas. According to the Labor Department, the dramatic shift of industry to the Sun Belt has produced critical shortages of engineers, welders, and machinists in places such as Birmingham, Huntsville, and Fort Worth. In Sioux Falls, South Dakota, where Litton Industries opened a microwave-oven factory in 1977, the company had almost ten thousand applicants for six hundred assembly-line openings, yet could not fill the technical and management jobs from the local community. The United States is fated, it seems, to live with a growing labor shortage and growing unemployment simultaneously. The same is true of Japan, where perhaps six hundred and fifty thousand skilled jobs are unfilled and there are perhaps as many as five million disguised unemployed. "Dirty" jobs everywhere and skilled jobs in regions that attract new industry or revive old industry are becoming harder to fill throughout the developed world.

In the United States, the working-age competitors for the manufacturing, managerial, and higher-level service jobs are having increasing difficulty finding their niche in the productive economy, for it is changing in ways that are making many of them superfluous. The educational system that provided so many of these jobs in the nineteen-sixties is not growing, because the baby boom is over and there are too many schoolrooms, campuses, teachers, and deans for the number of students who make use of them. More and more of those who make the enormous investment in graduate education are discovering that they have prepared themselves for careers that do not exist. The explosion in the helping professions—social workers, counsellors, medical aides, therapists—that also occurred in the sixties is levelling off in a time of austerity, since these are ser-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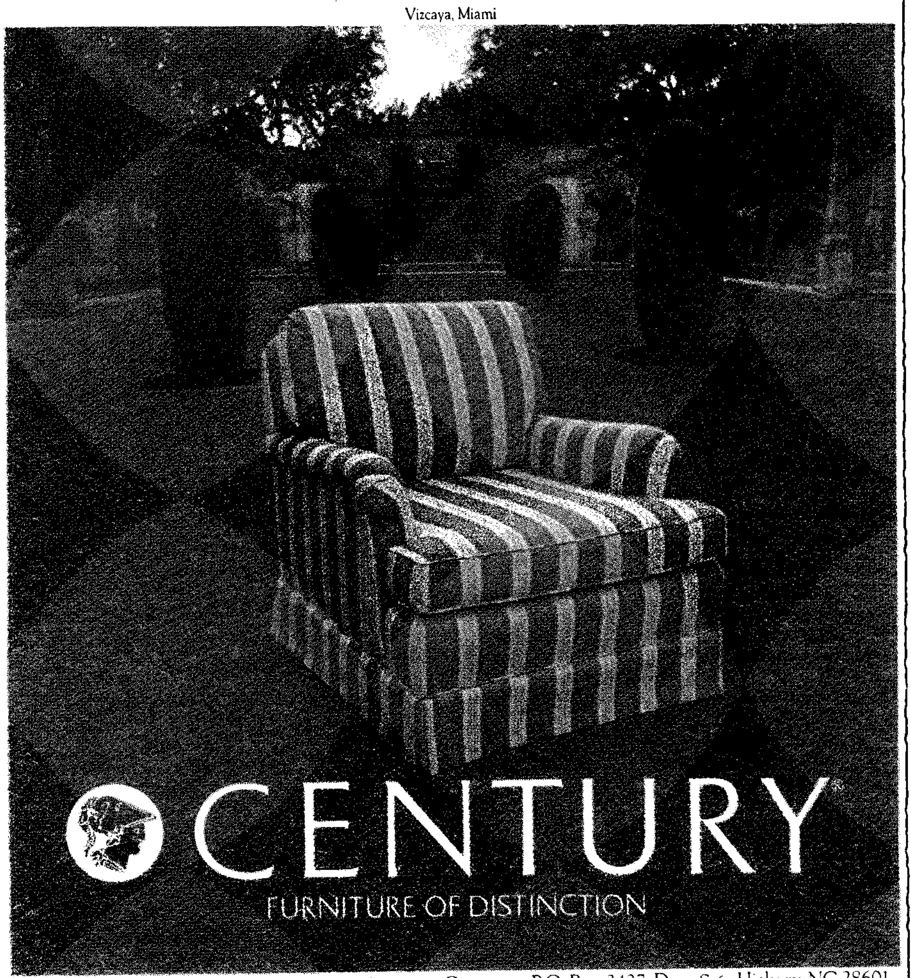
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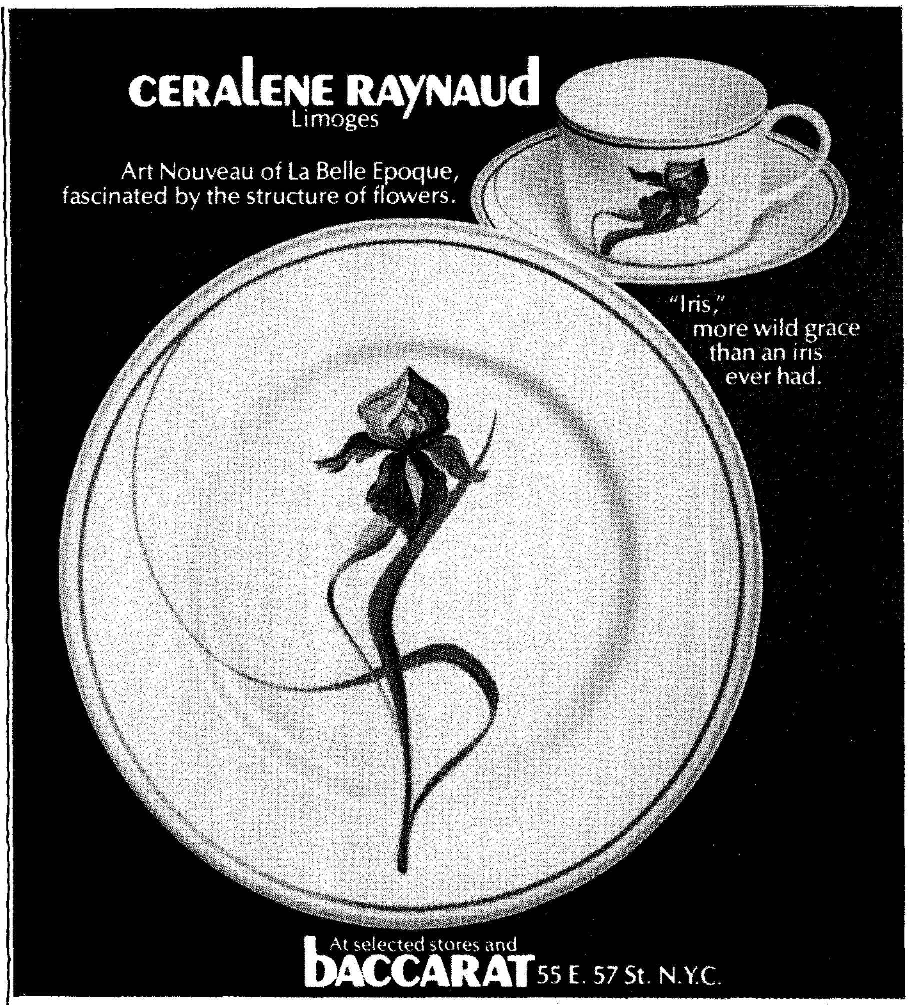
vices that are directed mostly to the poor and the "non-productive." The retooling of the economy to reduce energy requirements could theoretically create many more jobs, but if the strategy depends heavily upon capital-intensive technology instead of employment-intensive technology, the consequence will be a net loss of jobs. Thus, a major attack on energy waste in the United States could well involve a reduction in work-related travel. The automobile industry, according to the Motor Vehicle Manufacturers Association, accounts for almost twenty-nine per cent of all retail sales and provides one out of every six jobs in the economy. Thousands of the hands that facilitate the daily trip to the office and satisfy the national passion for roaming the highways may no longer be needed.

Despite such possibilities, the optimists in the employment business count on technology to come to the rescue. Automation eventually creates more jobs than it destroys, they say. The passing of the buggy whip and the carriage industry opened the way for the much larger automobile industry; something similar is bound to turn up. But the signs point in the opposite direction. The population explosion has far outstripped the ability of the global factory and its extensions in the service economy to provide enough jobs. Since the American labor market is merely a division of the world labor market, the effects of global oversupply are felt here. The explosion will not stop, mounting evidence suggests, until there are much greater opportunities in the Third World for people to take part in the productive process and to receive a decent wage for their work.

Moreover, the new technological developments are particularly threatening from the standpoint of employment. Older technologies created a new service economy at the same time that they displaced workers in agriculture and industry. But the microprocessor—the tiny data-storage chip used in minicomputers and calculators—now threatens to revolutionize the service economy by eliminating not only thousands of clerks, secretaries, and paper pushers but also highly skilled office positions. A French government report predicts that this particular technological innovation could cut employment in banking and insurance by thirty per cent. A German electronics company estimates that forty per cent of all the office work that is now done by human beings will be performed by machine in about ten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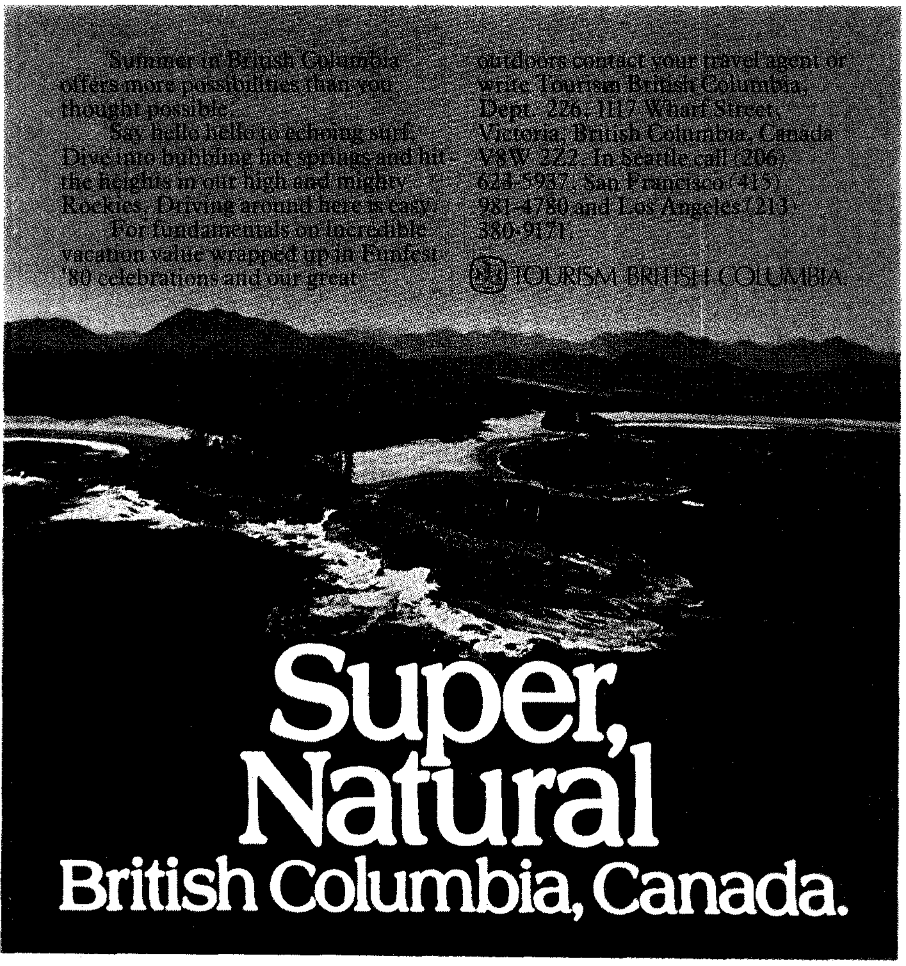
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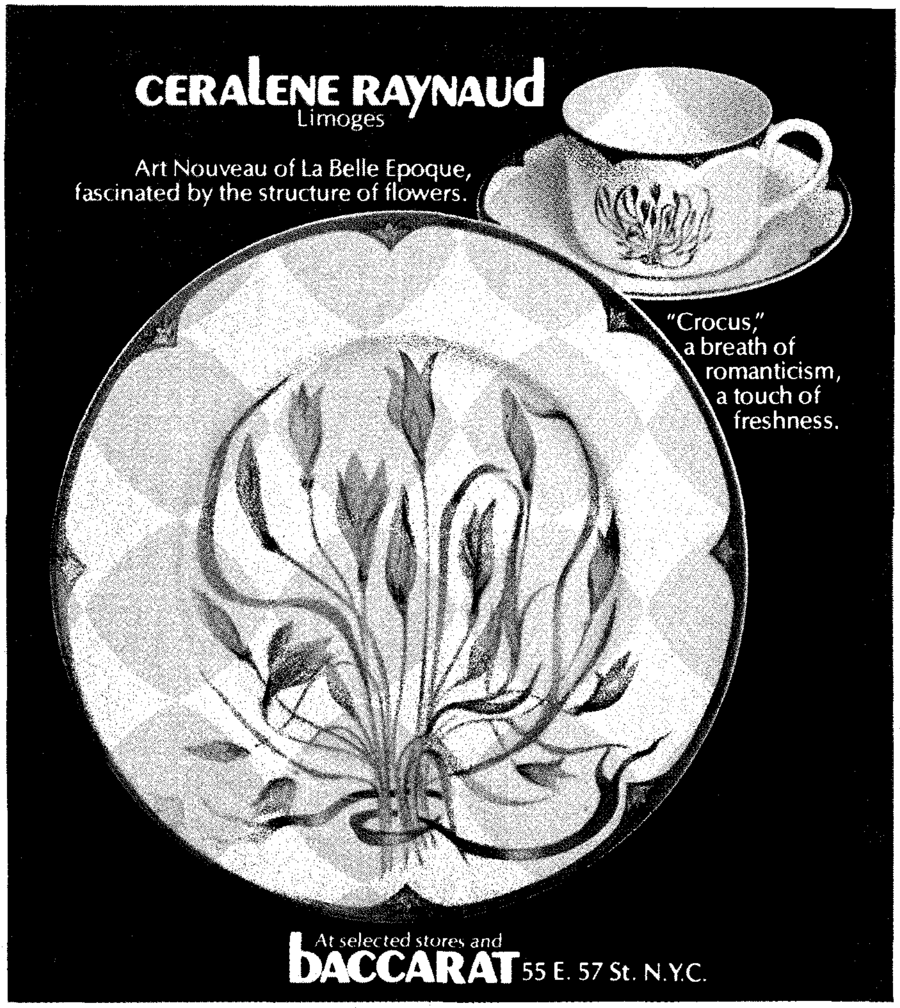

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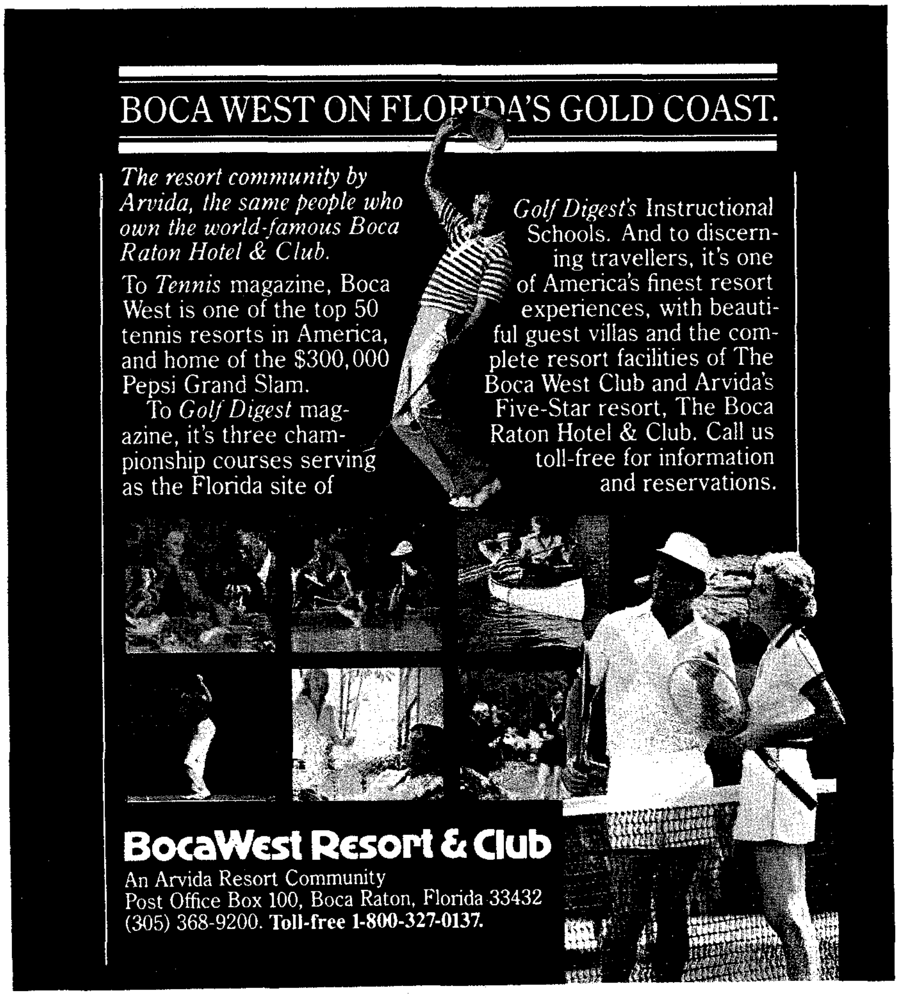

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years. Where is the new sector that can absorb these superfluous heads and hands? Workers in Britain are attempting to organize against the companies that use distant export platforms to make the machines that will eliminate the service bureaucracies at home. But without a political commitment to shaping an economy whose very purpose is to enable each person to make a creative contribution the battle will be lost. The "technological imperative" is not a law of nature but a law of economics in a market economy, and it can be deflected only by a more powerful political vision.

ONE approach to the employment crisis that exists everywhere is a resort to the government payroll. In the business world, it is fashionable to decry this approach, but such complaining overlooks the close relationship between the rise of the global factory, with its decreasing dependence on labor, and the padding of government payrolls. All over the world, the state has become the largest employer. In the United States, one of every six workers is employed by local, state, or federal government; when the New Deal took over, in 1933, the figure was about one of twelve. Public-sector employment has grown so fast and wages have risen to such an extent that the pay of garbagemen, policemen, and teachers has become one of the big issues of the "tax revolt." If one includes in public-sector employment men and women in the defense industries, the figures are even higher. The significant point is the crucial role of public-sector employment in controlling the unemployment problem. The decline in the unemployment rate in the first two years of the Carter Administration was helped considerably by an increase in the number of defense-related jobs by two hundred and forty thousand and by the launching of a public-service-job program that picked up four hundred and fifty thousand previously underemployed or unemployed people. In the United States, the public sector operates social-service programs, the police, the military, and the growing regulatory bureaucracies. From time to time, it finances or bails out failing private enterprises. The two-hundred-and-fifty-million-dollar federal loan guarantee to Lockheed in 1971 is just one celebrated example. But except for a few isolated experiments—the Tennessee Valley Authority is the best known—the federal government has shied away from establishing or acquiring profitable enterprises. Lemon socialism, as the nationalization of unprofitable enterprises is called, is the only socialism consistent with rugged individualism; failures can be rescued when it is in the national interest to keep them from going under, but profitable enterprises, with a little help in tax subsidies, must stand on their own two feet. At the state level, profitable public enterprise is more acceptable. There is a state bank in North Dakota. There are a number of municipal power companies that do well. These, too, swell the ranks of the public employees.

In the rest of the world, the public sector is even bigger. In socialist states that have abolished private capitalism, everybody is in some sense a state employee. In the social democracies of Western Europe, the state-controlled sectors of the economy are large and are expanding. The Italian economy is forty per cent publicly owned or publicly controlled; the proportion for France is about a third. In countries like Egypt, which call themselves socialist but encourage private capitalism, the role of the state has increased enormously since the nineteen-fifties. In the early sixties, when Egypt was in its radical nationalist phase—now mostly past—the number of bureaucrats jumped sixty-one per cent in four years, and their pay increased two hundred and fifteen per cent. This trend has also shown up in Latin America—not only in Peru, where the military regime for a while indulged in socialist rhetoric, but also in Brazil and Argentina, which are avowedly hostile to socialism. In Brazil, Petrobras, the energy monopoly, is in the hands of the state, as are other dynamic sectors of the economy. They employ immense bureaucracies, which constitute an important but not well-understood social force in the country.

The curious tendency of the most stalwart apostles of free enterprise, like Brazil, to put more and more of their economies into the hands of state bureaucrats is actually not hard to explain. Different considerations may be at work in different places. Whereas in Egypt the rise of Nasser-brand socialism, with its mushrooming state bureaucracy, was the result of a failure to attract foreign private investment, Brazil, which produced its "miracle" by turning itself into a welcome mat for multinational corporations, has built up its state bureaucracy in reaction to foreign investment. Much the same thing has happened in Indonesia, as it also happened in Iran under the Shah. Precisely because foreign corporations play

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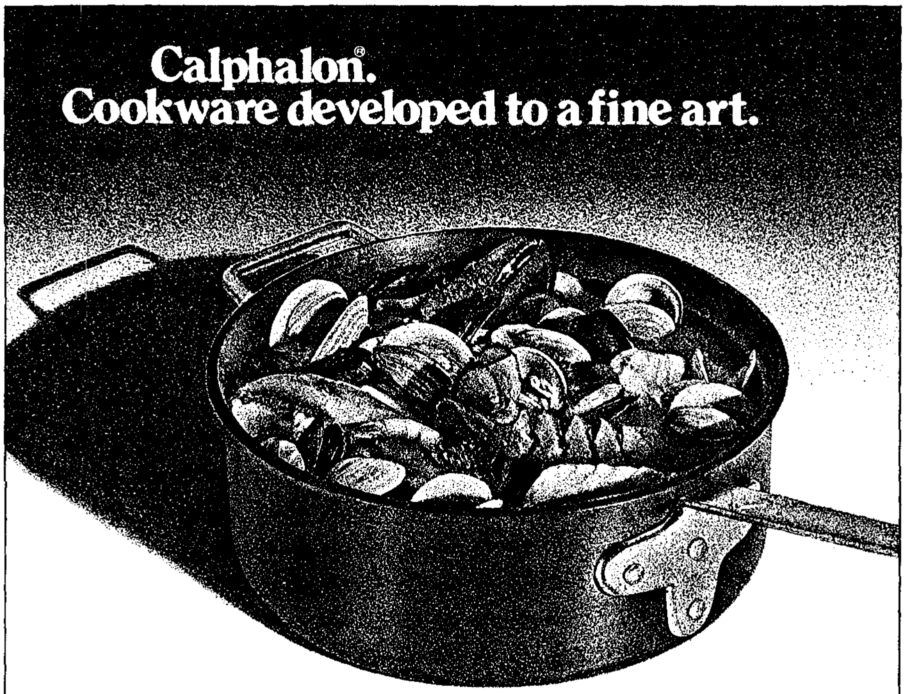

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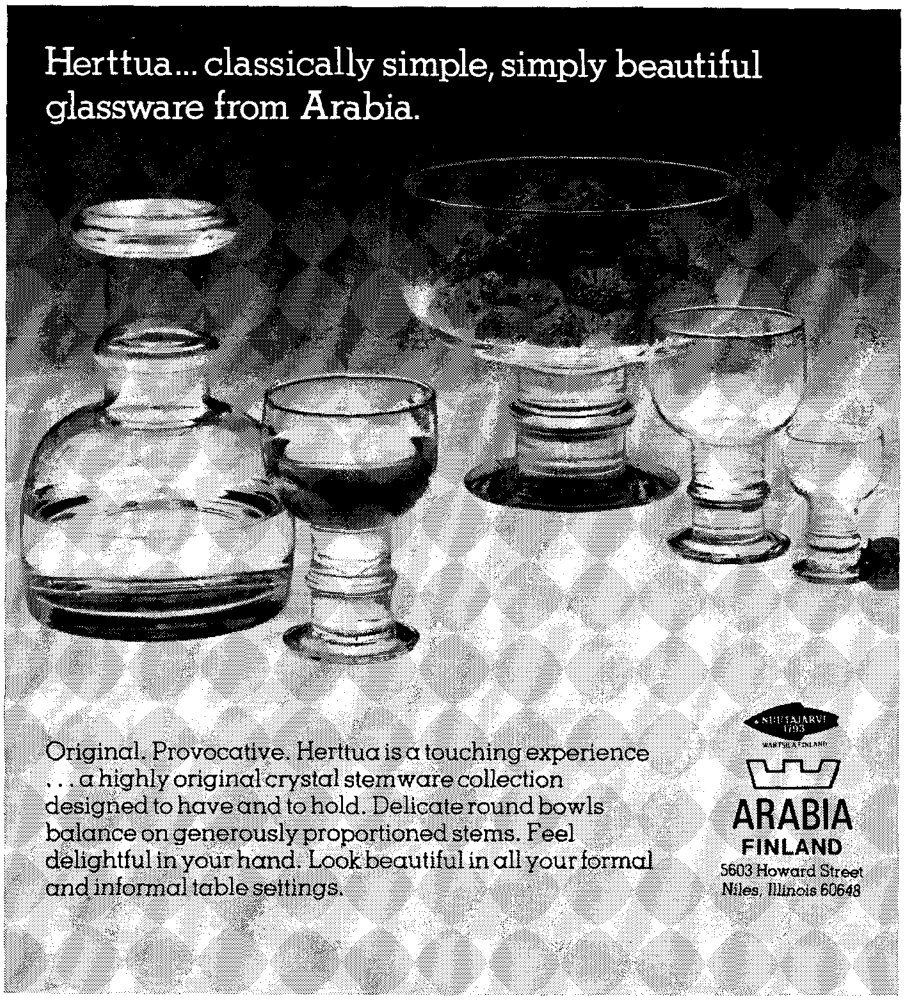

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such a dominant role in key sectors of the economy, the state has moved in to take control of other sectors—particularly those of strategic importance, such as energy. In addition, the increasingly successful effort in the more advanced underdeveloped countries to make better deals with the multinationals than were possible in the buccaneer phase of international capitalism, now drawing to a close, keeps a considerable number of government bookkeepers, accountants, inspectors, lawyers, letter writers, paper pushers, regulators, and facilitators busy—or, at least, employed. Selling foreign companies a disciplined labor force also supports a bureaucracy—of police, military, and administrators.

For most of the recently freed former colonial lands, state capitalism is the only kind of capitalism there is. Neither a local entrepreneurial class nor a pool of entrepreneurial skills exists. In the process of "nation-building," as it used to be called, the class that identifies with the nation is made up of state employees. Rich landowners may tolerate the new state if it does not interfere with their holdings; otherwise, their hearts will follow their treasure into numbered accounts in Zurich banks. (In the more dynamic state-capitalist regimes, increasing state control over land is an important part of their strategy.) Most of the population, in villages and tribes, is barely aware that the new nation exists. The primary loyalty of these people is to family, tribe, or village. Their only contact with the fatherland may be an occasional visit from an expert in the Department of Agriculture or, more likely, from the tax collector. The state bureaucracy and the new entrepreneurs who work for or service the multinationals take charge of the nation. In the greater part of the Third World, the most sophisticated and also the most active pool of bureaucrats is the military. The military have guns, which can be remarkably persuasive in bureaucratic in-fighting.

What does it mean that the state is becoming the boss all over the world? For one thing, without the rising opportunities for petty bureaucrats in the Third World there would be more people sleeping in the streets than there now are. But the expansion of bureaucracy, which is inefficient and low in productivity, fuels a cycle of strangulating debt and inflation. That creates pressures to hold wages down—a move that necessitates government repression. In many areas of the Third World, independent labor unions have disappeared. Argentina and Uruguay, to give two examples, once had powerful organizations representing workers. Militant organizing is banned in those countries now, as it is effectively in the Philippines, South Korea, and many other places. Some of these governments argue that there is no right to strike against the public safety, anytime, anywhere, and since they decide when the public safety is involved, they reserve the right to treat labor disputes as insurrections. In the history of the American labor movement, the power of the state has frequently been invoked by the owners of capital to keep obstreperous workers in line. Now, in most parts of the world, including the United States, the state is becoming not just arbiter and policeman but principal party in interest.

THE cheapening of human labor and its growing obsolescence may appear to be inevitable as the global work force multiplies and the opportunities for employment tighten in the face of automation, environmental constraints, and a general slowing of the economy. One factor that could change this, however, is the workers themselves. If they refused to play their assigned role in the global factory, a good many assumptions about where the world is heading would be upset. "Why don't they revolt?" That is a question commonly asked by visitors from the West when they come face to face with the degradation and slow death of Asian poverty or with the brutal realities of life on sugar plantations in Latin America or with the tropical infernos in which the assembly of the world's watches, transistors, and calculators increasingly takes place. In

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the case of the poorest and hungriest, the answer seems clear. Those with the greatest reason to become revolutionaries lack the energy and the strength to do so. Generations of malnutrition have taken their toll. But what about the better-off wage workers, who are not on the edge of starvation? Why has the internationalization of the world economy not given birth to a global proletariat ready to shake off its chains? The political inertness of the urban proletariat in poor countries and the accommodating, or even conservative, role of the labor movement in rich ones represent ideological setbacks for Marxist theory. The Third World revolutions—notably China's and Vietnam's—have been peasant revolutions. In Western Europe and America, the working class has by and large been a force for reform but hardly for revolution. To argue, as some Marxist writers do, that urban workers in the Third World are revolutionary is to sacrifice reality to theory. In general, workers in a Third World country make up a much less homogeneous class than workers in an advanced country. This is so in part because of differences in language, tradition, and race, but also—even more important, perhaps—because the typical Third World society in transition to industrialization exhibits complex relationships. The worker may well see himself as a temporary employee, waiting to amass enough money to go back to his village. And it may be that there is no single identifiable enemy against which to struggle. Typically, feudal élites remain, but they share power with the so-called modernizing élites—military officers and bureaucrats, some of whom may appear to workers to be allies, not antagonists. As Peter Waterman, formerly of the World Federation of Trade Unions, notes, workers in the modern sector have demands that "may divide them from their unemployed brothers, their peasant fathers, or their petty-trader wives."

Personal relationships of dependence and obligation and the legacy of a long-persisting feudal culture conflict with the sort of "working-class consciousness" needed for militancy in bargaining or for making revolutionary demands. In Peru, for example, workers are likely to join regional clubs, and in West Africa village improvement unions, rather than labor unions. These organizations help migrants, provide loans, and give information and fellowship, but they do not foster class solidarity, since they may typically include traders, the unemployed, civil servants,

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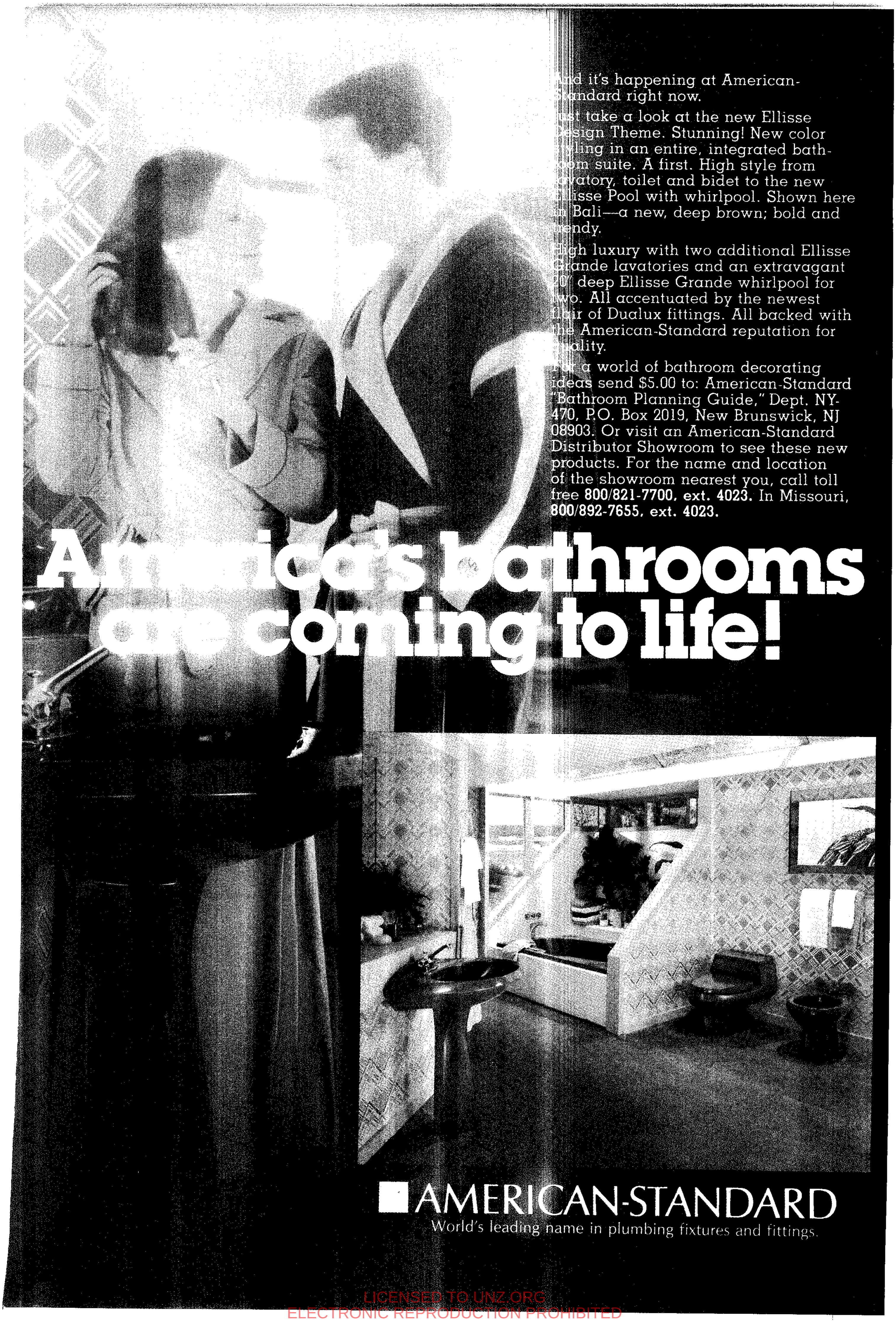

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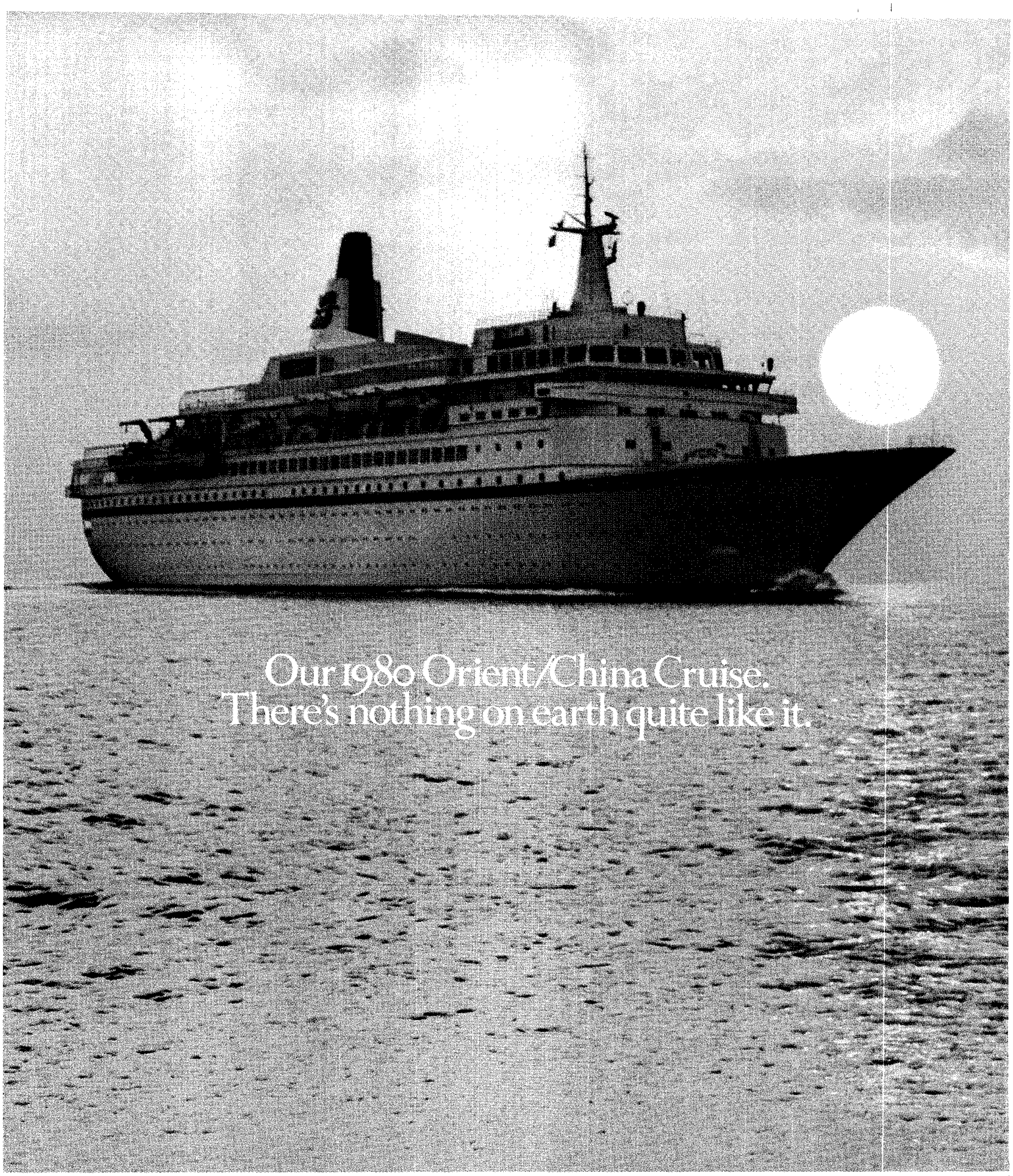
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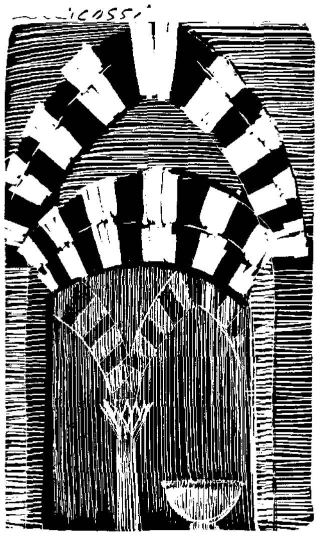
and even some members of the dominant élites. Then, too, labor unions in many places have lately split over ideological issues. Membership is low; in Latin America, it ranges from under three per cent of the workers to just over a third. If peasants and agricultural workers are considered as well, less than four-tenths of one per cent of the total Latin-American labor force is in unions. Also, as Waterman points out, the financial commitment among members is much lower than it was, say, among nineteenth-century British workers, who often gave five to ten per cent of their income to the union. (Indian workers in the nineteen-sixties were giving one per cent.) True, the trade-union movements in South Yemen, Chile, Cuba, Bolivia, and China played a significant role in the revolutions that have taken place in those countries since the Second World War. The oil workers in Iran were a critical force in deposing the Shah.



In most of the Third World, however, such unions as do exist are organized or orchestrated by the government. Spies and provocateurs abound, and, naturally, have a dampening effect on labor militancy. Many countries—including such former strongholds of worker organizing as Chile, Argentina, and Brazil—outlaw most strikes. Some successful unions have been destroyed. One was the Sindicato Unido, a sugar workers' union in the Dominican Republic; in the late nineteen-sixties, its leaders disappeared, and its funds were impounded. Under martial law in the Philippines, strikes are essentially illegal and union activities are under tight surveillance. Arrests, torture, and harassment of union leaders are continual. And it is not only the well-known repressive governments that use their power to break strikes. Although sugar workers in the All Trinidad Sugar Estate and Factory Workers' Trade Union are well organized and have been able to push the wages of sugar workers up to ten dollars a day, the Trinidadian government, which runs the sugar industry, used police to try to break a long strike in 1975.

What about the peasants? Most of the human energy expended in the world is still expended in sowing, tilling, and reaping, by small agricultural producers who, as Teodor Shanin, a professor of sociology at the University of Manchester, puts it, "with the help of simple equipment and the labor of their families produce mainly for their own consumption and for the fulfillment of obligations to the holders of political and economic power." The role of the peasant around the world is, of course, steadily being eroded by the advance of the international market economy. But the millions of peasants who remain still have a crucial role to play in feeding the rest. If there is one observation about the contemporary world which unites Marxists and non-Marxists, it is that peasants are the world's most exploited people. Keeping food prices down is government policy everywhere, and especially in countries that are selling a low-wage labor force. In effect, farmers are subsidizing industrial workers the world over. As a result, peasants often do not have enough to eat. They must walk miles for drinkable water. Millions of them work days that make factory workers' hours look like bankers' schedules. At the end of the long day, the peasant sleeps on the floor of his hut with his wife or six or seven children—or, if they are lucky, they all clamber into a single bed, leaving the floor to the sheep. There is no electric light, no toilet, no ready source of water. Marxists talk of the surplus value that is extracted from this extraordinary labor, which provides the calories to feed the workers who produce the commodities that enrich the capitalists. Non-Marxists, such as Michael Lipton, a development economist at Sussex University, talk of the "urban bias" common to virtually all governments, including some that proclaim Marxism-Leninism, which develops the cities at the expense of the countryside and those who live and work in it. Why do peasants, who still outnumber everybody else, put up with it?

It is a mistake to think that peasants are always passive. The twentieth century has witnessed a series of peasant revolts, in Mexico, Russia, China, Vietnam, and elsewhere. In every case, as the anthropologist Eric Wolf has shown in his 1969 book "Peasant Wars of the Twentieth Century,"

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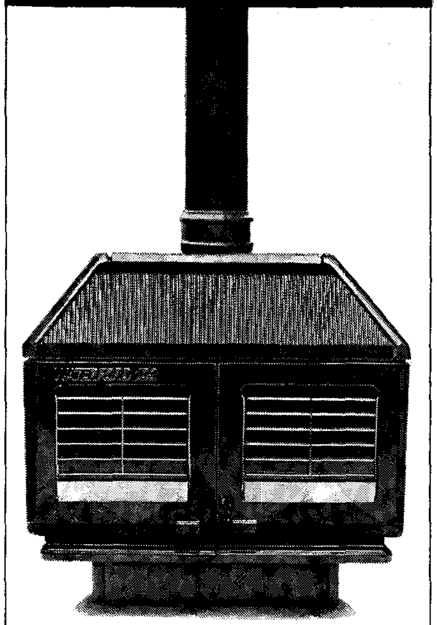

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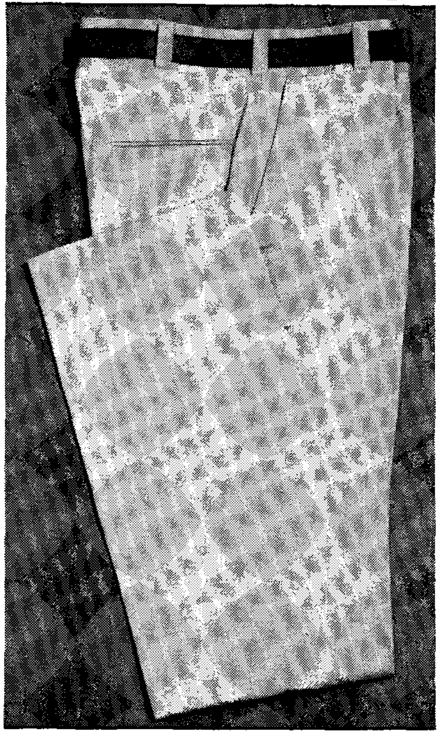

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some great external event has mobilized the peasants—usually a national rebellion against foreign domination which has produced an unnatural, and often temporary, alliance of countryside and city. In general, however, peasants are opponents rather than vehicles of revolutionary change. From Stalin's war on the kulaks to the excesses of the North Vietnamese land reform in the nineteen-fifties, the repression of peasants in an effort to "modernize" the agricultural sector makes up some of the blackest chapters in socialist history. The reasons that peasants are slow to move against injustice have been analyzed well by Wolf. Peasants for the most part work alone. They compete with one another, particularly for scarce credit, so they are slow to cast their individual lot with their neighbors. They work too long and too hard to have leisure for political plotting. They must respond to the rhythms of nature or they will have nothing to eat. As long as the peasant stays on the land, there are traditional cushions against disaster—rich relatives, the family hoard—but when he moves out he faces disaster. Then, too, peasant interests "often cross-cut class alignments," as Wolf puts it. "A peasant may be at one and the same time owner, renter, sharecropper, laborer for his neighbors, and seasonal hand on a nearby plantation. Each different involvement aligns him differently with his fellows and with the outside world."

John Berger, in a study of villages written for the British journal *Race & Class*, has given us a powerful insight into peasant consciousness. The peasant traditionally thought of his obligation to the landlord or the feudal chief as "something which had to be endured before the struggle for survival opened." It was either a natural duty or an inevitable injustice, but it was part of the rhythm of life. The peasant believes not in the myth of progress, which underlies the modern urban culture and is the spur to political struggle, but in the myth of the Golden Age. "The peasant imagines an unhandicapped life, a life in which he is not forced to produce a surplus before feeding himself and his family, as a primal state of being which existed before the advent of injustice," Berger says. The peasant's dream is to return to that life.

Obsessed by the challenge of survival, peasants are suspicious of any sort of innovation, whether it is a new piece of machinery or a new political movement. The farmer's world is one

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of continuous and often capricious changes brought about by nature. All this produces an understandable resistance to man-made changes. Yet despite this "culture of survival," as Berger calls it, peasants as a class are in the process of being wiped out. In 1894, Engels predicted that capitalist production would destroy the peasant economy "as a steam engine smashes a wheelbarrow." Now the only peasants in Britain are a few in Scotland and Ireland; in France, a hundred and fifty thousand leave the land each year. In the United States, the tiny fraction of the population which produces food for the rest is steadily shrinking. Throughout the Third World, the exodus from the countryside gathers force year by year.

THE vast struggle that stretches across the world—from the Sandinistas' fight against Somoza in Nicaragua to the liberation movements of Africa—is a fight for redistribution of power and resources. Between nations and within nations, the awareness of scarcity leads to naked class war. The pressure for a more equitable distribution of world resources is intensifying, and so is resistance to that pressure. The costs of class warfare are enormous for all sides. The rich resist so-called transfer payments of wealth when they are obvious—unemployment benefits, welfare checks, commodity price supports for poor countries—but fail to see other ways in which, in a world of permanent class struggle, the costs of maintaining islands of affluence are escalating. Supporting the military and the police imposes a steady drain on money, oil, copper, manganese, cobalt, and other resources. The defense of privilege now requires a style of life which robs it of its pleasures. Double locks, armed guards, and a justifiable fear of kidnapping and assassination are the rewards of achievement almost everywhere. Moreover, the poor extract public money in all sorts of hidden ways. In Washington, D.C., for example, the abandonment by public authorities of the "unproductive" poor has spawned a large population of isolated and demoralized teen-age girls with no role in society except to produce babies who might love them and make them feel important. These thirteen- and fourteen-year-old mothers are giving the nation's capital the distinction of having one of the highest infant-mortality rates in the industrial world. Premature babies born to poorly nourished mothers can extract from society far more money than decent

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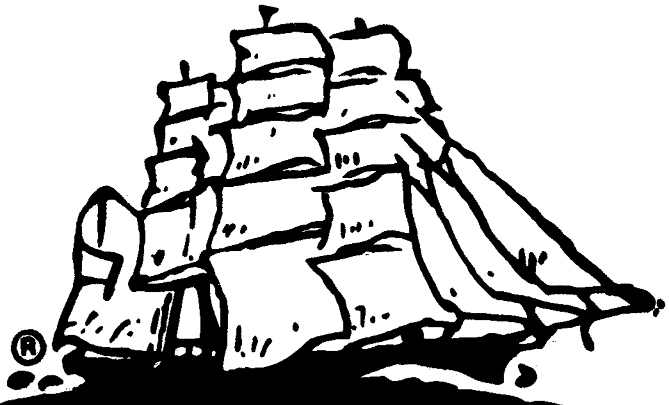

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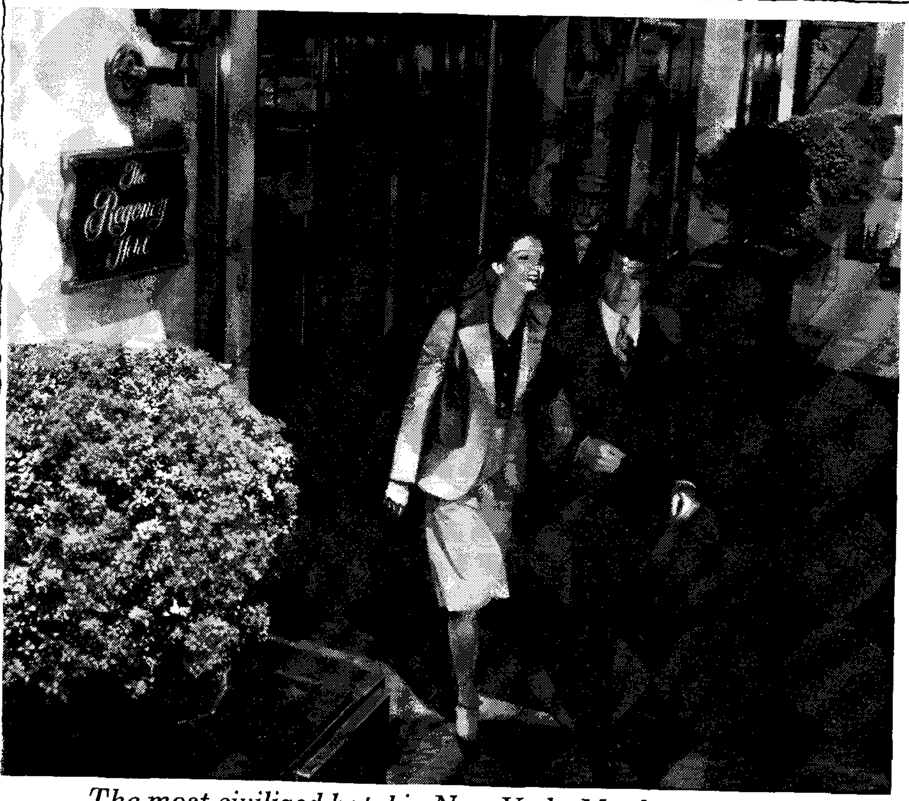

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education, prenatal care, or job opportunities for those mothers would have cost; it is routine to spend more than a hundred thousand dollars in the weeks of elaborate care needed to keep a small baby alive. One of the meanings of "interdependence" is that it is hard to abandon people without paying for it.

On a global scale, there is no necessary scarcity of resources. Theoretically, there are ample resources in the world to support a decent life for the predicted global population of the year 2000, though not to support lopsided opulence or continued ecological plunder. Yet scarcity is real, because the control of resource systems is arranged in such a way that much of the world does not have enough. For those without adequate jobs or money—and that is close to a quarter of the world population—the market is almost irrelevant. Companies and countries that control resources worry more about short-term glut than about long-term scarcity. In the interests of maintaining their hold on the elements of civilization, companies delay the development of new resources and divert old resources not to where they are most needed but to where the highest profits can be expected.

Are there principles for organizing the world resource systems other than Malthusian warfare against the surplus population or renewed technological assaults on nature? The present global trend is to combine the drive for indiscriminate industrialization with the politics of austerity. The pessimism of the Malthusians has a good deal of dreary evidence to support it, but ideologies of abandonment should evoke the deepest suspicion. They are myths for the rich which have been wrapped in the intimidating mantle of science. Proclaiming the inevitability of disasters that will strike others serves to protect privilege and to make the struggle for justice seem futile. Indeed, such fatalism is another form of "*Après moi le déluge.*" Tired intellectuals tend to confuse the end of the affluent society with the end of civilization. Every age is faced with the same Faustian temptation: you can buy privilege-protecting order at the price of freedom. At the first intimations of scarcity, the privileged declare the obsolescence of democracy, because a system of distribution of scarce resources which would suit the majority would threaten the good life of the comfortable. Yet scarcity is a product of political and economic organization; the process of developing and distribut-

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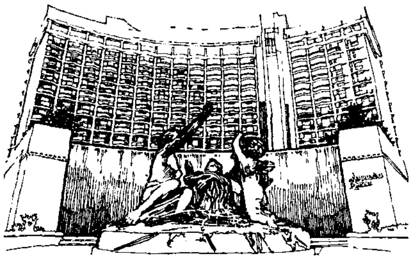

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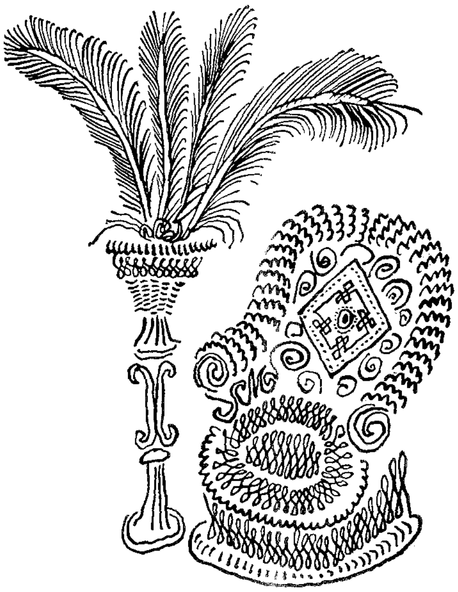
ing energy, minerals, food, water, and human labor is substantially guided by global corporations and government bureaucracies. Both operate under incentives that encourage not only maldistribution of wealth but ecological insult.

The choices seem clear. If the present planning system continues in effect, the result will be growing scarcity, bringing severe social dislocation in the industrial world and starvation and mass unemployment everywhere else. Against this background of social disorder, the arms race is likely to produce a nuclear war. The alternative is to recognize that peace and prosperity for all require a new planning system, operating on different incentives and rooted in a set of survival values that fit this age rather than the age of capitalist accumulation from which we have just emerged. Instantaneous, revolutionary transformation of the world order is out of the question, but rapid evolution of a survival strategy is possible.

The first principle on which the evolution of a survival strategy could be based is that every person born has political and economic rights and a vested right to a decent minimal share of world resources. The explicit purpose of the global resource systems is to serve the world population, and that should mean everybody on earth. There is no alternative to making human rights truly universal, for there is no middle position that permits dividing humanity into superior races and inferior races, productive individuals and non-productive individuals, the lucky and the unlucky. The genocidal cast of mind threatens the survival of the whole human race. The unequivocal acceptance of the notion of minimum



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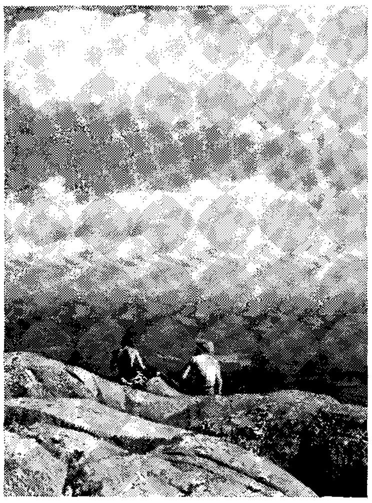

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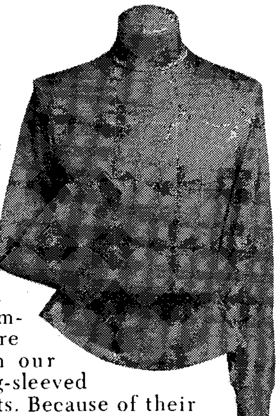

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rights attaching to each individual at birth contributes to world survival by providing the essential framework for voluntary control of population. Only human beings with a sense of their own value and a certain sense of security can make responsible decisions about how many children to have.

The second principle underlying the evolution of a survival strategy is that communities must be protected. This requires shifting our definition of economic health from one that emphasizes the "balance" of the world economy or the national economy to one that insists that the communities where people actually live be in balance, and not be mere appendages of distant economies beyond their control. Economists and the government officials who listen to economists usually measure progress by such aggregate indicators as the volume of world trade, the rise in the gross national product, and the improvement of per-capita income. It is assumed that if the United States as an economic unit is doing well, prosperity will automatically trickle down to Youngstown, Detroit, and Salina, Kansas. But we know that this is not so, and because it is not so the political stability of governments is strained.

Interdependence of one sort or another is unavoidable in the contemporary world, but the modes of interdependence are the products of one sort of planning or another. A rational planning system should start with the goal of *community* health—physical, economic, and spiritual. (Whether for planning purposes the relevant community is a neighborhood or a city or a consortium of population centers depends upon the local circumstances.) The purpose of planning should be to enable a given population to develop a balanced and secure economy within which to achieve the quality of life the people want. The idea that certain cities, regions, or countries must be abandoned for the greater good of the world economy is unacceptable. The goal ought to be maximum self-reliance for those communities large enough to survive economically and small enough to accommodate some form of face-to-face politics. Autarky is neither possible nor desirable; however, the present economic arrangement results in a drain of resources for many cities in the United States and for virtually all Third World countries. To develop new modes of interdependence, communities may find it necessary in many cases to disengage sufficiently from the world economy or the national economy to

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change the terms of future integration.

To increase the self-reliance of local economies—within the United States and within the rest of the world economy—it will be necessary to change trade policies that preserve inequalities. Proposals for "a new international economic order" put forth by Third World countries represent a modest effort to do this, and the theory behind them ought to be embraced, in the interests of world stability. Within the United States, this kind of effort to protect the integrity of local economies and to restore the power of such communities to plan their own future should be encouraged. Locally raised tax money should be used to develop community-based energy systems, development banks, and other institutions to revitalize local economies. Our national policy should be designed to enable communities to undertake a variety of such initiatives.

In the United States, we could start by redefining "national security" to make the security of local communities a prime national goal. The safety of nuclear plants, mines, and factories, for example, should be the responsibility of local residents. They have a much greater incentive to avoid an accident than either the collection of executives halfway across the country who represent the "owner" or the corps of Washington-based inspectors from the regulatory agencies. Individuals derive their sense of personal security in large measure from the security that their city or town can provide. National security has little meaning if the local economy cannot provide jobs, if food, shelter, energy, health care, and transportation are not available at prices people can afford, and if people are afraid to walk the streets. Local communities can no longer be at the mercy of distant boards of directors who decide when to move in and when to move out. Companies must be required to give notice of their movements, to negotiate the terms under which they leave, to bear a fair part of the cost of the dislocation they have caused. When a company decides to leave, the city could be made eligible for federal funds with which to buy the facility and convert it into an enterprise that can employ its citizens and finance essential public services.

THE key to democratic planning is democratic control of capital. If the capital in the hands of multinational corporations and banks is flowing to the international money markets instead of to such priority investments as

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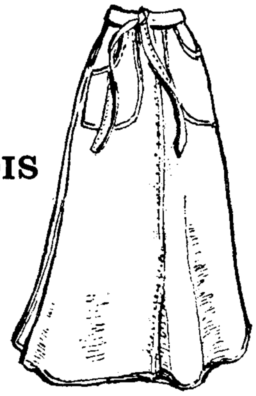

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solar energy and low-cost housing, greater public control is necessary to create new markets. The self-serving system of private planning and public anarchy could be replaced by mechanisms for gaining better public control of the capital resources of the nation. This can be done within a democratic political system and a truly mixed economy, in which a variety of forms of public governance of resources coexist with a strongly competitive free market.

The trouble with present planning systems, public and private, is that accountability is weak. The private planning systems of the global corporations operate on a set of narrow incentives that frustrate such sensible public policies as full employment, environmental protection, and price stability. Public planning is Olympian and confused, because there is no clear consensus on social values or political priorities. To accomplish anything, explicit choices must be made, but these choices can be made effectively only with the active participation of the people most directly involved. This, and not nostalgia for small-town times gone forever, is the reason that a devolution of political power to local communities is a political necessity. The power to plan locally is a precondition for a sensible integration of cities, regions, and countries into the world economy, because the process of establishing priorities, of deciding what should be produced, of envisioning a decent physical environment can take place only on a human scale. In his book "The Breakdown of Nations," published in 1957, Leopold Kohr, anticipating E. F. Schumacher, the author of "Small Is Beautiful," made an impressive historical argument that bigness leads to various forms of social breakdown. It is now clear that the sheer size of corporations and government bureaucracies has weakened the underpinnings of liberal capitalism.

Democracy is being subjected to severe attack at the very moment when the gathering evidence suggests that popular participation is a survival value. Major structural changes cannot take place in any country without the mobilization of the whole people. The solution of the energy crisis in the United States, for example, requires a degree of public understanding and participation that our political institutions do not know how to achieve. Mobilization by propaganda and mass manipulation does not work in the long run, because communitarian values cannot be built with totalitarian tech-

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niques. Eventually, cynicism and fear stimulate a reversion to individualism, personal isolationism, and self-protection.

Crucial though democratic values are for survival, ideological attacks are being mounted against them on the right and on the left. In every industrial democracy, business leaders are questioning the compatibility of "one man, one vote" and capitalist productivity. A less "permissive" political system is needed, they say, to overcome the social paralysis that is destroying the economic system. The liberal left, for its part, wonders how the requirements of political and ecological stability can be reconciled with democracy. The economist Robert Heilbroner worries that the complexity and intractability of the overriding global problems—pollution, famine, war—may mean that the abandonment of democracy is the price of survival. George Rathjens, a professor of political science at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and an expert on nuclear arms, has expressed concern that unless we make a "radical change in our whole life style, meaning the surrender of most democratic values and the addition of rather brutal methods," we are likely to have a nuclear war by the end of the century.

Whether the redistribution of power—the precondition of the redistribution of resources—can occur without a huge increase in revolutionary warfare is dubious. Yet the prospects of such warfare are so horrendous that there is a strong interest, shared by the powerful and the powerless, to navigate the transition to a new international order by less violent, more evolutionary strategies. One such strategy involves the development of new forms of popular participation, appropriate to different cultural traditions and different economic and political systems. The eighteenth-century political structures in the United States, the old-fashioned parliamentary democracies of Europe, and the one-party state are all inadequate for democratic resource planning. The process of developing new institutions is a long one, and it takes different shapes in different societies. Nevertheless, the process can evolve from a world consensus that political participation is not only a fundamental human right but one that is indissolubly connected to the achievement of basic economic rights.

The choice is more democracy or much less. The effective participation of people in making the decisions that most directly affect them is the precondition for economic, political, and

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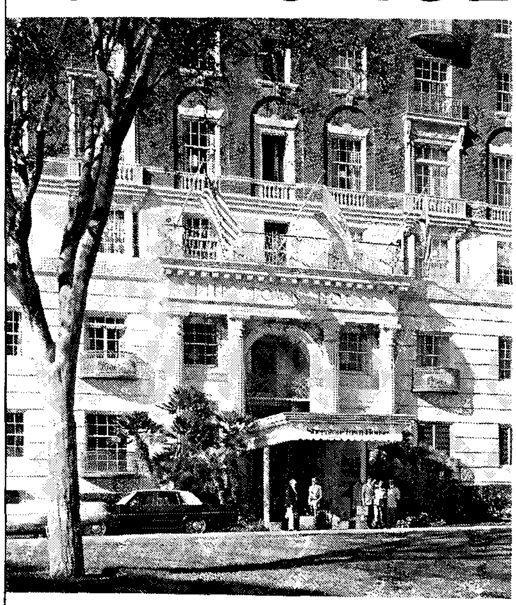

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spiritual liberation. Until people can play a direct role in shaping their own physical and economic environment, they are not fully alive. When masses of people come to see themselves either as extensions of machines for making things they can never have or as surplus population, they lose the incentive to create. They lose, and the world loses, immense resources—imagination, creativity, power, and love. There are stories from many parts of the world that corroborate one simple idea. Where peasants in Latin America have been able to organize farms in such a way that they can control what is grown, how it is grown, and how it is shared, productivity increases and many of the pathologies associated with "development" disappear. When—as is already happening in industries in Yugoslavia, China, and even the United States—workers share not only in the proceeds of the assembly line but also in the decisions concerning its operation and, ultimately, what is produced, the alienation that now threatens productivity in every industrial country begins to dissolve, and the passion for living returns.

A world facing class warfare on a scale that threatens the whole of humanity can find stability only by embracing the goals of justice and equality. As politicians of austerity like to point out, the way not to get redistributive justice is to try to keep the present system functioning with huge welfare payments. The only way social relationships change is by giving the majority of people effective demand. Political participation can take many forms. Consultation before decisions are made builds community more effectively than opportunities for ratification after the fact. Most elections are votes of confidence or no-confidence and have little discernible impact on specific decisions. The connection of most people in the world to the productive order is tenuous; they can lose their land or their job at a moment's notice. They live at the mercy of economic and political decisions over which they have no control. It is not surprising that in such conditions of insecurity peasants overplant and overgraze, and millions of tons of good soil are washed away through erosion, and forests are hacked down for firewood.

The sense of stewardship which is essential for conserving and renewing resources grows out of a sense of belonging. If each family is for itself or each nation for itself, the prevailing ethos is "Take what you can while you

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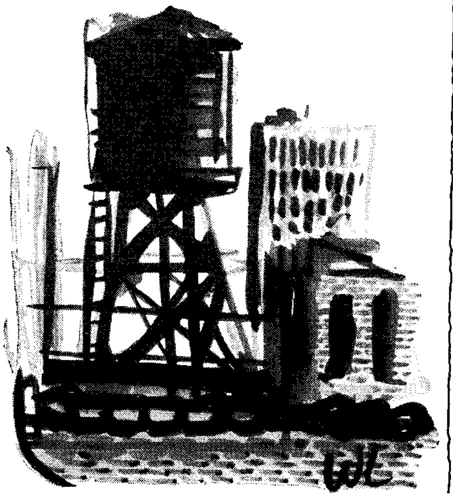
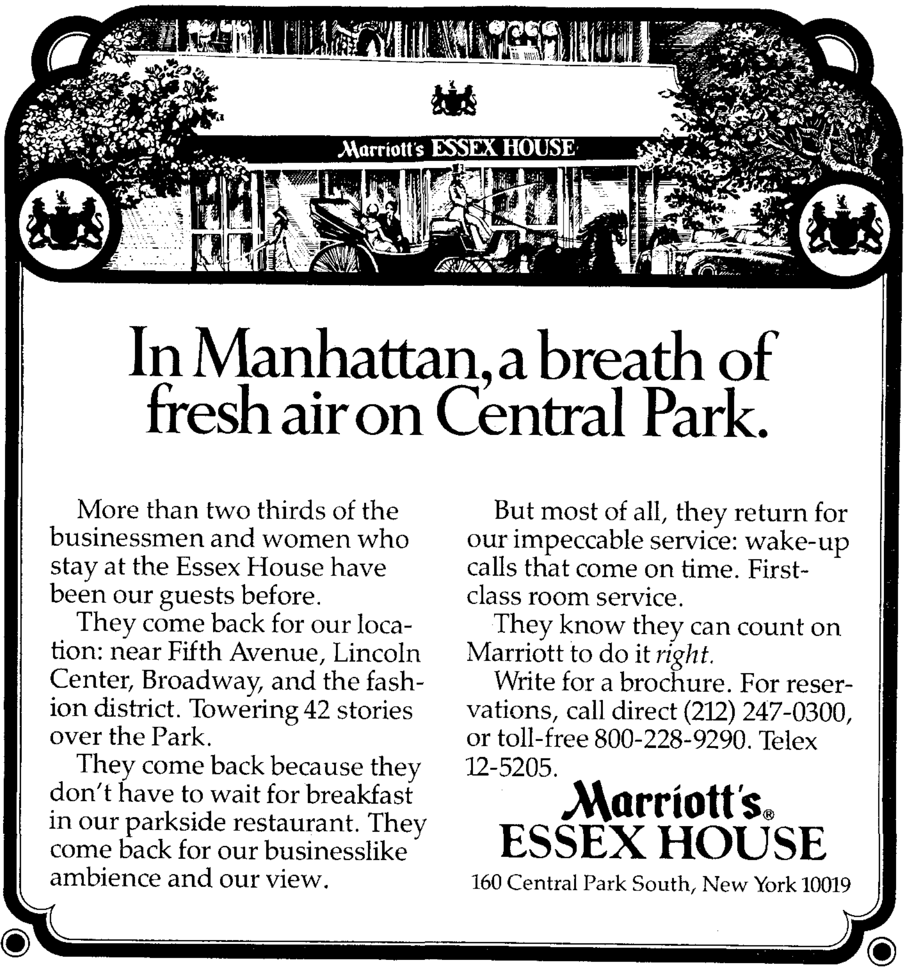
can." Where there are stable communities, agricultural practices tend to be more careful. Traditional peasant societies in many cultures practice conservation for self-preservation. But when the old society is disrupted and an intruding culture brings in values that are the antithesis of traditional values peasant communities dissolve. Those who come to preach "efficiency" in agriculture arrive with machines that rip forests to shreds, pave over rich soil, and flood the land with expensive and nutritionally wasteful packaged food. In the United States, the appeal to conserve goes unheeded because it runs counter to the basic ideology of the country: "Consume more." Our present economy depends on consumption. A pious message from the President is no match for the hundreds of millions of dollars of advertising designed to stimulate consumption.

Stewardship is a survival value for the human race, because unless each generation is willing to limit its share of resources it is sentencing the next generation to deprivation and greater misery. Stewardship does not mean zero growth of the world economy. The debate about when or whether to arrive at a "steady-state" economy has clouded the issue. In order for the planet to achieve a certain stability, some parts of the world economy must grow faster than others. It is obvious that the non-industrial world must use far more natural resources than it did in the years of colonial exploitation, and that the industrial nations—the United States in particular—must limit their consumption. It is inconceivable that two hundred and thirty million Americans can continue to consume a third of the most crucial resources on a planet of more than four billion people.

Stewardship requires the ability to feel the pain and to share the joy of





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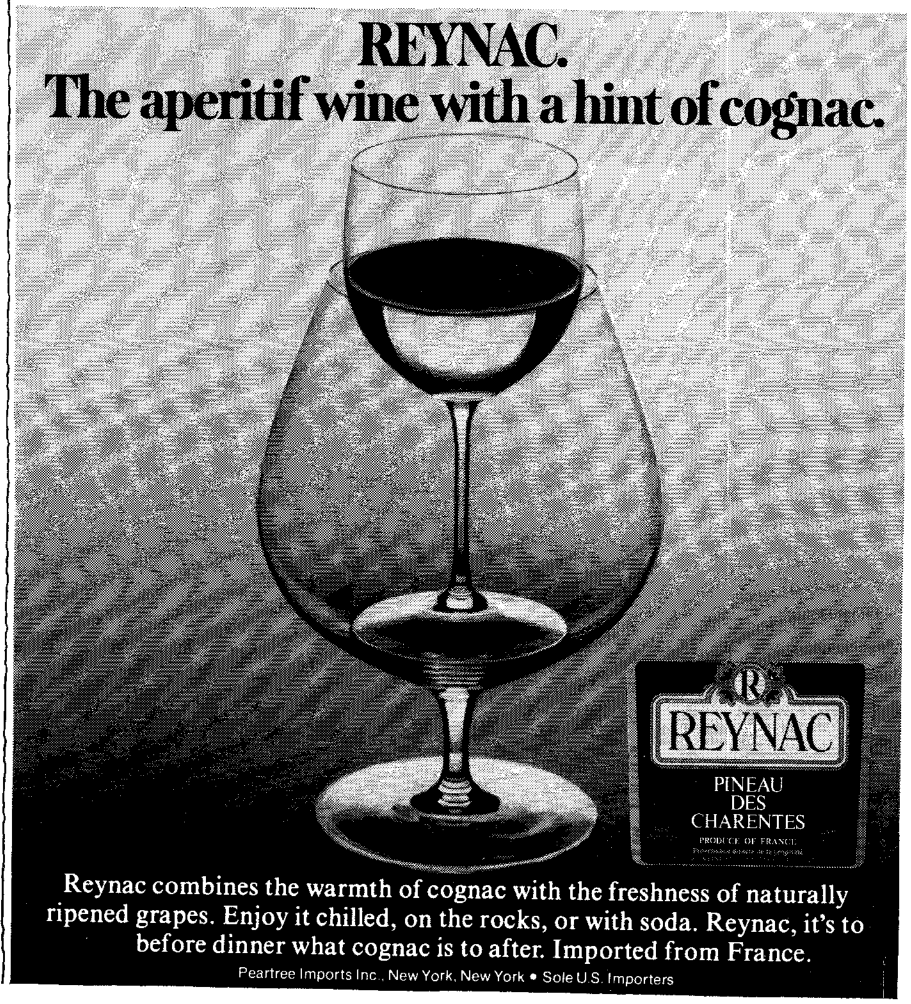

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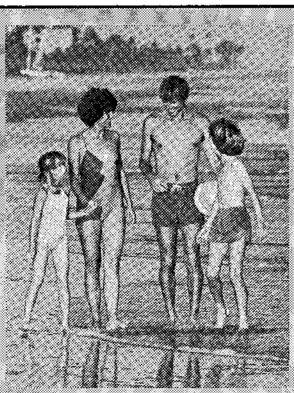

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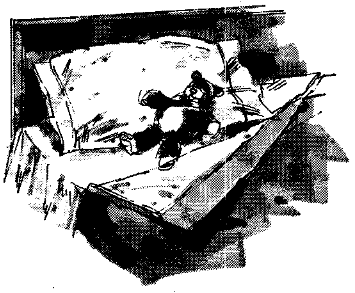
people who live at a great distance. People do not practice conservation unless they see a compelling purpose and can envision the flesh-and-blood beneficiaries of their sacrifice. Would it make a difference if Americans could imagine how electricity in a Peruvian village transforms lives of drudgery and how far the wasted wattage of the average American home could go toward lighting that village? Our educational establishment inoculates us against empathy. The survival values that our society prizes are individualist. We are trained to be cerebral, thick-skinned, and obsessed with ourselves. These are not the survival values of a world of scarcity.

Stewardship implies a rational system of sharing not only across distance but also across time. When people were tied to particular plots of land, it was easier for them to feel that they were part of the rhythm of the generations. The son, the grandson, and the great-grandson would be tilling the same land in the same way. But with those ties broken where are the roots of obligation to posterity? There is a weakening of the sense of tradition, of participation in a chain of being. Tycho Brahe, the sixteenth-century astronomer, said he spent his life counting stars so that posterity would have fewer to count. That sense of building a future over centuries eludes modern men and women. In a world built on exchange relationships, it is asked what posterity has to give people to compensate them for their limiting their share of resources. Why should they care about posterity? For some, there is a religious injunction. The only secular answer is that without a sense of the future living loses its meaning. The lack of connectedness to the future (and to the past as well) reveals itself in the special restlessness that permeates the industrial culture. If we do not see ourselves as trustees of the natural order for something beyond ourselves, there is no answer to the inescapable human question "Why are we here?"

The process of stewardship begins with a gradual overcoming of the self-protective ignorance that isolates us from the majority of people in the world, and with a growing awareness of the needs, fears, and hopes that bind all humanity. Then we come to see that developing a harmonious relationship with nature is a requirement for the survival of the human race. The continuation of the present competitive assault on the natural order will surely



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bring chaos, deprivation, and, quite possibly, the death of everything. However, no new relationship with nature is possible without a new stage in human relationships, rooted in the most basic survival values of all: sharing and coöperation. The point has been made in a thousand ways throughout history.

A store of human wisdom about the relationship between the social order and the natural order is to be found in those universal myths that Carl Jung called the "collective unconscious" of the race. The simplest stories told again and again in different guises express the deepest insights culled from thousands of years of collective experience. Someone unlocks the secret of abundance by sharing a little of nature's bounty with a stranger. It is the New Testament story of the feeding of the five thousand with a few loaves and fishes. It is the tale from Greek mythology of the miraculous pitcher: a poor couple share their bit of milk with the stranger and the pitcher flows forever. The tale is retold in a bit of folklore from Brittany about the miraculous fish. In the Tibetan tale "The Story of the Two Neighbors," a poor man helps a young sparrow with a broken leg and is rewarded with a kernel of grain that becomes a harvest of jewels. His rich neighbor learns the secret and looks for a sparrow of his own to help. Finding none, he creates a charitable opportunity for himself by shoving a sparrow out of its nest and fixing its broken leg. His reward is a kernel that yields not jewels but a process-server who levies on all his lands and cattle. The secret of survival in the lean years ahead lies somewhere in these mythic shadows. The task of politics in an age of scarcity is to create institutions that enable people to do what they know they must.

—RICHARD J. BARNET

(This is the last of a series of three articles.)

●

Perhaps the French language will always be the same, even if the prestigious Academie Francaise has broken a 345-year tradition. The academy, dedicated to guarding the purity of the French language, has agreed and voted membership in the 40 "immortals" to 76-year-old Belgian-born novelist Marguerite Yourcenar. Miss Yourcenar has dual French-U.S. citizenship and is the only American other than Julien Green ever accepted into the esteemed group. She took the coup de grace of her career in stride.—*Atlanta Journal.*

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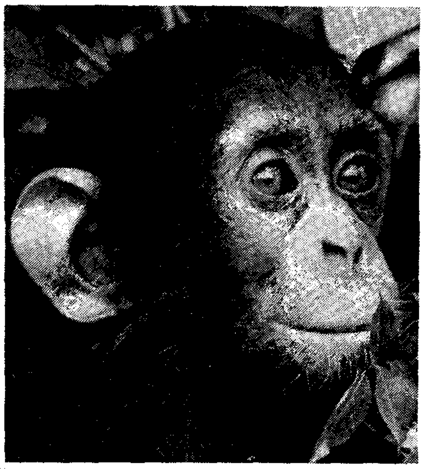

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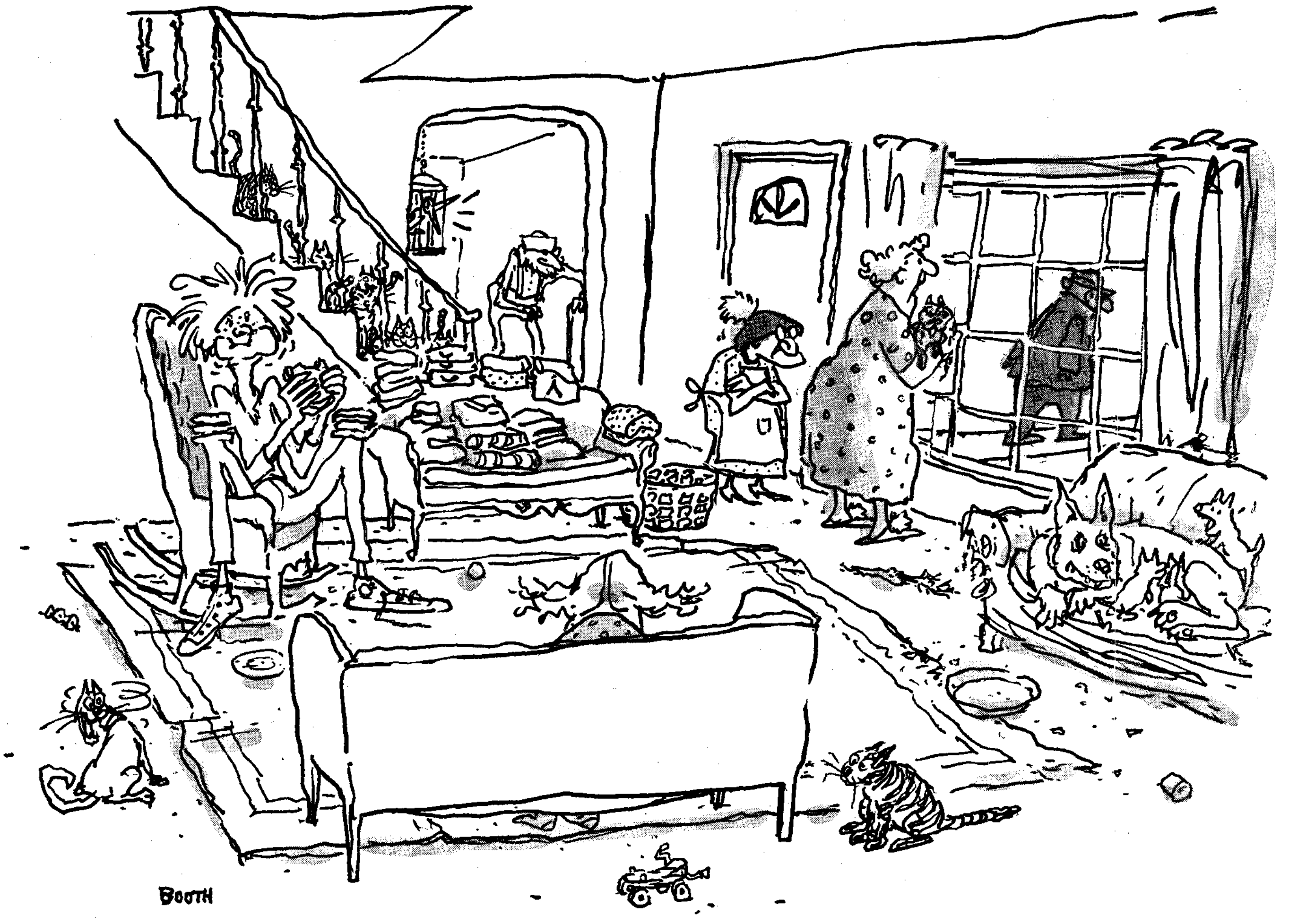
Body Snatching

IT is distressing enough that Tennessee Williams should have fallen for the current fad of writing about illustrious near-contemporaries of ours, using their real names and purporting to base a play about them on historical "facts;" still more distressing that he has brought to this unwise task scarcely a shred of his talent, and has provided us with not the least insight into the natures of some half-dozen poor little paper puppets, to whom he has affixed the names of Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald, Gerald and Sara Murphy, Ernest and Hadley Hemingway, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and the like. The play is called "Clothes for a Summer Hotel" (at the Cort), and I would be content to utter no more than a brief "Rest in peace," save for two reasons: one, that the pernicious practice embodied in the Williams play—that of trafficking in celebrated names and inventing trumpery falsehoods about the people who bore them—appears to be gaining in popularity and ought to be argued against at every opportunity; and, two, that even the most defective Williams play has a tendency to turn up in later versions, revised by the hand of an author whose second thoughts are rarely more valuable than his first.

I was about to describe the vogue for peddling likenesses of the famous dead as a form of body snatching, but it is something worse—it is *false* body snatching, for the bodies in question are nearly always made of putty and straw and, however laboriously fitted into authentic times and places, have never breathed. Williams may have read a book or two about the Fitzgeralds, but what he has fashioned from his sources are scraps that would better suit the purposes of some second-rate scandalmongering journalist—scraps that are coarse, inaccurate, and gushingly illiterate. And to think that they come to us from a man often described, accurately and without gush, as our greatest living playwright! If I am vehement in my dismay over "Clothes for a Summer Hotel," it is partly because I hope always to observe Williams at his best, not his worst, and partly because I happen to have known many friends of the Fitzgeralds, as well as members of their families, and so feel obliged to bear witness to the mischief that has been done them. Williams calls "Clothes" a "ghost" play, and the skimpy little plot is itself a ghost, fluttering skittishly back and forth between the sanitarium near Asheville where Zelda is confined as a mental patient and scenes of the Fitzgeralds in earlier, happier times. As I watched the plot unfold, I kept shaking my head: they were not like that, the Murphys and all the rest of those exceptionally gifted people (the Barrys, the MacLeishes, the Benchleys, the Stewarts, the Dos Passoses, the Lardners) who used to gather at the Murphys' Villa America, under the Riviera sun, in the now ever so distant twenties. If we prove ourselves incapable of the homage of telling the truth about them, surely we owe them the homage of a becoming silence.

The role of Zelda is played by Geraldine Page, who is of an age and girth that renders embarrassing her flashback scene in bed with Édouard,



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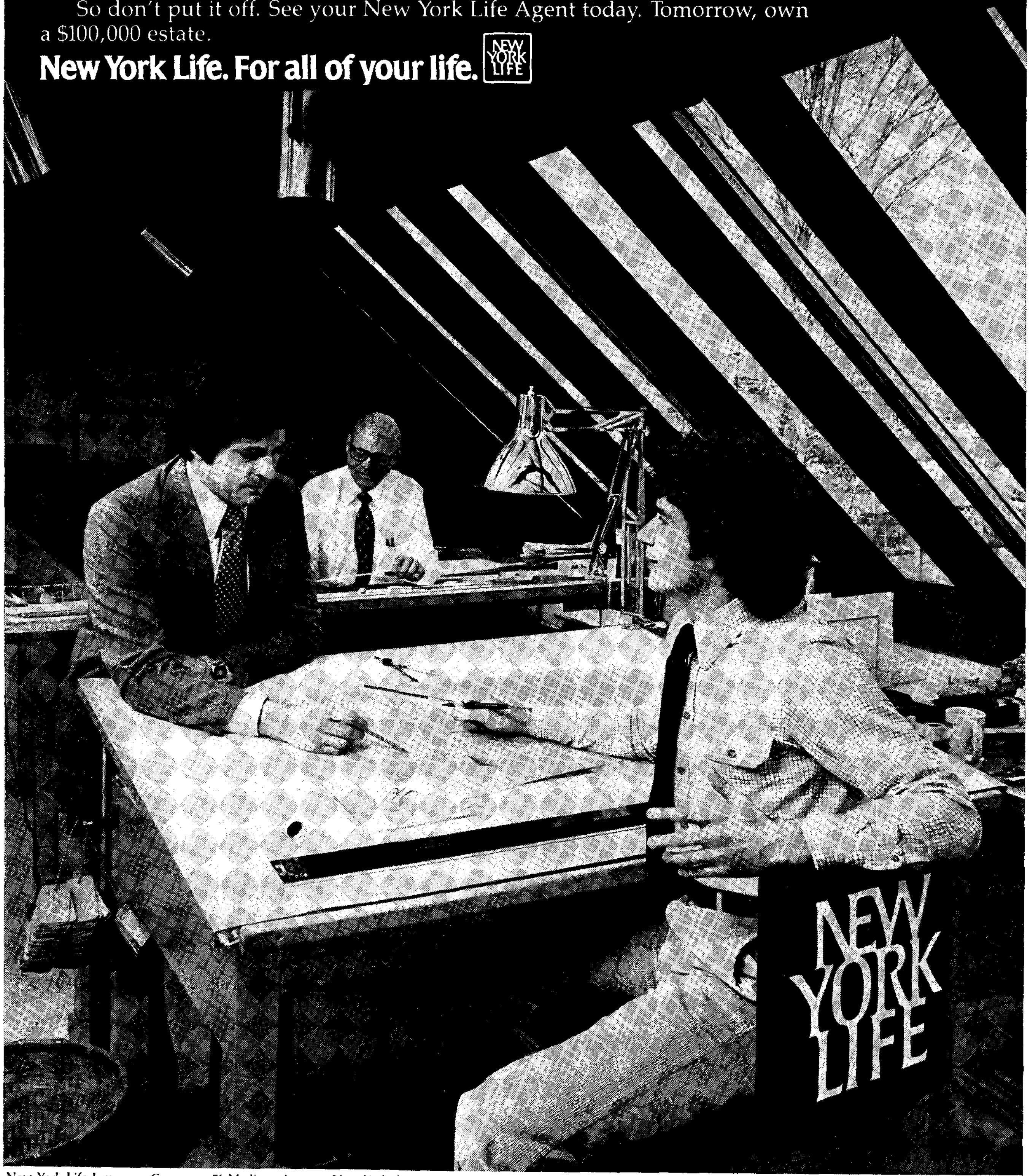

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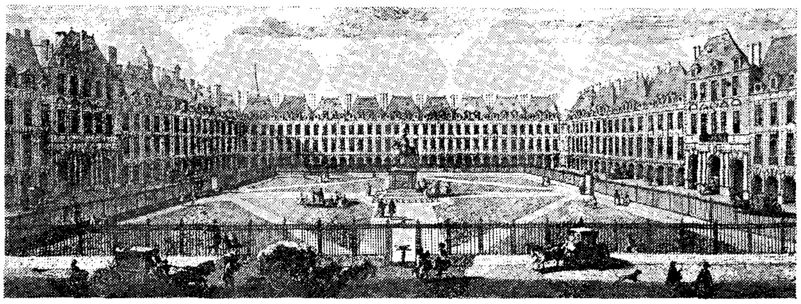

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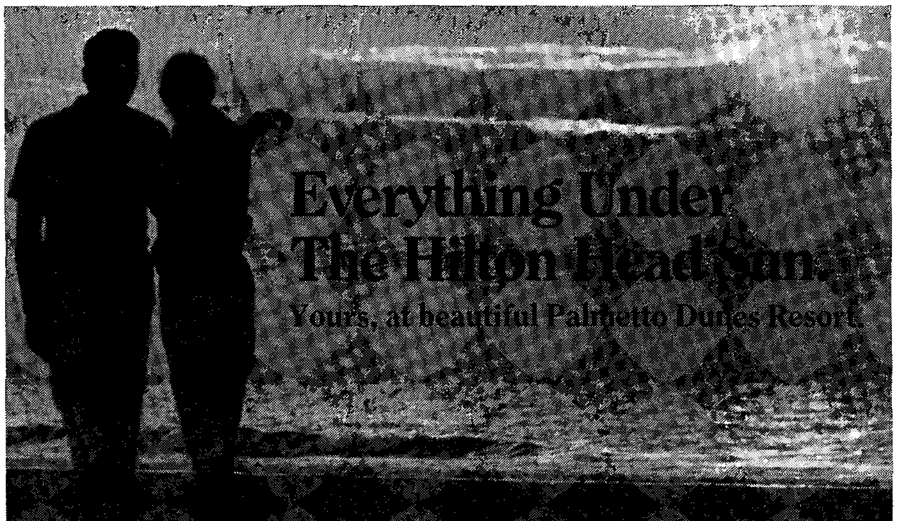
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a young French aviator (David Canary); Édouard struts about the bedroom rooster-proud in his near-nakedness, while Zelda potters after him, a Lady Macbeth tentlike in bedclothes. Kenneth Haigh bears an adequate resemblance to Scott; in his case, it is the tiresome lines he has been given to speak that are an embarrassment. So, too, with the Hemingway of Robert Black; Hemingway may often have been a truculent young man, but he wasn't a jokey yokel, and he didn't fear that being touched by his fellow-males would reveal a shaming homosexual taint in him. As for Gerald and Sara Murphy (Michael Connolly and Marilyn Rockafellow), to whom Fitzgerald dedicated his exquisite "Tender Is the Night" not least because they were the most exquisite people he knew, here they are portrayed as a dreary suburban couple, as unlike the originals as it is possible to imagine.

The setting, a hospital as grandly forbidding as a fortress and more suitable to Heidelberg than to modest little wooden-clad Asheville, is by Oliver Smith, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, the lighting is by Marilyn Rennagel, the original music is by Michael Valenti, and the direction is by José Quintero. As a final indignant footnote to this unlucky event, let me just mention that the entire production is miked; all evening long, we hear not a single voice in the way that God and all actors, actresses, and directors everywhere should wish us to hear it: issuing not from loudspeakers that would serve to make audible bawling politicians at some gigantic outdoor rally but from that lovely source of sound the unaided human throat.

"REGGAE," at the Biltmore, is billed as "a musical revelation," and I guess that is as good a term for it as any. The show is set in Jamaica, and it has to do with the return to the island and its flourishing Rastafarian culture of a local figure who has made good as a rock star in the States. As disciples of Marcus Garvey (1887-1940), a Jamaican who was once a powerful black activist in Harlem and who died in obscurity in London, the Rastafarians believe that Haile Selassie, King of Kings, Conquering Lion of Judah, is, or was, the personification of God; they also believe that Ethiopia is their proper homeland. Rastafarians wear dreadlocks, which can be defined as hair that has never been trimmed, brushed, or combed (I assume that an occasional washing is permissible), and sing reggae songs, which have, we are promised, soul. The songs offered at the Biltmore are certainly lively, if—thanks to the high decibel level produced by the miking—overinsistent. Among the titles are "Roots of the Tree," "I and I," "Gotta Take a Chance" (doesn't every musical this year have a song called "Gotta Take a Chance"?), and "Jamaica Is Waiting." The show is at once ambitious and trivial, and it would have won my favor much more readily as a recital. The stars are Philip Michael Thomas, Sheryl Lee Ralph, and Calvin Lockhart, and the book and music are by many hands. The set was designed by Edward Burbridge, the costumes are by Raoul Pène du Bois, the lighting is by Beverly Emmons, and the director is Glenda Dickerson, with additional direction by Gui Andrisano.

ATHOL FUGARD's well-known play "The Blood Knot" is being given a new production down at the Roundabout. It would have been an event worthy of high praise except that one of the two characters in the play has been spectacularly miscast. Cotter Smith is supposed to be Morris, one of two black brothers living in a slum near Port Elizabeth, in South Africa. He is said to be sufficiently light-skinned to pass for a white man—something his very dark-skinned older brother, Zachariah (Danny L. Glover), could never hope to do—but the difficulty is that Mr. Smith isn't simply light-skinned; he is a white-skinned, blue-eyed Wasp, whose bone structure, facial features, and delicately pitched voice are all at odds with those of burly, resonant Zack. When they speak of having the same mother, we are fatally tempted to laugh. No doubt the day will come when white actors can play black men and black actors can play white men with an equal suspension of disbelief in either situation, but a play whose whole point rests on the fact that its two characters are of the same race and family cannot afford to risk bewildering its audiences in this gratuitous fashion. If one attended "The Blood Knot" without knowing that Morris and Zack were brothers, one would assume from its opening scene that a homosexual young white man had formed a bond with an older black man and was tenderly acting as his servant-companion-lover under desolate economic circumstances—an interesting idea for a play, but not "The Blood Knot." Fugard is a skilled craftsman, and the plot of his play is neatly turned, ranging from comedy to near-tragedy and having the boon of a (comparatively) happy ending. It has been well directed by Suzanne Shepherd. The setting, a miserable hut, is by Roger Mooney, the lighting is by Norman Coates, and the costumes are by Shelly Friedman.

—BRENDAN GILL

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The moon tonight, no more than a cuticle, dips both
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the rind of longing. If I were a bird, I would move
where steeple and tree are silhouettes on the scrim of distance,
and I'd watch the flat hold hands with the flat.
If I were a dog, I would lie here moaning
by the brown edge of sleep, my tooth sharp
in this cutout, paste-up world where, if a child once again,
I'd have myself bathed clean at last.

But as I am I
I am content to be what I am not content to stay:
the husks untidier each spring, the blots wider,
the ailanthus more rank, the craw of the wind more gritty.

As I am I am content to forget the nard
of impotence, to sip the black air like coffee, and know
that it is not enough to stop breathing, not even
when the cheek shakes and the lip sweats like milk bottles,
and the surface of everything quivers with the sensitivity of a lute,
and I know how deeply soothing is the bath of light
though I prefer to steep in dark for a while longer.

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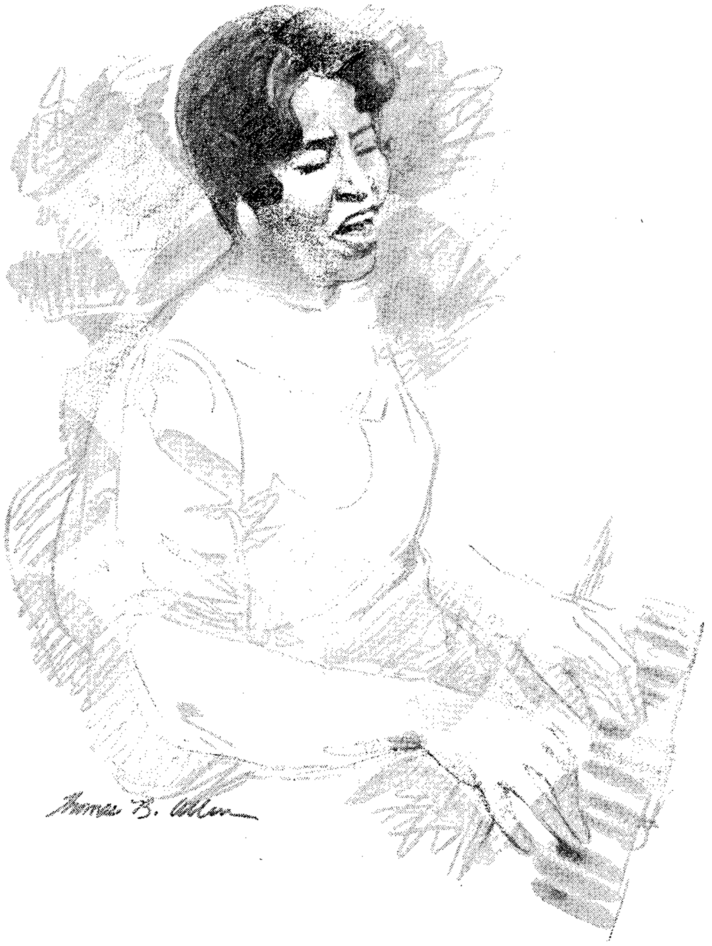

Nellie Lutcher

WHEN jazz musicians move West, they rarely come back. Nellie Lutcher, who is at Barney Josephson's Cookery after a seven-year absence, was away twenty years before her last visit. She looks the same, which is good news and means: a luxurious ski-jump nose, snapping black-brown eyes, long, graceful fingers and scimitar thumbs, a Maillol shape, and a wide, swivelling smile. Her hands evoke wild images. When they are low and flat on the keyboard, they look like long-distance swimmers. When she suddenly lifts them from the keyboard, they become fighter planes peeling off. Her head moves from lower right to upper left, from side to side, from back to front, while her torso is straight as a ladderback. Her eyes blaze and droop and smile. She likes to work with a drummer (would that he were Sid Catlett, whom she stepped out with in the forties), but she has none at the Cookery—Skeeter Best is on guitar and Morris Edwards on bass—so she claps her hands when the beat weakens, making them explode on the afterbeat or on ricocheting offbeats. Out of this dervish hustle come her unique singing and her primitive, springing piano. Her playing is the child of Earl Hines, whom she idolized in the early thirties, when Hines was holding forth almost nightly on the radio from the Grand Terrace in Chicago. She is a strong, swinging pianist, a broadside pianist, who likes big-textured Hines chords in the right hand. She doesn't much care for arpeggios or single-note melodic lines, but she likes occasional tremolos and will slip in a glissando if she has to get from one register to another in a hurry without breaking sound. She uses everything in her left hand—stride basses, tenths, offbeat notes and chords, and boogie-woogie basses. Her playing carpets her singing. She has a robust contralto, but she almost never uses it in a straightforward way. She is a master of melisma: she will fill a single syllable with six or seven notes. She is a master of dynamics: whispers and shouts and crooning continually surprise one another. Like Joe Turner, she uses words largely to hang melody on, and what she sings is often unintelligible. She steadily garnishes her melodic flow with squeaks, falsetto, mock-operatic arias, yodels, and patches of talking. Yet her singing, like Turner's and like Jack Teagarden's, is easy and seamless.

She is an encyclopedia of the black music of fifty years ago. She grew up in the Southern Baptist church, and her singing, with its overlay of vocal effects, is full of gospel music. She was exposed to blues singers like Ida Cox and Ma Rainey and to the last of the minstrel shows on the T.O.B.A. circuit, and she heard local vaudeville on the radio. She also heard the likes of Hines and Andy Kirk on the radio, and she heard the territory bands that roamed the South. She listened to recordings, and somewhere she fell under the sway of a highly specialized group of musicians who were a compound of jazz and comedy, of improvisation and clowning. They were generally pianists, guitarists, or bassists who sang novelty songs and used a variety of comic devices—Bronx cheers, growls, sighs, basso profundo, falsetto, roars. They sang scat style, and they made up their own languages and sang them. They were expert, swinging musicians who had discovered early in their careers that their comic gifts outpaced their improvisational skills. Joe Venuti and Fats Waller probably got this cheerful movement started, and they were followed by the Spirits of Rhythm, which included the Daniels brothers on tipple, the mad scat singer Leo Watson, and the guitarist Teddy Bunn; Slim and Slam, who were Slim Gaillard and Slam Stewart; the Three Peppers, led by Toy Wilson on piano and vocals; the pianist and singer Harry the Hipster Gibson, who wore gloves when he played; Louis Jordan and his jumping Timpany Five; the pianist Dorothy Donegan, gifted with an exceptional technique and a serpentine body; the pianists Loumell Morgan and Maurice Rocco, who stood while playing; and Rose Murphy, who is sometimes confused with Nellie Lutcher. (Rose Murphy's playing is similar, but she sings in a high, tiny Betty Boop voice decorated with buzzes and trills and bird sounds.) These musicians performed for the delectation of black people, and occasionally what they did was two-edged: it made blacks laugh not only at themselves but at the Cap'n, too.

NELLIE LUTCHER lives in Los Angeles, and this is what an old friend and neighbor had to say about her the other day: "Nellie owns a fine small apartment house with six units, and she lives in one, and Lawrence Brown, the old Ellington trombonist, rents out part of that. He says he feels safe and comfortable there. Nellie's

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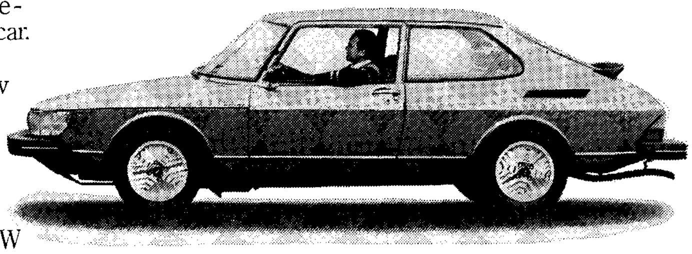

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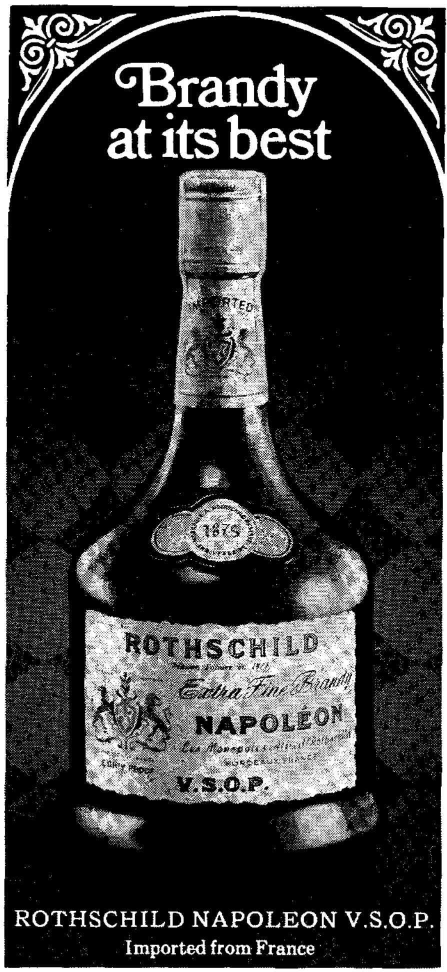

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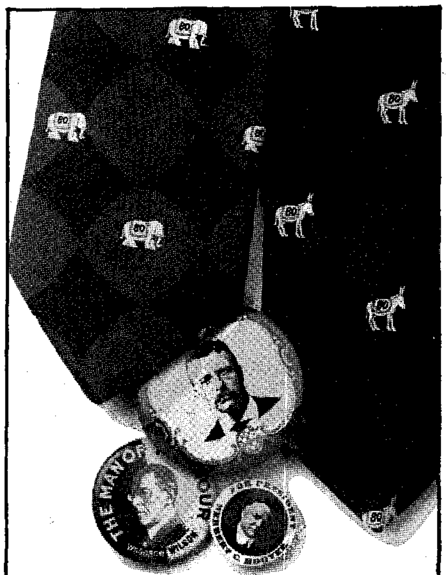
apartment is big and beautiful, and she has everything she needs or wants, including a luxurious garden. She's on the board of directors of Local 47 of the musicians' union, and sometimes she goes over three or four times a week. It's an elected office. She still plays, and she never plays alone. She uses Billy Hadnott on bass and Ulysses Livingston on guitar, and a drummer named Gene Washington. She drives herself everywhere in her Cadillac. She's a big woman and she needs a big car. She does a lot of charity work, and Mayor Sam Yorty gave her a special award. There's not a wrong one among her seven brothers and sisters still alive. Nellie is a conservative in politics, and it's the only thing we disagree on. She has an international following, but the odd thing about her music is that you care for it passionately or not at all."

Nellie Lutcher likes to loosen up between sets at the Cookery by talking. "I first worked for Barney Josephson in 1947," she said one evening last week. "It was the year my life turned around. I'd been plugging along in Los Angeles for over ten years when—wham!—Dave Dexter, Jr., of Capitol Records, heard me sing on a March of Dimes radio show. I did 'The One I Love,' and a couple of weeks later he signed me to a contract. I recorded 'Hurry On Down' and 'He's a Real Gone Guy,' both of which I wrote, and when I woke up I had a couple of hits. I was paid a hundred dollars a side and no royalties, so the only money I've made from the records has been from the tunes themselves. Barney Josephson brought me to New York to Café Society Downtown, and I went to Europe, where I did very well. Carlos Gastel, who handled Nat Cole and Peggy Lee, took me over. I had no trouble until the sixties, when rock knocked things out like disco's doing now. It makes me cry to think of all the musicians disco is putting out of work. But I have my little apartment house on the west side of Los Angeles, and my union position, which came my way in 1968, when I replaced Harvey Brooks after he passed. I went to Los Angeles in 1935 from Lake Charles, Louisiana, where I was born—oh, in 1915. Lake Charles is twenty-eight miles from Texas, the last little city in Louisiana going west. It's got rice fields and pecan groves, and it's on the Calcasieu River, which connects directly with the Gulf of Mexico, thirty or forty miles south. So it's a seaport town, too. Everything was



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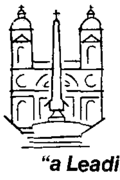
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segregated when I was little, but I don't think I could have come up in a friendlier town. The Caucasian people were very considerate of the Negro people. The main trouble with Lake Charles, it has sickening humid heat in the summer. When I stopped to see my father on his birthday a year or two before he died—he died in 1961—I discovered I couldn't tolerate that heat anymore. My father was born in St. Joseph, in Tensas Parish, right up by the Mississippi. His mother was Nellie Johnson, and I was named after her. My father was tall and skinny and his nickname was Skinner. He was a truck driver and stockman for the Houston Packing Company. He was mild-mannered but stern, and whatever he said he wouldn't budge from. He played all the stringed instruments but concentrated on the bass. Weekends and some weeknights, he played in the Imperial Jazz Band, a local group that did dances and picnics and the like. He loved the comics, and he'd go to every minstrel show that passed through, and just sit there and laugh and laugh. He'd had a son by a previous marriage, and he had fifteen more children by my mother. She lost five in infancy before I was born, so I was the eldest. David died in infancy in the twenties, Charles died in the Second World War, and Vydha, who was the baby, in 1971. All the rest are left: Eugenia; Florence, who married a little while ago; Florida, who designs all my gowns; Margie, the youngest; my brother Joe, who plays saxophone; James, who is religious and has a beauty-supply business; and Isaac, who was named after my father—we call him Bubba. Most of them live around Los Angeles. My mother's desire was to play the piano, but starting a family stopped that. She was born in Charenton, Louisiana, and she passed in 1972. She was a beautiful lady—short and stout and a marvellous mother. She never bothered about going anyplace except church. We children didn't know what it meant to have a key to our house, because Mother was always there. We had a frame house, raised up off the ground, and she always saw to it that we were well fed and there was enough food to share with our neighbors when they needed it. I knew both of my grandmothers, but no grandfathers. The grandmothers lived in a little extra house we had—Nellie, and my mother's mother, Ellen. Nellie was even-tempered, but Ellen was cantankerous. They managed it together until they died. We had a piano, and

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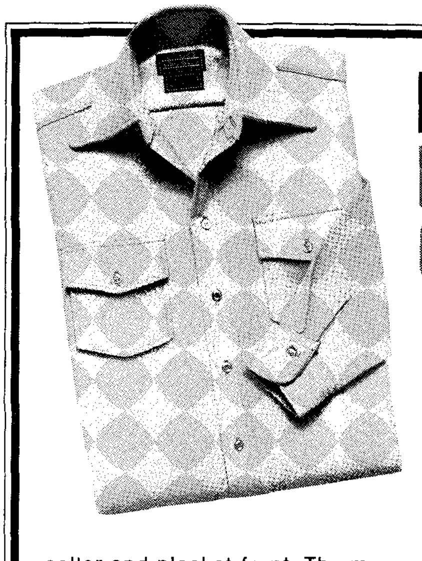

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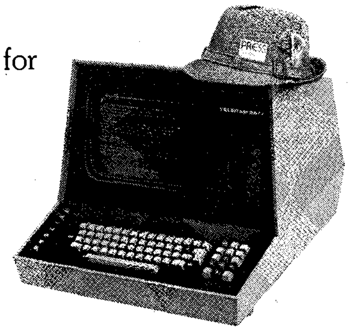

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when I started to tickling it, that thrilled my mother. I was six or seven when she arranged for me to have lessons with the wife of the junior-high-school principal—Eugenia King Reynaud. Money was short, naturally, so my mother told her, 'I'll do your laundry. I want my daughter to have the best piano lessons possible.' Mrs. Reynaud couldn't improvise one note, and if there was a fly sitting on the sheet music, she'd play that, too. She wanted me to have correct fingering, and she wanted me to learn to read. She discovered right away that I knew how to fake things, and she watched my ear all the time. If a student wasn't interested, she didn't waste time on him, but if he showed promise, she knocked herself out. She touched my life forever with her marvellous way of teaching. She was the pianist of the little Baptist church we went to, and when I was eight she allowed me to play for Sunday school. I got two dollars a month for that. I studied with her six or seven years, and eventually I was good enough for the lady who owned the Majestic Hotel in town to send word that she wanted me to play for her guests—'The Blue Danube Waltz,' and things like that. I also played for Ma Rainey, who came through town without her piano player.

"When I was fifteen or sixteen, I was asked to join the Imperial Jazz Band. Al Freeman had been the pianist, and he went home to Columbus, Ohio. They could have gotten someone to come from New Orleans, but the leader, Mr. Clarence Hart, talked to the men in the band and then he asked my father would he consent to *my* playing with them. My dad said it would be all right with him but he didn't know what my mother would say. He wasn't in the church, but she was, and at that time the church people in the South looked down on jazz music as the work of the Devil. My mother said I was too young, and this and that, but my father finally won her over. We played mostly on weekends, because the men in the band had jobs and families, and we travelled as far as Texas. We played a lot of head music—improvised music—but we also used some stock arrangements put out by Frank Skinner. We never knew how much we were going to be paid—one or two or maybe five dollars a night. Bunk Johnson was in the band then. He was from New Iberia, Louisiana, about a hundred miles to the east, and he didn't have any job except to play

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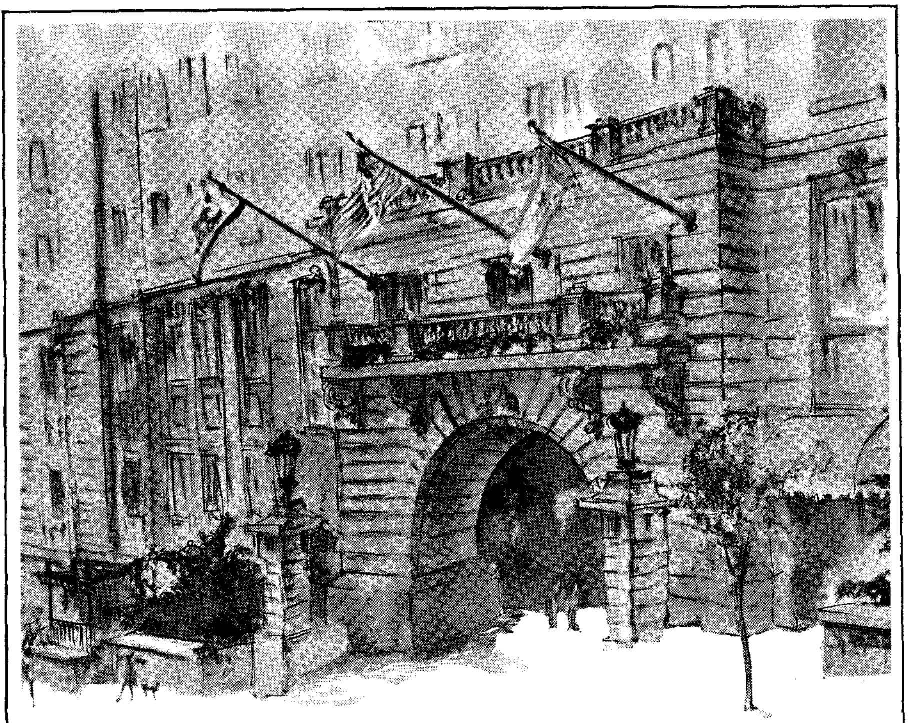
with the Imperial. He must have been about fifty years old, and everyone called him Mr. Bunk. He told a lot of jokes, and my father, who wasn't much of a joke teller, did most of the laughing. Bunk had a staccato style. He never missed a note or jumbled anything, and he played very clear. We were exposed to fine music. A lot of regional bands—Don Albert, Alphonso Trent, Papa Celestin, from New Orleans—came through town, and we listened to the radio every chance we got. We didn't have electric lights in our house, but a neighbor had lights and a radio and one of those two-sided toasters, and we'd go over most nights and listen to Earl Hines from the Grand Terrace in Chicago. I was very, very impressed by Earl Hines' style, and I liked everything else about him—his immaculate clothes and how much he liked music. I love people who love what they do."

NELLIE LUTCHER sat down at the piano. She was dressed in a fitted red velvet gown with puffed pink silk sleeves, and she looked around the audience as if she were about to address a stockholders' meeting. Then she smiled, lifted her chin, blazed her eyes, and announced "Alexander's Ragtime Band." It was fast and stomping, and was full of skimming legato rhythms, slamming dynamics, flattened vowels, and wild Leo Watson nonsense phrases. A swaying, medium-slow "The Lady's in Love with You" came next, and she sang it almost straight, except that she accompanied her piano solo with operatic humming. This was followed by a speeding "Caravan," in which fragments of melody raced across the room like puffs of wind across open water. She did "Hurry On Down" and "Real Gone Guy," both of them simple and jivy and swinging, and she did "St. Louis Blues" as a knocked-out blues. She got off a lot of falsetto humming and operatic high notes on her own "Lake Charles Boogie," and she didn't sing on "Mack the Knife." She sang "This Can't Be Love," and then she did a rocking, subtle "Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home," stretching her vowels like rubber bands and indulging in some heavy mock-turtle weeping. She made the lyrics of "A Chicken Ain't Nothing but a Bird" clear, and she sang "The Pig Latin Song" in pig Latin. She closed with a fast "Perdido" and a meditative "Fine Brown Frame," and spent ten minutes signing autographs



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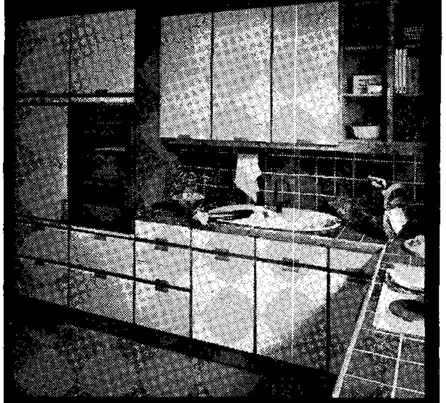
and making the gray heads surrounding her laugh.

She ordered coffee and caught her breath. Then she said, "I stayed in the Imperial five or six years. I even married one of the musicians. He was twenty years older, and my parents were bitterly opposed. It only lasted two months. I got a little bored in the Imperial, so I joined the Southern Rhythm Boys. It was a sixteen-piece group put together by Al Wilson and Paul Barnes, who had both been in the Imperial. Barnes had played with King Oliver in his last days, and Wilson had brought him into the Imperial. Al Wilson taught me arranging, which I had gotten interested in. All the musicians in the band were older and well-seasoned, and it was marvellous to be with that calibre of player. We did one-nighters all through Louisiana and Mississippi—that was all we could get. I quit and went home, and then I went to California. I knew there must be something better out there. My mother had two sisters in Los Angeles, and Mr. Clarence Hart had moved out and tried to get my daddy to follow him. I stayed with one of my aunts. A cousin knew someone at the Dunbar Hotel, on Central Avenue, in the black neighborhood, and he'd told them, 'I want you to hear my cousin, fresh in town.' I auditioned, and they hired me for the lounge, 8 P.M. to 2 A.M., two dollars a night. I didn't consider myself much of a singer, but they kept after me, so I sang. I admired Ethel Waters and Louis Armstrong when I was growing up, but I don't know how much I learned from them. I sing what I feel, I sing the story of each song. The 'St. Louis Blues' is a sad song. The woman in it, her man is gone and she's a little bitter. It's not a happy-feeling blues to me, so I try and make that clear. But certain songs don't mean a thing to me, and I won't, or can't, sing them. 'Star Dust' is one. I love the melody, but there's nothing in the lyric for me, and I'll never sing it. Anyway, I stayed at the Dunbar six months. Sometimes I'd go to breakfast dances at six or seven in the morning. They had breakfast clubs all over Los Angeles. I married for the second time—to Leonel Lewis—and that ended a long time ago. He was from my home town, and we had a child, Talmadge. Talmadge lives in San Francisco, and works for Standard Oil, and we're close. After the Dunbar, I worked in all kinds of groups. One was led by Dootsie Williams, a trumpet player. It had trumpet, piano, guitar, and drums, and we did vocal arrange-

allmilmö



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ments. We were the intermission group at the Little Trocadero for a while, and that was where I met Lena Horne, who was just getting herself together. Another group had Doug and Wilbur Daniels. They'd been in the famous Spirits of Rhythm with Leo Watson and Teddy Bunn. A man named Herman Pickett was on piano, and he took sick and I joined them. Then the Daniels brothers got fired, and I took over. This was at the Club Royale. I met Sid Catlett there in 1944. He had a group at the Streets of Paris, and I think he had Allan Eager on tenor. Sid was a marvel. He loved people and they loved him. Talmadge has always said that if Sid had lived he would have tried to be a drummer, he was that crazy about the way he played. We never got any further than the romantic department—maybe because of his gambling. He was compulsive; he'd bet on *anything*. One time, he took me out to the track near Hollywood—I'd never been at a race track in my life—and before I even figured out where the horses were, he'd lost two hundred dollars. Then he got real downhearted. The trouble is, I never heard of him winning. He admired Duke Ellington more than anyone, and when he was on the Coast he sat in for Sonny Greer when Sonny took a spill and hurt himself. That set Sid up.

"I love coming to New York, but it's not easy getting here. I took the train, because I won't fly, and it was fine except there was a fire and they had to move us into another car. I checked my Oshkosh trunk through in Los Angeles the day before I left. I bought it in the thirties, and it weighs about seventy-five pounds when it's empty. One side has drawers, and the other is a closet where I can hang my gowns. Everything packs in so perfectly that when I get where I'm going I never have to send anything to the dry cleaner for pressing. Of course, the days when they picked up your trunk at your door and delivered it to you at the other end are gone. Two men and a neighbor with a truck took it to the railroad station in Los Angeles, and when I got here I had to look in the directory to find someone to bring it from the Pennsylvania Station to where I'm staying, on Central Park West. When I called, they said, 'Will it fit in a van?' I said, 'No, it's too tall.' So they said, 'Can you lay it on its side?' I said, 'Yes, the clothes are packed that tightly.' So they brought it, and they charged me forty-five dollars, which wiped out any advantage I had from not using the dry cleaner. I brought clothes for all weathers. The coat I'm wearing tonight weighs eight pounds alone. So to bring down some of the weight of my clothes I'm going to mail back the heaviest things bit by bit as the weather gets warmer. Then it won't be so bad when I come to ship that trunk back the day before I leave."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

• •

REGRET

I am the voices that fill you with silence,
The door slightly open, like a robe.
You are the teacher brushing my breasts
With your elbow, hearing the soft

Purr of my paintbrush on canvas. Yes,
I am the cat sliding out of reach
Like a moon evading the long arms
Of a tree on the river: you know

I am married. You know I am plotting
A long journey down the Yellow River
In a camel's-hair jacket, alone. Darling,
I am leaving you behind, like a door

Gently closed. You were planning
A vacation to China. No longer. You
Were touching my shoulders with your
Hands. No more. I am the telephone,

You are the wrong number. Or you are
The phone call, no one is home, but
Could Be, or Might Have Been, or Won't.
I am the silence that fills you with voices.

—EDWARD HIRSCH

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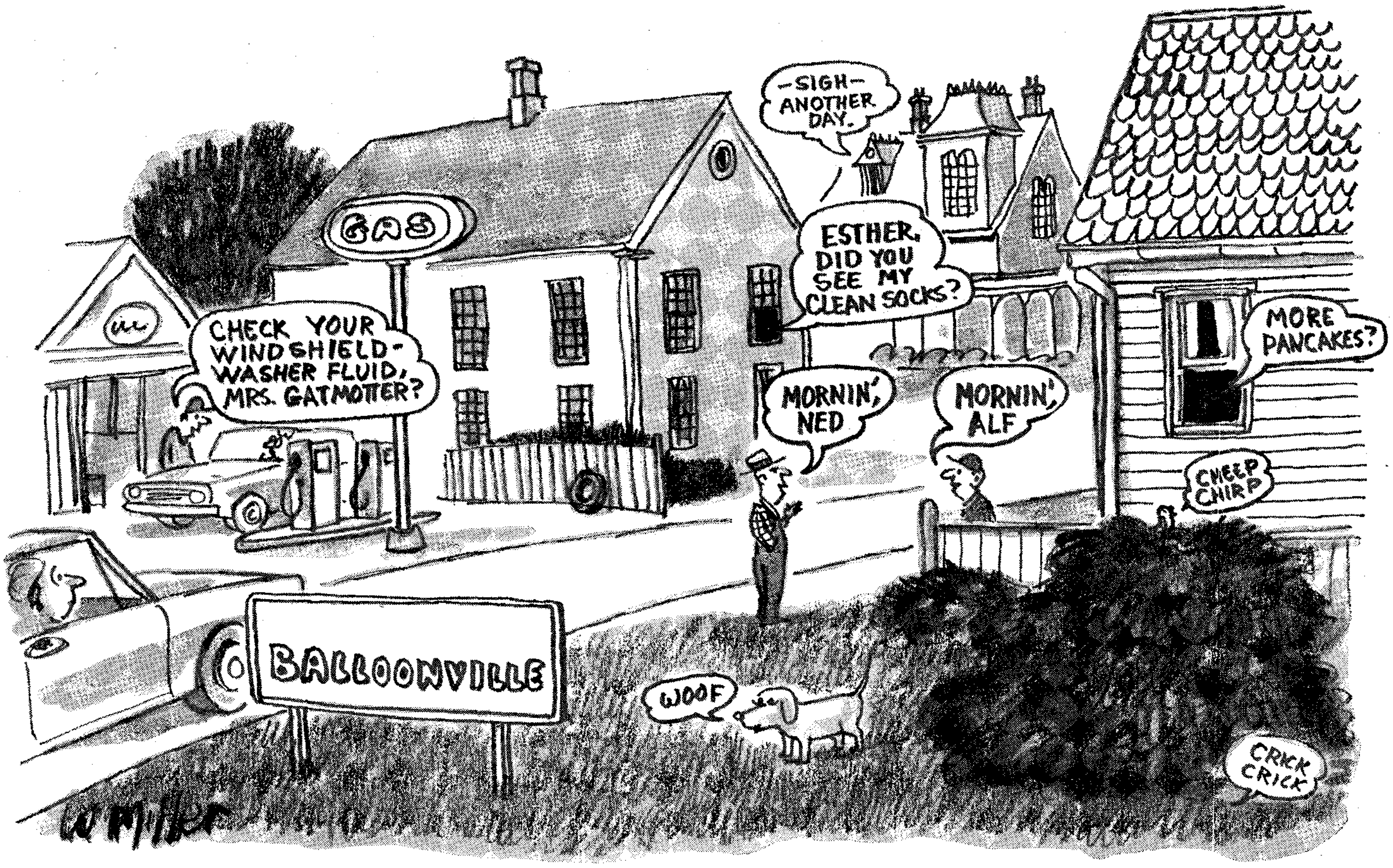
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Walking Wounded

COSTA-GAVRAS, a director celebrated for his use of a realistic documentary technique in the exploration of political subjects, has made a movie called "Clair de Femme," which concerns itself not with politics but with such powerful abstractions as love, loneliness, and death, and I'm sorry to report that it is ambitious mush—mush in respect to the writing, mush in respect to the acting, and mush even in respect to the photography. The setting is Paris, and one would have expected Costa-Gavras to give us a hard-edged view of the city's ancient beauty (ancient and not so ancient: most of Paris is younger than Pittsburgh). Instead, a great deal of the movie has been shot at night, in a woozy, romantic blur, and a party scene in a flat belonging to a Russian-born oil millionairess has the richly upholstered, fictional look of something out of Visconti. The story has been taken from a novel by Romain Gary, who writes a very high-calorie prose, and whose aphoristic approach to life appears to have fatally infected Costa-Gavras's screenplay. Every other line of dialogue contains some seeming profundity about the nature of the human predicament, and I wish I could blame the shallowness of the lines on the English subtitles, but no such thing—they sound every bit as high-toned and phony in the original French.

There are only two characters of consequence in the movie; one is an aging, weary man, played by Yves Montand, and the other is a fading matron in her forties, played by Romy Schneider. We first encounter Montand at the airport, getting ready to take off for Caracas; he is obviously disoriented, and on an impulse he abandons his flight and returns to Paris. On getting out of a cab, he bumps into Schneider, who has been out shopping and whose armful of foodstuffs is instantly scattered along the pavement. Montand apologizes for his clumsiness; Schneider excuses him. Their sad eyes meet. Aha! We perceive that both parties have reached, in Fitzgerald's phrase, three o'clock in the morning in the dark night of the soul. They are *suffering;* moreover, their doom is to be the sharing of the separate, painful dooms already assigned to them. After a cup of coffee together, they part—this is the kind of movie in which people don't simply walk away from each other; they part—and the man returns to the airport. Caracas? No, it turns out that he would just as willingly go to Calcutta, but soon enough he is on his way back to Paris again, to the flat of his newfound fellow-victim of the unfairness of life. She takes him in and even consents to go to bed with him, but sex turns out to be about as pleasurable a bond between them as so much wet talcum powder. They begin to tell each other what their troubles consist of, and I have to admit that the troubles are truly big ones. Because the plot unfolds as if there were some authentic mystery at its heart (there is really only a lack of information), I probably oughtn't to go into details, but let me just hint that as an injustice collector Job would be out of a job competing with Montand and Schneider.

Not a ray of light anywhere, not a humorous word! I marvel that Montand could have found the patience to walk through a part so unlike his usual energetic screen presence, and I feel particularly sorry for Miss Schneider, who is obliged to alternate between bitterness with tears and bitterness without them. In my disappointment with the movie, I have been brooding over its title, which nobody has both-



ered to render into English. Perhaps it contains some clues to Costa-Gavras's intentions. If it is to be translated as "Womanshine," as "*clair de lune*" gives us "moonshine," then it amounts to a neologism not worth bringing into the language.

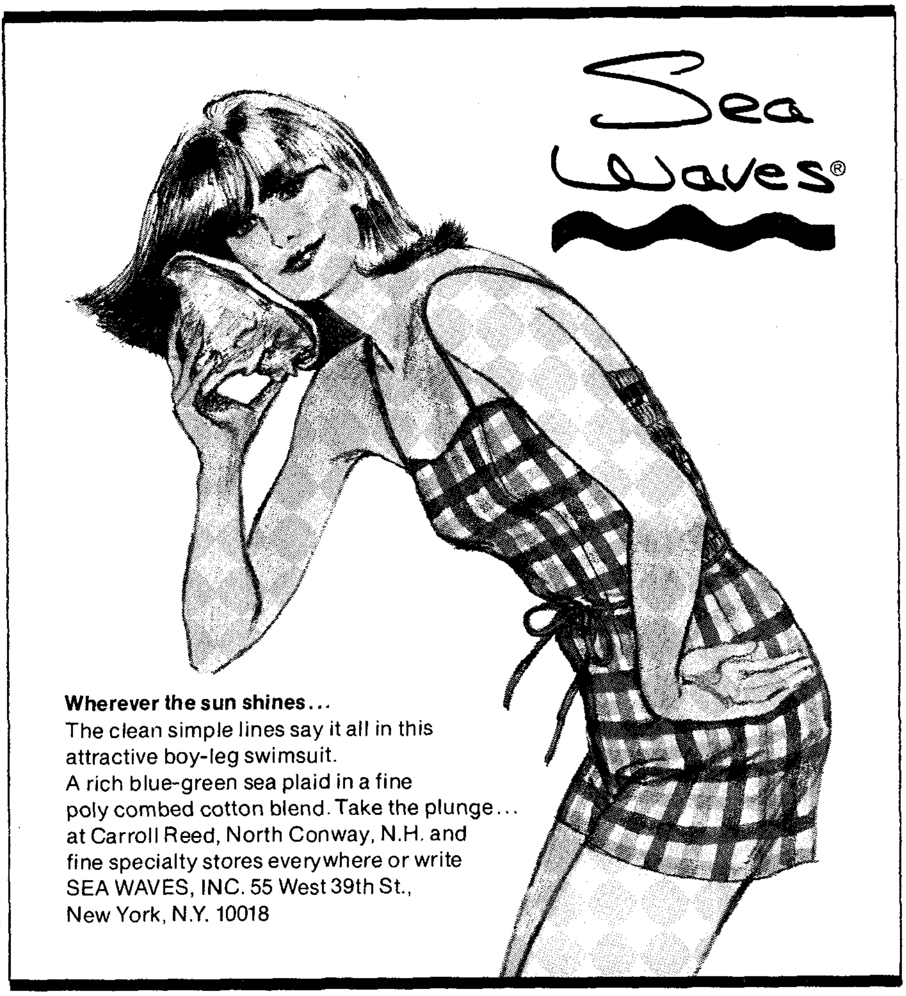
"LITTLE MISS MARKER" has evidently come into being because moviemakers like making movies that have already demonstrated that they will succeed at the box office. No doubt I will be seeing two or three more versions of "A Star Is Born" before the turn of the century, but surely there is no felt need for any more "Little Miss Marker"s. It is sentimental twaddle of such total implausibility that one tends to respond to it with indignation instead of contempt: How dare this nonsense present itself to us twenty-four times a second? The present sorry adaptation of the old Damon Runyan fable stars Walter Matthau, Julie Andrews, and an untalented little tyke named Sara Stimson, who looks extravagantly unlike Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson, Yale '88. —B. G.

•

IN THE WHALE

In my turquoise sweater, disgruntled
that I was so late, I left my house
in Mexico this morning and stepped
into a crystal light and was caught
ike a blue plum in bright sugar
water, caught in open sunlight, but
down the street under the shade of
that great tree by the underground
water, the river that feeds our town,
was a boy much farther along toward
otal saturation than me; he was in
sharp brown-green condition, the
azor light limning him (God alone
nows how through all that shade)
till as a stone against the cheviot
vall, his back and right foot up,
upporting him, his peaked cap in
hat actinic rain drenched in mottled
larities. And just behind him in
ull sun, like me, a Mexican woman in
blue *rebozo*, with a basket of tomatoes
n her head, overfull, plunges down
he hilly path full tilt right into
he shade and turns into slow-motion
lamson-blue with light coming through
nd strawberry top, and then a white
log is sucked into the emulsion, gives
p, lies down, and now I, electrified,
magnetic, am drawn over into the jellied
hade, plunge in, and sun surrounds and
hade engulfs all four and now we hang
all motionless together in this morning
miracle, leviathan, force field of grace.

—LEONARD WALLACE ROBINSON



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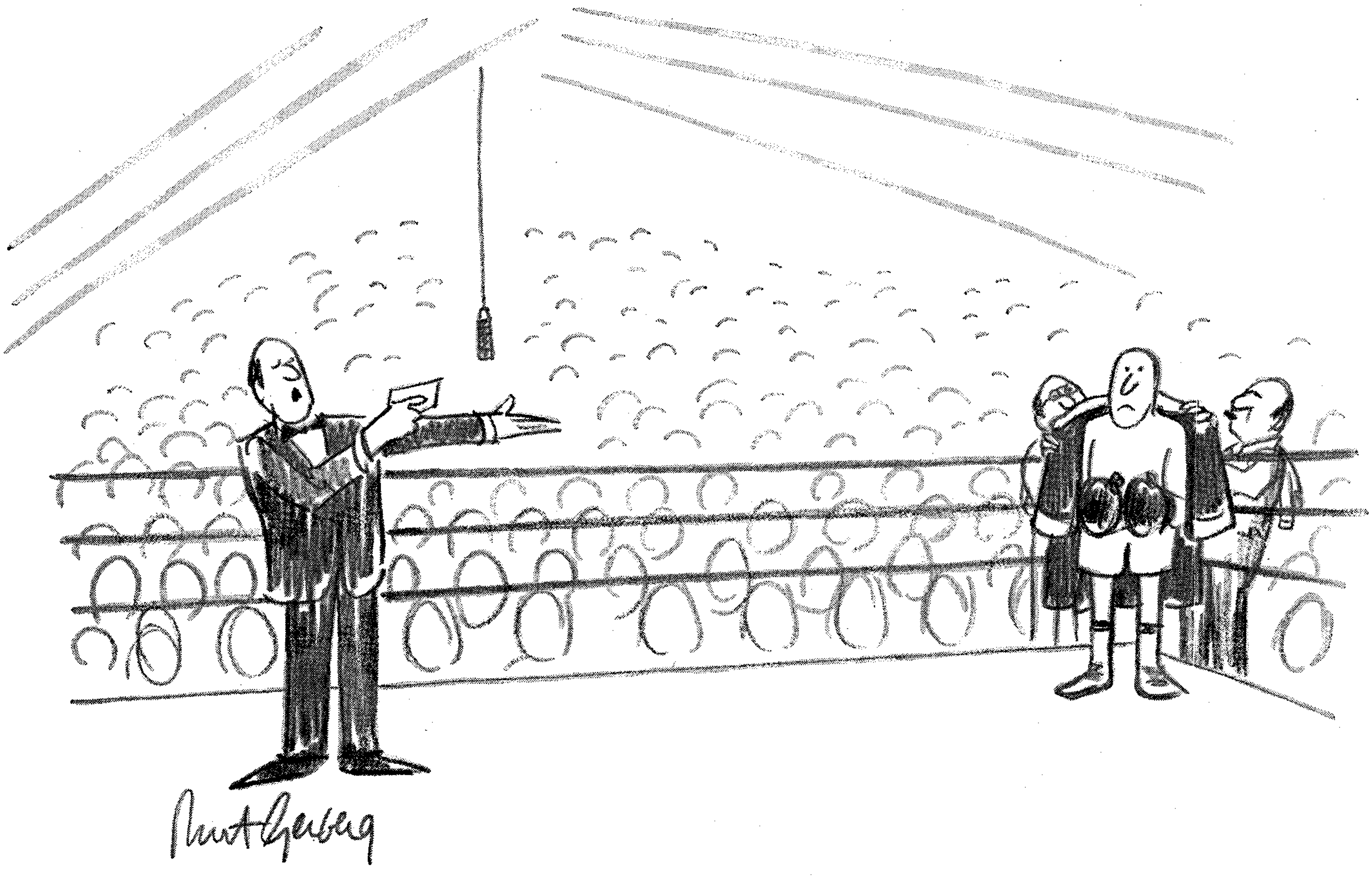
MUSICAL EVENTS

Challenges

THE Ninth Symphony of Roger Sessions was heard in New York for the first time in a recent Carnegie Hall concert by the Syracuse Symphony Orchestra. It was commissioned in 1974, when Frederik Prausnitz—an advocate of Sessions' music, who has recorded the Eighth Symphony—was the conductor of the orchestra. The first performances, at Syracuse in January, and this New York performance were conducted by Christopher Keene, now the orchestra's music director; the symphony is dedicated to Prausnitz. It is a tough, dense score, and, as with so much of Sessions' music, difficult to like at a first hearing. But something compels one to listen, and to listen hard. No one was able to provide a score with which to follow the performance (an odd state of affairs for a major première by America's senior composer); I managed to borrow one afterward, along with a cassette recording of one of the Syracuse concerts. A couple of hearings served to clarify much that had seemed confused in the hall, and to make the logic of the score palpable.

Sessions has not been overwhelmed by the significance that the number nine has had for symphonists since Beethoven: his Ninth is on a modest scale—three movements, lasting about twenty-five minutes—though it uses a very large orchestra. The most striking aspect of the music is its constant state of flux, its perturbed restlessness. The first movement, from the impressive opening gesture of a low wind moan bursting into fierce tumult, constantly builds up climaxes out of which new quiet beginnings emerge. This continuous regeneration takes place within a tripartite structure: insistent outer sections enclose a more tranquil section. There is a most beautiful sound at one of the transition points: loud string lines suddenly stop, revealing dark, menacing trumpet and trombone chords, with an eerie oscillating figure for English horn. Throughout, the brass instruments are used expressively; only in the final pages of the symphony, where a trumpet brays in anticipation of victory, is there anything conventional in their material. The slow movement is a brief interlude framed by an unaccompanied trombone solo, and includes a yearning, intense oboe solo (both solos were very well played at the New York performance); it leads straight to the scherzolike third movement. There is something deliberate, almost plodding, in Sessions' fast-moving music; this section twitters and bounces and at one point dissolves (through a lovely vibraphone passage) into an expressive echo of a five-times-repeated chord that appears in the first movement. There is an odd, incongruous section scored just for flute, bass clarinet, harp, and xylophone, ticktocking under a violin melody. The end is marvellous: under slowly moving wind lines the strings accumulate great power; then the music suddenly fades—yet again—to reveal a brass chorale (a distorted echo of the "St. Anne" tune?) and is swept away from a whimper to a final bang.

A challenging score to listen to; it must be daunting to play. Yet the Syracuse Symphony seemed in command. The sound was not always ideally sharp, the molding of the melodies not quite warm enough, but the all-important rhythmic tension was there. Mr. Keene conducted with demonstrative brilliance, keeping an admirably firm grip on the proceedings; perhaps at future performances he will be able to relax a little more, and let the music's richness sing through. The capacity audience (which had presumably come primarily to hear the following work, by the jazz pianist Keith Jarrett, in which the composer was playing) greeted the symphony



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with polite enthusiasm. Did it make enough of an impact to insure future hearings? It is all very well for a critic to grow to like a work through a little private study, but a concertgoer may not have the time, opportunity, or inclination to do so. All I can offer is the encouragement to persevere: when the Philharmonic programs the work (as it should), or when Syracuse plays it again (as it surely will), hear it.

TWO English symphonies by composers contemporary with Sessions made welcome appearances on Avery Fisher Hall programs last month. The Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, under André Previn, played William Walton's First Symphony, and the Philharmonic, under Andrew Davis, offered Ralph Vaughan Williams' Second, the "London" Symphony. After forty-five years, Walton's work still packs a punch, but its allurements have become more than a little faded. Mr. Previn argued successfully the case for the bold opening movement, with its jagged rhythms and exciting climaxes. The Pittsburgh orchestra produced a splendid sound, with very firm chording and ensemble, and bright timbres. Thereafter, a little of the power went out of the performance; the Scherzo, which Sir Adrian Boult can make tense and frightening, became in Mr. Previn's hands something neat and slick, like good film music. In the slow movement, the lack of really distinguished individual playing in the orchestra began to tell (though both first flute and first clarinet played their solos flexibly and warmly). Walton found his finale difficult to complete; the symphony was performed without it in 1934, and was first heard in full a year later. This movement sounded less than perfectly convincing here—especially the triple-time section, which Mr. Previn made too light and cheerful.

Vaughan Williams' "London" Symphony, on the other hand, wears well. Vaughan Williams, like Walton, was to express powerfully the unsettled mood of England between the wars (in his Fourth Symphony, contemporary with Walton's First), but in this work, completed on the eve of the First World War, only premonitions of discontent are felt. It is an ambivalent but sympathetic portrait of a town he both loved and hated. R. O. Morris wrote that "there is a questioning in it and a weariness," and Vaughan Williams said that the coda of the work was inspired by a description of the

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view from the Thames in H. G. Wells' "Tono-Bungay":

> There come first squalid stretches of mean homes right and left and then the dingy industrialism of the South side, and on the North bank the polite long front of nice houses, artistic, literary, administrative people's residences, that stretches from Cheyne Walk nearly to Westminster and hides a wilderness of slums. . . . The river passes—London passes, England passes.

However hard I try to listen to the piece as "absolute" music, those words always come back to me. During Mr. Davis's vivid, atmospheric reading, I even tried to imagine a few analogous New York scenes, to see if they would fit; they wouldn't. I dislike in principle the notion of music tied to a picture or a program, yet Vaughan Williams' symphony is so tied, and the link enhances the music's effectiveness instead of limiting it.

The Philharmonic played splendidly for Mr. Davis. Comparison with the Pittsburgh group in the acoustics of Avery Fisher Hall showed up the home team as rough at the edges, unsophisticated in ensemble, but Mr. Davis managed to draw two qualities from the Philharmonic which have become unfortunately scarce: enthusiasm and commitment. Because he clearly enjoys himself so much on the podium, and because his gestures are obvious and decisive, he imbues his players with confidence: they know that they are not likely to be surprised by interpretative quirks (that certainty is more invigorating for the players than for the audience) and that they are not going to be bored. I was apprehensive about the first work on the program, a selection of dances from Rameau's "Les Fêtes d'Hébé"—Rameau is rarely well served by small extracts for big orchestras—and the apprehension deepened as the massed strings of the Philharmonic assembled and I read in the program book that a nineteenth-century arrangement by Alexandre Guilmant was to be used. In the event, the pleasure of hearing Rameau's inventive music again overcame all the drawbacks of the performance. The sound was wrong, the balance awry, and the playing not especially stylish, but Mr. Davis managed to crispen the rhythms and remove the arrangement's thickness, so that the music emerged with the inflections of the dance, nicely ornamented and deftly colored. The program was completed by Ravel's G-Major Concerto; the soloist was Michel Beroff, who gave a subtle account, ringing with echoes of Gershwin—tangy and refreshing. A welcome sur-

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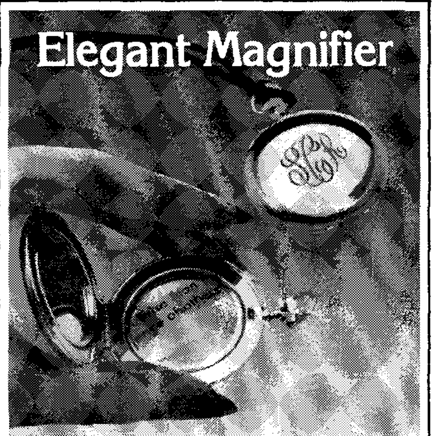

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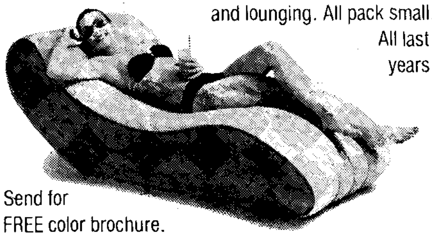

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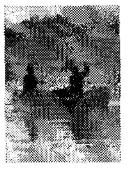

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prise: a wholly enjoyable Philharmonic concert.

I WAS sorry to miss the important concert in Carnegie Hall by Arthur Weisberg's Orchestra of the 20th Century, which offered works by Edgard Varèse, Leoš Janáček, Donald Martino, and John Harbison. There was another enterprising program in the same hall a week earlier, by the New Jersey Symphony Orchestra, under Thomas Michalak; it was devoted entirely to the music of the Polish composer Karol Szymanowski—his "Stabat Mater," the First Violin Concerto (with Wanda Wilkomirska), and music for the ballet "Harnasie." An ambitious and worthy venture, but, I think, a misguided one. Some composers benefit from saturation coverage; others do not. Szymanowski's is a highly individual voice; the harmonies are luscious, overripe. I can just manage his fine opera "King Roger" without feeling satiated, and a group of his piano pieces can make a distinctive contribution to a recital program. But I had to creep away before the end of this concert, lest treacle for breakfast, lunch, and dinner prove too much. There is a good case to be made for Szymanowski's importance: in the stimulating book "Music in Transition" (Norton), Jim Samson considers him alongside Scriabin, Schoenberg, Berg, and Webern as one of the creators of an atonal musical language in the first decades of the twentieth century. But the main works in the New Jersey orchestra's concert came from the nineteen-twenties, when Szymanowski had reverted to a tonally based, strongly nationalistic idiom. The triadic, ritualistic declamation of the "Stabat Mater"—which sounded unusually well defined and clean-edged in this fine performance, with a chorus from Cornell University and the soloists Lise Karlsson, Ewa Dobrowska, and Michael Riley—is rich but essentially diatonic; the colorful dances from "Harnasie" use real folk tunes from the Tatra highlands. Both works deserve a regular place on concert programs (the violin concertos have almost achieved that, thanks to Miss Wilkomirska's brilliant advocacy of them), but not on the same program.

THE last of the visiting orchestras I heard during March was the highly praised St. Paul Chamber Orchestra; it came to Fisher Hall with an admirably contrasted pair of concerts, one of rather eccentric American music (which, like the Syracuse concert,

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featured Keith Jarrett) and one of Mozart. I chose the latter, because it included a rare chance to hear the incidental music for the play "Thamos, King of Egypt"—a strong set of interludes and choruses, full of Masonic allusions, which anticipates "Die Zauberflöte" at many points. But it was a disappointing performance: Dennis Russell Davies was so concerned to make the music solid, perfectly coördinated, and vigorous that he removed from it most traces of spontaneity and expressiveness. The orchestra played with a high level of competence, but the sound was lifeless; four distinguished soloists paid very close attention to their scores. The Requiem, in the second half of the concert, went better: Elly Ameling flowered in the soprano solos, Ernst Haefliger gave weight to the brief tenor contributions, and the Pro Arte Chorale sang with strength and purposefulness. I was still unhappy with Mr. Davies' direction, however. Precision and force seemed to be his only aims, and he often chose tempi that contradicted the natural flow of the music: far too fast in the "Rex tremendae," so that the dotted rhythms could not tell; far too slow in the "Lacrimosa," so that it could not hang together.

PERHAPS the most satisfying performance in any of these concerts was that of Martha Argerich, who played the Chopin Second Piano Concerto with Mr. Previn and the Pittsburgh orchestra. She is an unspoiled, instinctive pianist, to whom technique seems irrelevant. She drifts onto the platform as if looking for a cup of coffee, sits down, and conjures the most voluptuous sounds from the keyboard—the slow movement of the concerto was phrased naturally, not artificially, even when flashes of decoration broke up the melodic line; the drooping chromaticism of the final bars was alarmingly sensual. Later the same day, in Carnegie Hall, Maurizio Pollini gave the first of two recitals: his playing is quite different, yet equally enthralling. In place of Argerich's spontaneity there is a calculated precision; he stands back from the music and shows it clearly to his audience. The result has a cold grandeur: six Debussy preludes were chilling, perfectly paced; Bartók's "Out of Doors" was vicious, the "night music" (which sounded like a jangled echo of Debussy's "Des pas sur la neige") taut; the twenty-four Chopin preludes were kaleidoscopically varied and strongly characterized. In comparison, Vladimir

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Ashkenazy's account of the same preludes in the same hall a month earlier was predictable and empty of imagination: he simply slammed the keyboard (as he had in Rachmaninoff's tedious and empty Second Sonata), and displayed the sort of tempestuous pianism that wins applause for the performer, not the music. André Laplante, joint second-prize-winner in the 1978 Moscow Tchaikovsky Competition, gave a similar, though more refined, exhibition in his Carnegie Hall recital of Mozart, Beethoven, Ravel, and Liszt: he played as if the audience were a competition jury, wanting to be impressed by versatility, virtuosity, and beauty of sound. Somewhere inside him there is, I think, a real pianist struggling to get out.

If any pianist needs encouragement to believe that thoughtful, self-effacing piano playing can be rewarding, he should listen to Alfred Brendel. Some reservations were expressed by Andrew Porter about Brendel's recent Schumann recital. Shortly before that recital, I heard one, at the 92nd Street Y, about which no reservations were possible. Brendel played Bartók (as sharply as Pollini but more lovingly), Beethoven, and Haydn—re-creating each note, each thought as he went along. Between Argerich's carefree spontaneity and Pollini's predetermined precision he strikes an ideal middle course, in which complete preparedness is coupled with immediate responsiveness: analysis recollected in emotion.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

●

THE DAY THE BOSTON "GLOBE" WOULD JUST AS SOON FORGET

MUSH FROM THE WIMP

—Title of an editorial on President Carter's inflation speech in the Boston Globe March 15, 1980.

AN APOLOGY

The first editions of last Saturday's Globe carried a headline on the lead editorial that was inappropriate and not intended for publication. In later editions the editorial, which supported President Carter's new initiatives on the economy, was titled, "All must share the burden."—*March 18, 1980.*

●

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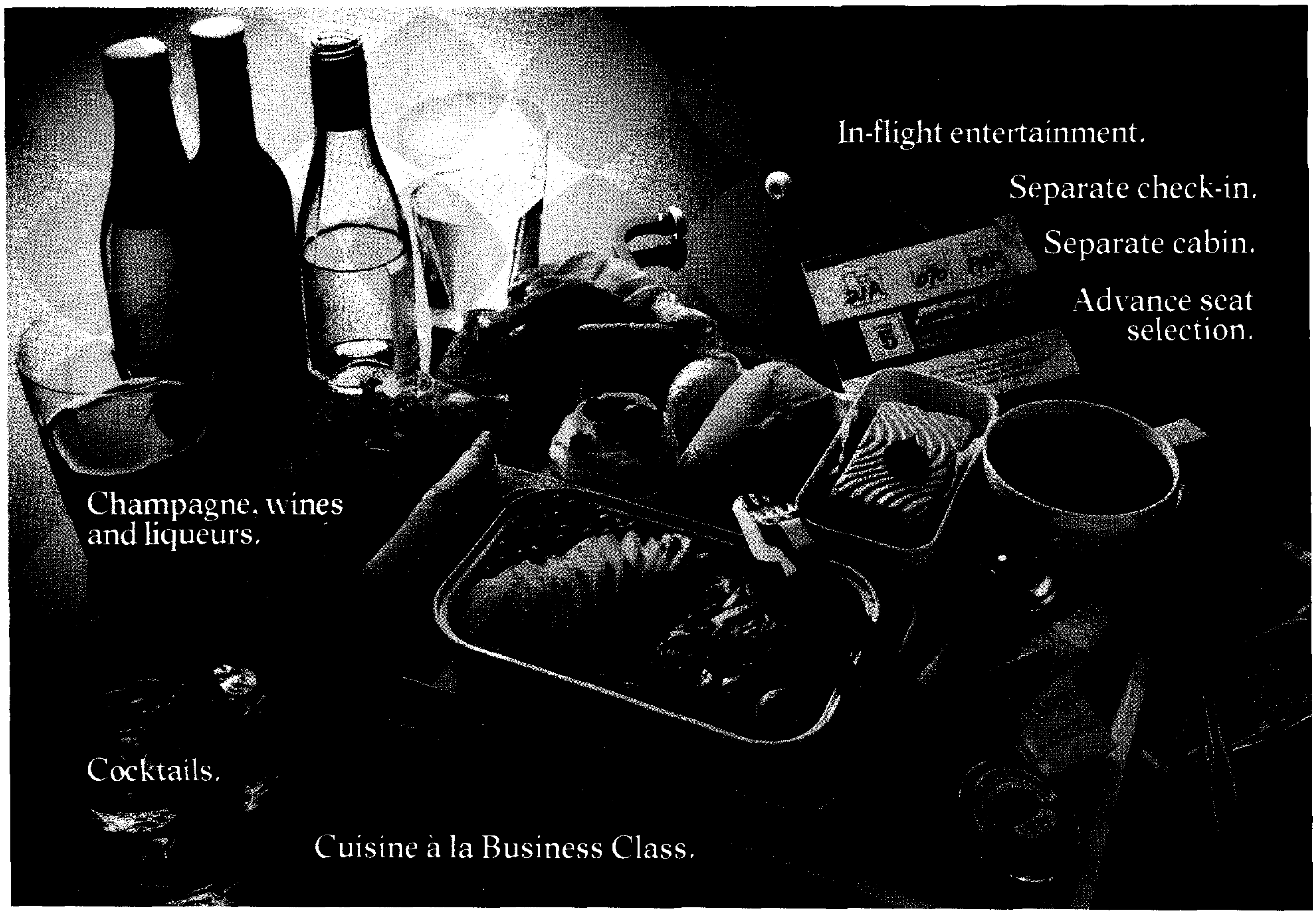
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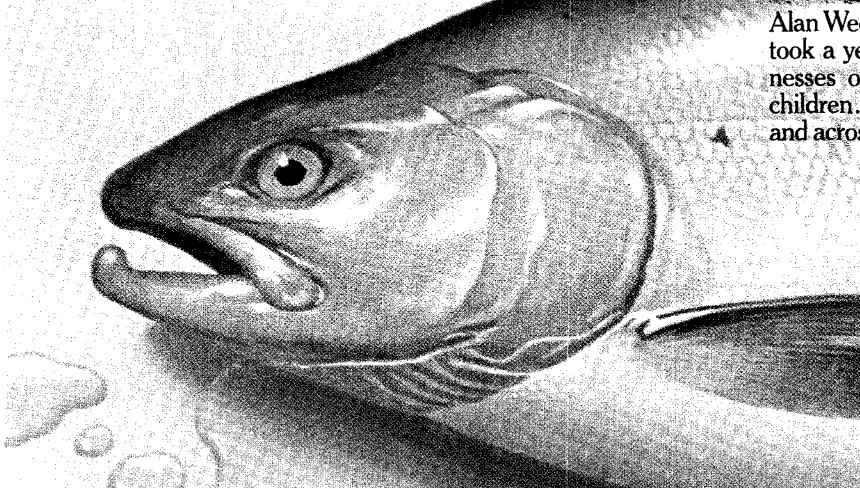
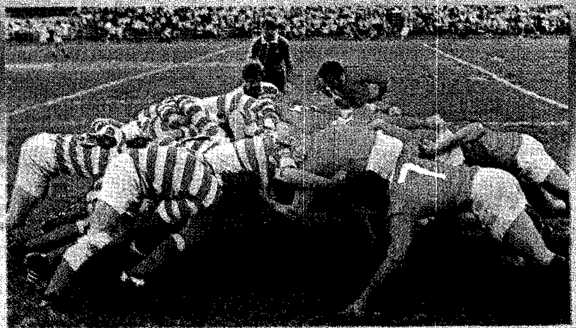
Alan Weeden, a Wall Street financier, took a year off to wander the wildernesses of the world with his three children...from Alaska to Patagonia and across the Southern Hemisphere.



The Atlantic salmon may be the freshwater fisherman's supreme prize. So Fortune joined a party of U.S. and Canadian executives on a fishing expedition to a remote corner of Iceland. Notice that the people Fortune writes about are the same people who read us.



A lot of businessmen escape from the rough-and-tumble of business to something rougher. Even that bruising daddy of American football, rugby. You're looking at a "scrum," from our colorful rundown on rugger.

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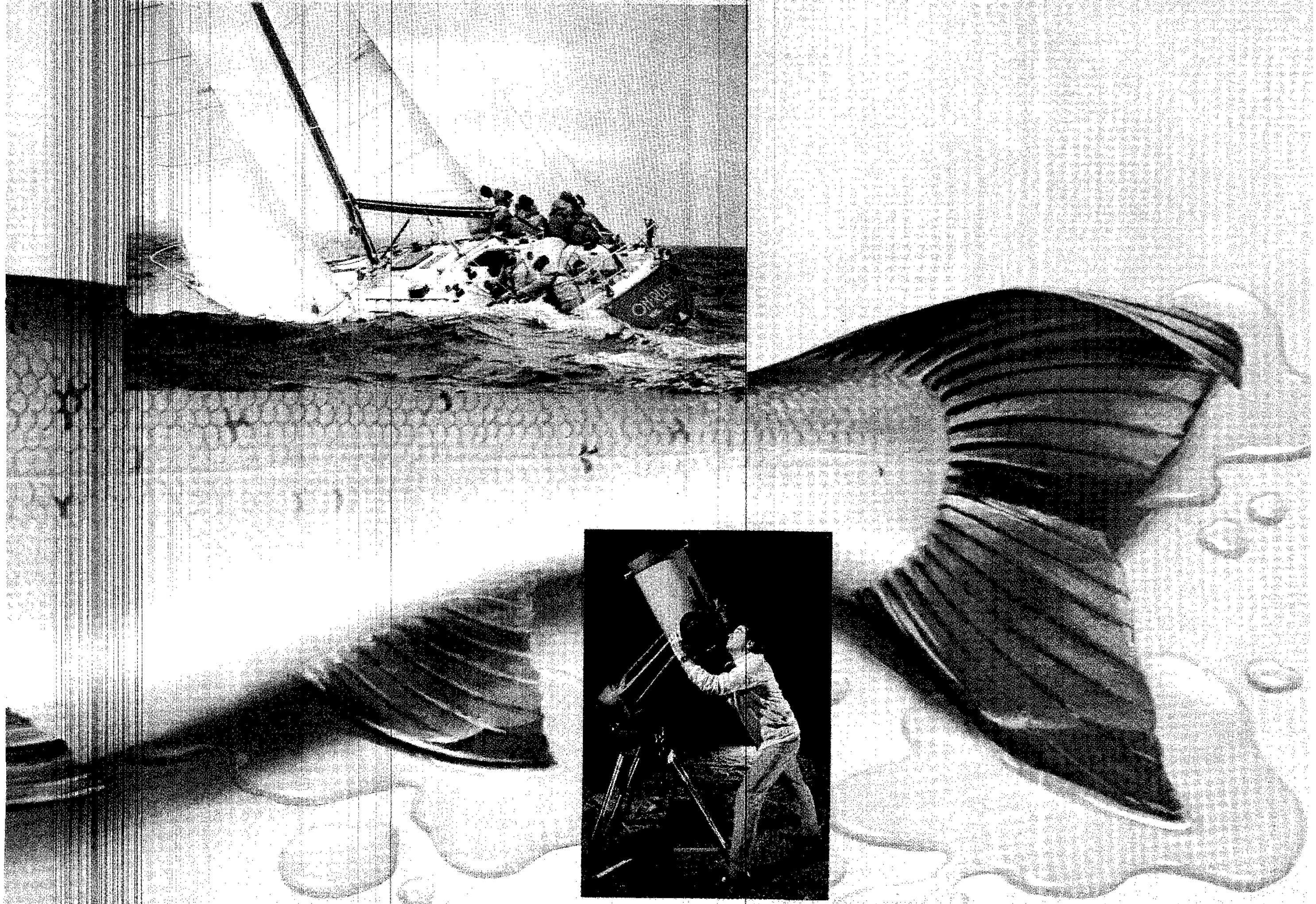

Hobbies...from astronomy to orchid growing ...are part of the executive life-style. So of course Fortune writes about them. Here, Meredith Wood Jr. of Chemical Bank in New York trains his front-yard telescope on Jupiter. His specialty is deep-sky objects and double stars.

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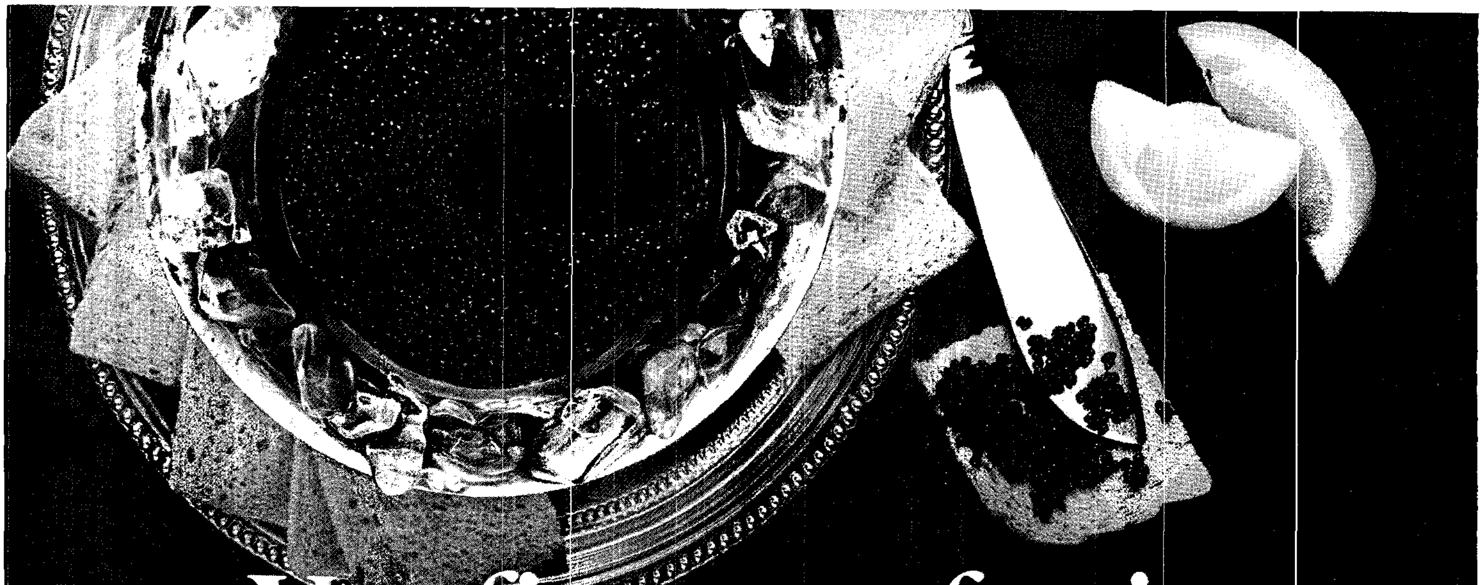

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BOOKS

A Cloud of Witnesses

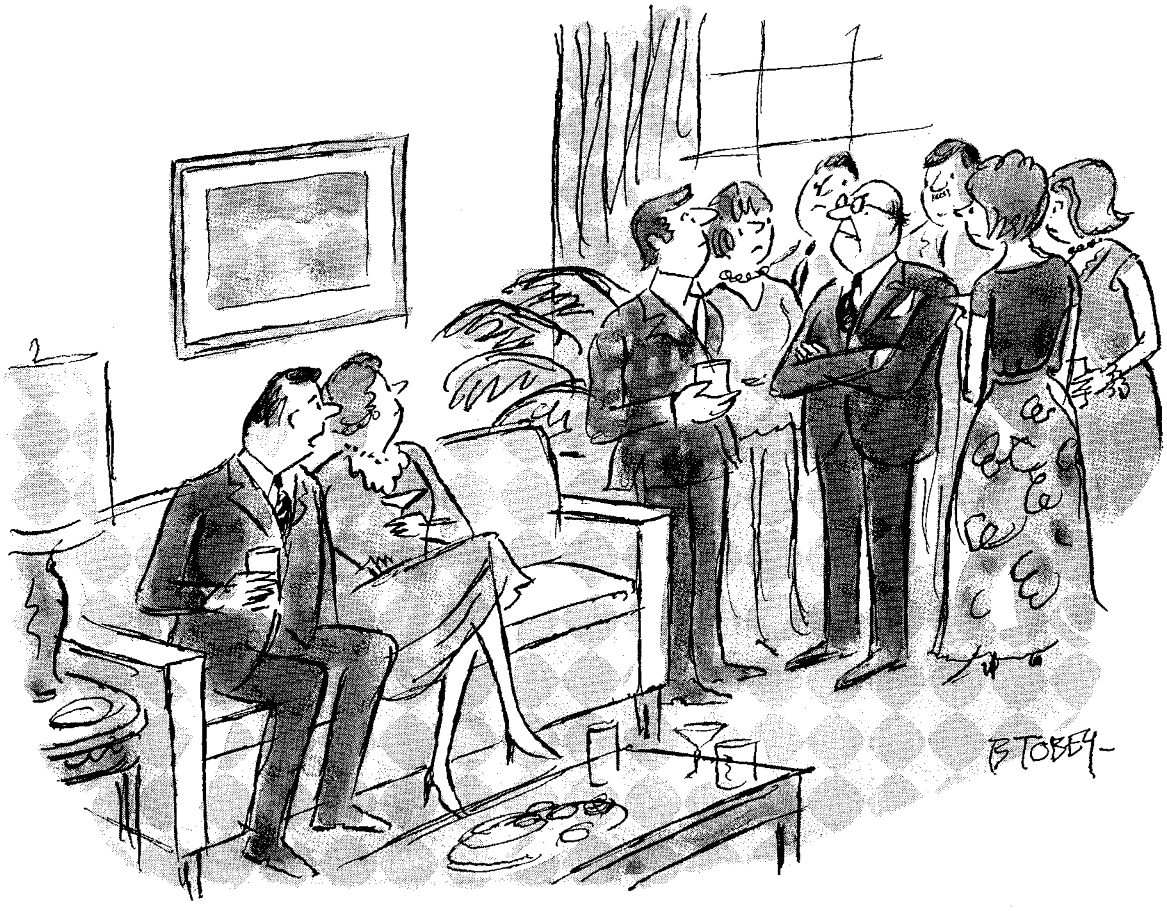
PITY the writer who writes a wonderful book, for he will be ever after chastised with it. The dust jacket of Ronald Blythe's new book, "The View in Winter" (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12.95), identifies him in large type as "THE AUTHOR OF AKENFIELD," and the reviews of his second compilation of interviews and aperçus have abounded in polite but invidious comparisons with his first, "Akenfield: Portrait of an English Village" (1969). And, it is true, "Akenfield," from its opening sentence ("The village lies folded away in one of the shallow valleys which dip into the East Anglian coastal plain"), was possessed of a hero—a cluster of houses, the village itself, persuasively filling its little place in geography and history—and the saga of this aggregate hero swept into its own momentum all the many personalities whose monologues Mr. Blythe so lovingly recorded and edited, whereas "The View in Winter," composed of interviews with old people in a variety of locations and social stations, must find its unity in the impalpable medium of time. The book seems longer (though it is shorter) than "Akenfield," and Mr. Blythe has felt obliged to prolong his own essayistic interlardings, assigning significance rather than letting it, as in "Akenfield," leap out unescorted from the memories and maunderings of the villagers. He himself was and is a resident of the Suffolk village he names Akenfield, whereas, though he is all of fifty-seven, he is not yet old, and a certain tentative, speculative tone spins his ruminations a little thin:

> Unable to love the old, we approach them via sentiment, duty and an eye to our own eventual decline. We make sure that they are housed, fed, medicated, and seated facing their favourite channel. We see ourselves in them and they see—what is it that the aged see? Down on a young arm? God in majesty? The world's superstructure collapsing?

The strength of "Akenfield" lay in its affection for survivals, its witness to a world on the verge of disappearing. Until 1914, rural England had changed little since the Middle Ages, and observed harvest and sowing rituals that savored of the Stone Age. The most moving interviews Mr. Blythe conducted were with the old-timers who remembered the sacred protocols of mowing and gleaning, the endless picking of stones from the fields, the numinous role of the horse, the selfless expenditures of art upon rough work, the dignified niceties of plowing:

> Although the teams ploughed twenty yards apart, the men didn't talk much to each other, except sometimes they sang. Each man ploughed in his own fashion and with his own mark. It looked all the same if you didn't know about ploughing, but a farmer could walk on a field ploughed by ten different teams and tell which bit was ploughed by which. Sometimes he would pay a penny an acre extra for perfect ploughing.... The men worked perfectly to get this, but they also worked perfectly because it was *their* work. It belonged to them. It was theirs.

Mr. Blythe also interviewed those who out of stubborn inertia or shrewd antiquarianism continued to practice the patient crafts of the thatcher, the blacksmith, the saddler, the wheelwright. One man under forty, trained since childhood to service in the lavishly tended grounds of one of the territory's great estates, that of Lord Covehithe, recounted how a barrow would be trundled a mile out of the way to avoid affronting the Lord and his Lady with the sight of men at work—"It was terrible. You felt like somebody with a disease.... Ladyship drove about the grounds in a motor-chair and would have run us over rather than have to say, 'get out the way.' " Sadly, he concludes, "I am a young man who has got caught in the old ways. I am thirty-nine and I am a Victorian gardener, and this is why the world is strange to me." The old ways were hard; an eighty-five-year-old farm laborer simply states, "I lived when other men could do what they liked with me." Against the background of the feudal



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brutality and depressed poverty that prevailed not only in Suffolk but across much of rural Europe, the docilely endured carnage of the Great War appears less incomprehensible. A veteran remembers:

> In my four months' training with the regiment I put on nearly a stone in weight and got a bit taller. They said it was the food but it was really because for the first time in my life there had been no strenuous work. I want to say this simply as a fact, that village people in Suffolk in my day were worked to death. It literally happened. It is not a figure of speech. . . . We were all delighted when war broke out on August 4th.

Its circumstantial witness to the harsh and bitterly mean lives that were the general expectancy well into this century saves "Akenfield" from sentimentality of the rustic-paradise persuasion. As one young farmworker put it, "of course we know that the old men had art—because they had damn-all else!"

Most of the individuals interviewed in "The View in Winter" have aged into a world they recognize as gentler and more abundant. "We worked too young and too small. But there, we have got through. The young today don't have to do what we had to do, but I don't mind. Times have changed and the world is changing, and the money has leaped up." From an old miner who began his trade crawling through the tunnels naked ("We were naked and we were each given a candle, and the men would blow the boys' candles out—as a prank, you know. And they kept you at it with a stick. Digging bare in the dark"), Mr. Blythe receives the impression that "what the present offers is almost too good to be true." Such felicity may be especial in England, where a third of the entire social-welfare budget is devoted to the care of this the first generation to reach old age more or less in its entirety. A British survey of the geriatric mass shows them to be in a surprisingly cheerful mood: only seven per cent feel lonely most of the time and only eight per cent feel that they have nothing to look forward to. No one interviewed in this volume expresses fear of being mugged by youngsters, as is so common in American cities, or of being left behind to the mercy of wolves or the desert sun. The condition of these old people is, to an extent, national, as is their prevalent, and charming, stoicism; there is a good deal of specific British social history contained within their reminiscences, from mining to Fabianism, from the Western Front to the Salvation Army.

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But while the center of "Akenfield" was indeed local and sociological, the center of "The View in Winter" is existential and religious: what interests us most about these voices is their nearness to death.

The attitudes toward death vary, with the conventional Christian expectations rather restricted to the upper classes and to the half dozen or so with a religious vocation. An eighty-four-year-old man, so wounded in the First World War that he has suffered constant pain and a limp for sixty years, recites poetry to himself at night instead of prayer, and professes, "I'm no good at what they call the 'eternal.' Some old people say that they are approaching it or have a belief that they are coming to it, but I don't. I feel I should, but I don't. I feel I want to make my peace, but with what, with whom? I'm not a religious man. . . . My education apart, I am a villager—fatalistic, you know. It all comes out at the end. You know what you *don't* believe, when you're in your eighties." A matron of a county-council home for the aged sums up her observations: "You could compare old age with having worked hard all day and, by the time evening comes, finding that if you can manage to work just another hour you will have done all you could. The light isn't good enough to do any more, so you have to pack up. Finish. Sitting back and saying, 'I have finished' is the general outlook of an elderly person." A ninety-year-old woman of the gentry speaks of a "huge, huge tiredness. It's not exactly unpleasant, but it is becoming rather a nuisance. I wouldn't mind if I could just doze off and wake up and find it gone, but I can't." She continues, "Let's be serious. This weariness is death. Don't you realise what death is? It is a lovely mist which takes us away. Did I once tell you about an experience I had in my twenties and the doctor thought I was dying? . . . And I could feel this mist coming towards me, a sort of swirling bank of marvellous love, love such as you'd never guess it in this world. And I could hear myself saying, 'Oh, take me, take me. Quick—take me!'" Mr. Blythe interviewed a number of aged members of the Society of St. John the Evangelist at Oxford, an Anglican order of monks known as the Cowley Fathers. One septuagenarian Cowley father finds that in old age "the lesson to be learnt is to understand the promotion from plum-easy doing to the surprisingly difficult non-activity of just *being*. Be patient, be gentle, be *nothing*;" another notes

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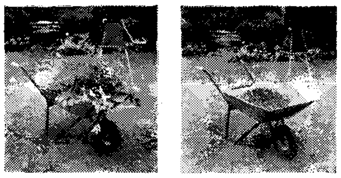

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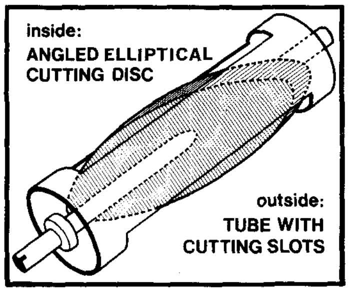

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that "I care less.... In fact I'm just about to fly out to South Africa and I don't much mind whether the aeroplane crashes or it doesn't;" and a third, after disarmingly expressing uncertainty as to whether God exists, confesses, "I love the physical world. I appreciate it. It is said that when you are old all this should decline . . . But I find that I can't leave the body behind when it is still with me!" As Thoreau said on his deathbed, "one world at a time." For most of the old people interviewed, the otherworld held in contemplation is the strange paradise of the past, a world simultaneously more empty and more full than their enfeebled present. An eighty-six-year-old woman declares:

> We don't know what's in front of us, do we? So give me the old days every time. There wasn't a lot of money about, but life was about. Life.... There's more here than when I was little. There wasn't anything then, just the river running through. The church wasn't there, John Street wasn't there. Nothing—it was all fields. I can remember just the river and a little footbridge going across. ... Those days are gone. We had five of ours working in the colliery. I had to change the water for each one, see. The boiler on the coal fire. Had to wash all their backs.... My husband had a skin like a beautiful woman's. A beautiful skin—lovely. And beautiful hair. The pit didn't hurt his skin but it gave him emphysema. He would walk up to his hands and knees in water in the drift. We heard the men going to work early in the mornings with their hobnail boots on. Then, singing on top of the hills.... And the laughter in the streets because the beer was stronger then. Now you don't hear a sound. It's terrible.

Perhaps, as Proust suggested, the transformation of experience by memory into something ineffably precious is the one transcendent meaning each life wrests from death.

The interview as a tool of art and history is a fairly recent device, though Henry Mayhew's "London Labour and the London Poor" used it to construct a nineteenth-century masterpiece, and certain medieval trials, such as that of Joan of Arc or the heresy hearings in Montaillou, can be read as interviews of a sort. For most of human history, the common man was not invited to speak, and men of eminence delivered pronouncements on their own impetus, in protective circumstances of high formality. Now a microphone in the face is a standard hazard of fame, and scarcely a town in America lacks its amateur oral historian busy immortalizing on cassettes the ramblings of venerable local citizens. The tape recorder has joined the camera in an effort of indefatigable capture; we are bequeathing to posterity mountains and miles and vaultfuls of testimony. Yet it is not certain we will in the end be better understood than those centuries known from a handful of novels and plays, some chests of letters preserved by chance, and the stark records of parish church and shipping office. The interview, like the photograph, has its built-in blind spots and flatnesses; its mechanical sampling of reality leaves reality's own riddles essentially unprocessed. An age of flashbulbs keeps the sharpest shadows. The structures and anatomy photographed have not been comprehended as a painter would have to comprehend them, stroke by stroke, and the psychological anatomy of an interviewee need not be comprehended, either—merely prodded and poked in the hope that enough talk will let something out.

Mr. Blythe reveals nothing of his own questions and conversation as he guided his subjects into self-revelation, nor does he indicate how much editorial trimming lies behind their supposedly artless eloquence. We are not told if these interviews were taped or taken down by shorthand, or what relationship these persons—masked by pseudonyms—enjoyed with the interviewer *before* the interview. While some of the interview settings are described with the fullness and flourish of an old-fashioned novelist, other voices emanate from a Beckettian vacuum. Given some pages of beautifully human speech by these beings, we miss the novelist's ability to follow them about, to pursue them in time, to know them better than they know themselves. Mr. Blythe's frank ("Parkinson's disease keeps his gentle old flesh in constant motion"), sometimes even aggressive ("He is the sloppy old dog who will give you a nip") word-pictures of his subjects are stylish but bring another texture to his book, as do his essays ranging from geriatric sexuality to Midlands architecture, his extensive quotations from English poets, his sketches of the old age of various eminent Britons—everything thrown in as if for "good measure," making more an anthology than a choral testament, as "Akenfield" seemed. Brimming with insights and matter, "The View in Winter" fails to make a unified impression, and leaves us feeling less in a lovely mist than simply in a fog, and less at home with old age than a reading of, say, Muriel Spark's "Memento Mori" or Tennyson's "Ulysses."

Old age is not a terrain we all come to visit by bus but the end stage of

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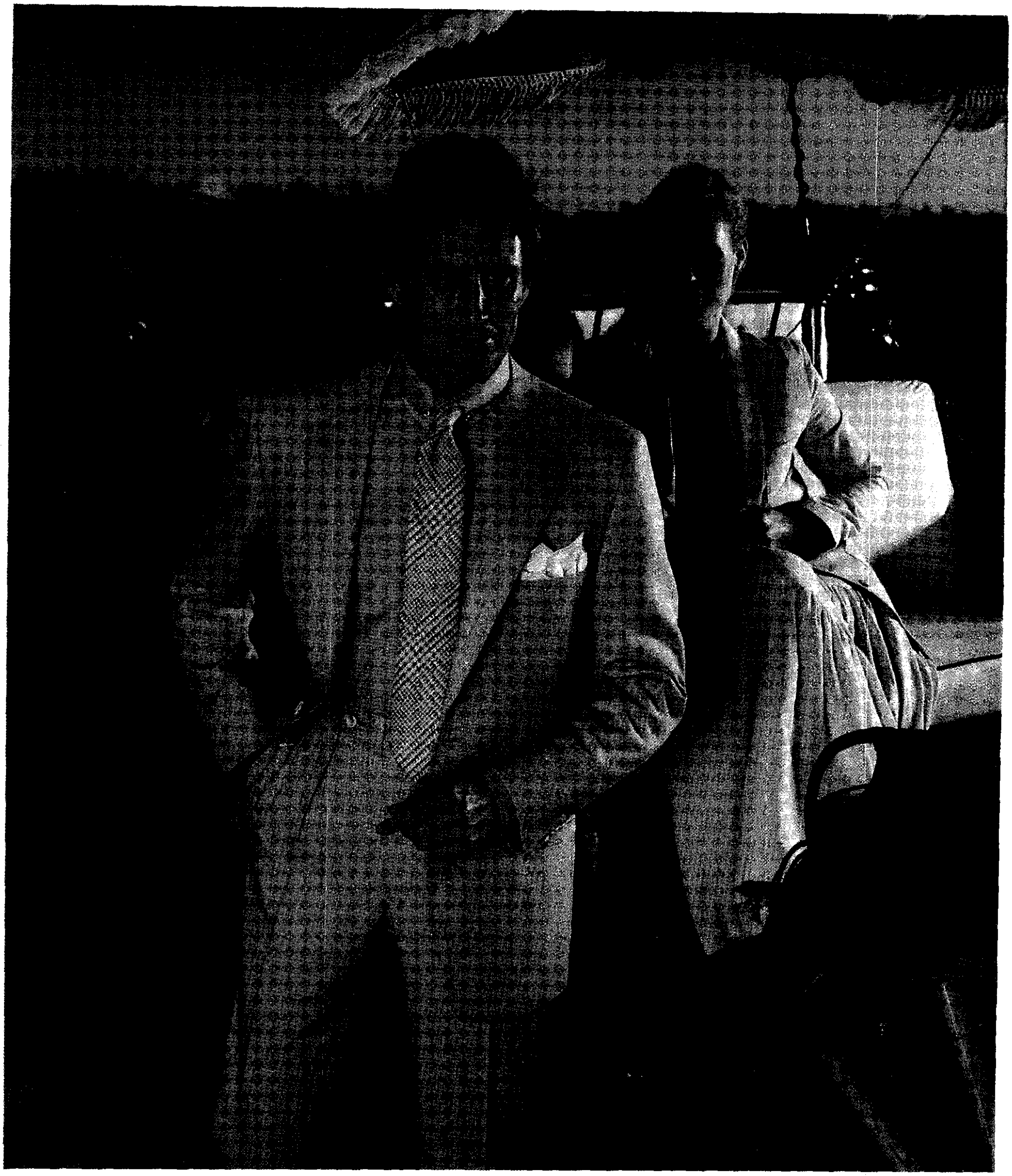

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our adamant individuality, a physical change bafflingly rung upon an immutable self. In the last year of his life, Tolstoy wrote, "I am conscious of myself in exactly the same way now, at eighty-one, as I was conscious of myself, my 'I,' at five or six years of age. Consciousness is immovable. Due to this alone there is the movement which we call 'time.' If time *moves on*, then there must be something that stands still. The consciousness of my 'I' stands still." Some such mystery, perhaps, causes even as generously intentioned and poetically organized an attempt at generic geriatrics as Mr. Blythe's to come up muddled, with a bit of the caseworker's inevitable weary squint.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

CREEK MARY'S BLOOD, by Dee Brown (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $12.95). A novel about a fierce and beautiful (and presumably fictional) Creek Indian who bears two sons—one to a Scottish trader and one to a Cherokee warrior—near the end of the eighteenth century. The bitter story of these three lives is told by a ninety-year-old grandson of Creek Mary to a sympathetic newspaper reporter who visits him in Montana in 1905. We learn how, shortly after the War of 1812, frontiersmen and land speculators began to foment dissension and rivalry among the Creeks and the Cherokees (tribes living in what had been declared the states of Georgia and Tennessee), and then crushed the Indians in battle, burned down their settlements, and drove the weakened survivors westward by means of sweet talk and brute force. The old man tells how Creek Mary's offspring grew to distrust, and finally defy, the invading settlers' self-serving decrees. This is a most successful combination of fact and fiction; the characters and their private dramas fit inside the historical form as neatly as a nutmeat in its shell. Invaluable endpaper maps feature a series of trails that tell the whole story: the Bozeman Trail, the Oregon Trail, the Santa Fe Trail snake westward from Missouri; east of all these, starting in Georgia, lies the infamous Trail of Tears. A Literary Guild selection.

THE LEAD SOLDIERS, by Uri Orlev, translated from the Hebrew by Hillel Halkin (Taplinger; $9.95). The story ("more than half true," the author says in a prologue) of a Jewish boy and his younger brother who are tormented but not killed by the Nazis. By means of bribery and luck, their mother manages to keep them hidden in the Warsaw ghetto (their father is an officer in the Polish Army), until she falls ill and (along with everyone else in the hospital where she has been sent) is shipped east to a death camp. The care of the boys is then taken over by an aunt; eventually the ghetto is razed and the three are dispatched to Bergen-Belsen. After twenty-two months, Allied soldiers liberate the camp, and the boys are granted passage to Palestine. Some of the crucial moments in this harrowing story are not seen through the boys' eyes but are spent in a fantasy world of their design, starring heroes from novels, newspapers, and history books—Gordon of Khartoum, Captain Nemo, Robin Hood, Admiral Nelson—and enacted with a set of toy soldiers. Make-believe keeps the boys surprisingly normal; they seem neither wizened old men nor battered animals but energetic children chafing against the cautions of a loving relative, and knowing instinctively, better than anyone else, how to keep whole in body and mind.

WAITING FOR SHEILA, by John Braine (Methuen; $9.95). These confessions of a middle-aged Englishman, composed as he drinks beer and whiskey in his living room and waits up for Sheila, his pretty and unfaithful wife, begin with a series of nasty episodes, featuring sexually aggressive men and women, which he culls from his memories of home, of school, and of the university. These are to blame, it seems, for his chronic semi-impotence. Sheila, he goes on to explain, has been his salvation, not only restoring his self-esteem in the bedroom but being responsible (through a number of moves involving a number of men, including his boss) for his successes at his office as well. The irony is perfect: the more nearly indispensable she proves herself to be, the more thorough are his gratitude and his indebtedness—and thus his sense of impotence. This implausible story fails to be more than simply dreary, however, and all that the patient reader gets out of it are the usual souvenirs of an evening spent with a boozy bore: a crick in the neck and a vague ache in the head.

NOTE: "The Collected Stories of Peter Taylor," many of which originally

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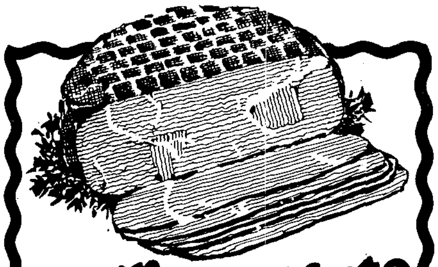
GENERAL

MAUGHAM: A BIOGRAPHY, by Ted Morgan (Simon & Schuster; $17.95). A large, factual, readable account of a prolific, entertaining, famous writer who became very rich. Maugham's longevity (he died in 1965 at the age of ninety-one, and published his first novel in 1897) meant that his career spanned several epochs of taste, yet he created a style of his own—a literary personality—that held several generations of readers and playgoers. His biography is the story of a tragic mess, owing to his lifelong terror of having the fact of his homosexuality discovered. Maugham's fear, as the author tells us, was by no means unreasonable, because the law under which Oscar Wilde was tried and imprisoned in 1895 remained in force until 1967. Maugham's great error, perhaps, was to attempt marriage, for the hatred he developed for his wife and his quasi-paranoid treatment of his daughter are stains on his character. Harshness may have been a family trait—Maugham's older brother Frederic Herbert, who became Lord Chancellor, was biting—but Maugham often carried it to excess. If he seems rarely to have known joy, he did find pleasure, and the sparkling surface that he cultivated makes this book diverting, just as the suffering he endured makes it compelling.

IN THE STRONG WOODS: A SEASON ALONE IN THE NORTH COUNTRY, by Paul Lehmberg (St. Martin's; $8.95). Like many men before him, Mr. Lehmberg, a professor of English at Northern Michigan University, decided (apparently several years ago) to live in solitude for a time in the wild. He chose a cabin with an outhouse on a small lake in the remote Quetico/Superior canoe country of southern Ontario, and he spent a summer there. His book tells us how it was: what he did and what he thought about it. What he did was relearn the facts of nineteenth-century life. He learned to eat the food of pre-refrigeration days, he learned to bake his bread, to trim his kerosene lamp, to cut his firewood, to wash his clothes in cold water, and he learned the satisfactions of such work. "Strangely, ironically," he notes, "it is the repetition



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of the task once learned, the same repetition that we are told feeds and eventually fattens boredom and drudgery, that I prize most of all. . . . It has gone largely unnoticed that the problem of physical drudgery was solved some time ago and that now the problem for householders is that our labor-saving devices are saving too much of our labor. . . . We have absolved ourselves from contact with the physical world." The measure of all books in this genre is always the measure of the author, the man himself, and Mr. Lehmberg measures up. He is worth reading.

HEINRICH HEINE, by Jeffrey L. Sammons (Princeton University; $27.50). A scholarly, skeptical, and sensitive biography. Heine (1797-1856) was a complex, passionate man, more truthful in fancy than in fact—not an ideologist (though his politics were rebellious and his acquaintance with Marx has led to his arrogation by the left), by no means a reliable, sensible, well-judging democratic citizen or subject, and never a good Jew (or, despite his baptism, a good Christian) but, rather, a wayward, willful, tactless, often unrealistic genius. One of his uncles was among the richest men in Germany, and his kinfolk either were ennobled themselves or married into the nobility. His family regularly had to bail him out financially, and lived in terror of what their outspoken relative would say—or, worse, print—next. Mr. Sammons is particularly good at the historical background; Heine's adult life coincided with an era in which Prussia and Austria were enforcing repression and censorship all over Germany, requiring Heine to take refuge in Paris. An epilogue tracing Heine's posthumous reputation points out that for a while it was higher in Britain and the United States than in his native land, because his wit made Germans uneasy. No matter: from first to last, Mr. Sammons elucidates the unique fusion of the lyric and the ironic that is Heine's poetic voice.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE SENDING, by Geoffrey Household (Atlantic-Little, Brown; $10.95). Alfgif Hollaston, an Englishman of ancient lineage, returns to his ancestral Dorsetshire acres after twenty years in India, where he became acquainted with the animistic religion of the remotest hill

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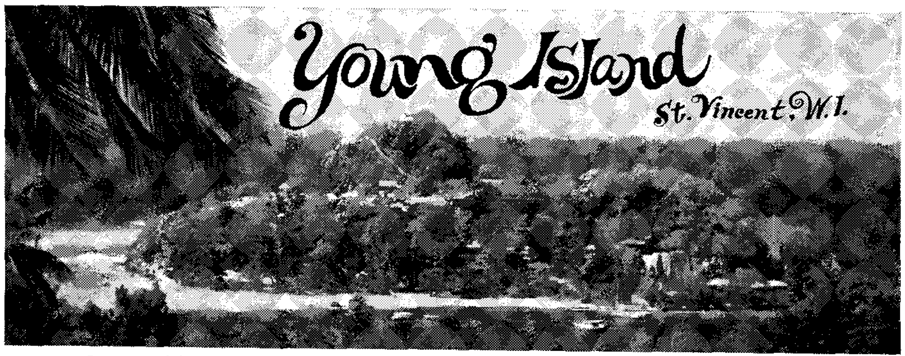

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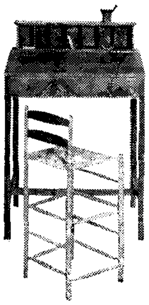

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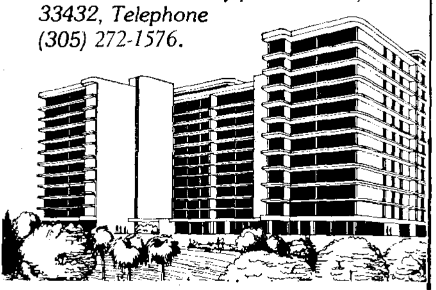

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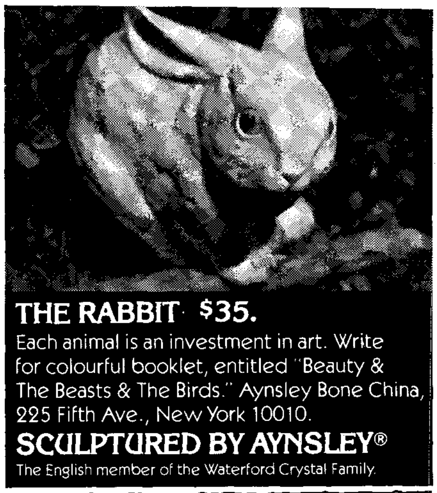

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tribes, and now finds himself the victim of a "sending"—a supernatural spell that takes the form of a rootless but pervasive fear. The religious beliefs of early man have figured in other of Mr. Household's adventure novels ("Dance of the Dwarfs" and "The Courtesy of Death"), but here they are the essence of his story, and it is up to the terrified Hollaston to understand the nature of the shamanism that is being practiced on him (and, later, on his girl) before he can free himself and her from its evil spell. This must be ranked among the most interesting of Mr. Household's many entertainments, but it is not among his most exciting.

THE HARRISON AFFAIR, by Gerald Seymour (Summit; $10.95). A gang of Italian professional extortionists kidnap the Rome representative (one Geoffrey Harrison) of a British industrial giant, but before the customary ransom arrangements can be made a young terrorist butts in, kills the prisoner's captors, spirits him away, and announces (in the grandiloquence of terrorism) that he is holding the man in order to exchange him for an imprisoned woman terrorist. Mr. Seymour has established his understanding of the modern policeman dealing with terrorism ("Harry's Game"), and also his understanding of the mindless dedication of the modern terrorist ("Kingfisher"), and both these assets are brilliantly on display here. He also here displays an understanding of the victim of a terrorist act: his depiction of Harrison—craven, apathetic, unable to face the reality of his plight—is sickeningly and bitterly vivid. A high-tension performance.

•

The Party is debt-free due to the fundraising efforts of Governors Hoff and Salmon. As a result of the Muskie fundraiser held in November and other fundraising efforts we now have approximately $7,000 in the Party's coiffure.
—*Vermont Democratic Newsletter.*

Nice going, but it'd be safer under the mattress.

•

Egypt will be allowed by the U.S. government to buy F-15s and F-16s, thus achieving symbolic equality with Israel. Because of budget considerations, however, Egypt will buy only the F-16s, which cost $20 millions each, whereas the other plane costs $20 millions each.
—*Newburyport (Mass.) Daily News.*

Oh.

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